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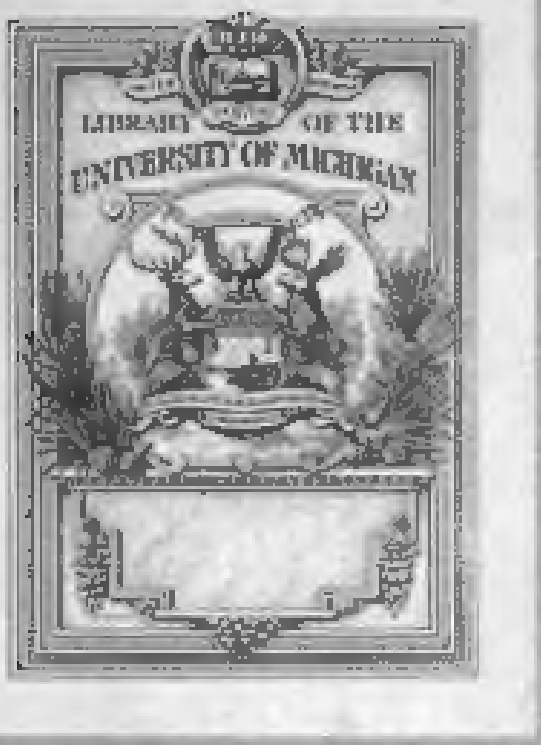
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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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THE PARADOX OF IMPERIALISM

IN a recent study of the "Psychology of the French Boerophiles and Anglophiles" M. Yves Guyot observes that even the best Parisian newspapers talk of British Imperialism as intemperately as the *Intransigeant* and the *Libre Parole.*

> The word [he says] stands for everything. They use it without discrimination; they exaggerate it; in the first place because, thinking they have made a discovery, they want to make it out to be an important one. Besides, many people want to create a bogey in order to enjoy the satisfaction of being afraid of it, and getting other people to share their terror. Frenchmen who think themselves clear-headed make their bogey of British Imperialism.

From so indulgent a critic as M. Guyot it is always easier for an Englishman to draw comfort than correction, but in this case his words suggest a lesson he did not intend. By a simple change of nominative we have it. Some Liberals who think themselves clear-headed—nay, some who have proved themselves clear-headed on other themes—make their bogey of "Imperialism." The word stands for everything—everything they honestly abhor. The result is extremely curious. Indeed, to the political philosopher of the next age no phenomenon will seem more irrational than that at the end of the nineteenth century Liberalism, in any of its forms, can have displayed itself in antipathy to the idea of an expanding British Empire. The fact will be undeniable. The student will even find it emphasised by the discovery that it is precisely in those forms

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of Liberalism which are now believed to be the most advanced that the antipathy was strongest and most active. He will see, pressing on in the forefront of statecraft, various bands of reformers whose political and social aspirations have carried them so far that they regard property with doubt and suspect patriotism of being a vice. If the earth must still, for a while, be owned by individuals or by nations, there is for them but one way to make the system endurable. They would press to its logical conclusion the time-honoured legal maxim, "So use thine own that thou hurtest not that which is thy neighbour's." They dream of a day of universal brotherhood when no man shall care to say, "This is mine: touch it not" or "I am of this country: thou art not of my blood." The dog in the manger is the Satan of their creed. Yet it is these very men who view with the greatest apprehension the ceaseless spread of the Pax Britannica as it obliterates one by one the barriers of nations and melts into unity the peoples they once divided. It is they who, in spite of their cry for brotherhood, lament most deeply the sight of small communities being forced or persuaded to abandon their narrow aloofness and to enter one or other of the great aggregations which are steadily absorbing the world.

To a man looking back upon our period from a distant standpoint, whence he will be able to see it as a section of the long road of political development, this attitude of Liberalism must seem a puzzling paradox. His studies will show him that the progress of civilised society has always been from the smaller to the larger political unit. He will see the tendency reach a point of culmination in the heyday of the Roman Empire, and when that was shattered in its effort after a premature universality, for which the world was not yet ripe, he will find the process beginning again immediately amongst the broken fragments of the older aggregation. In the confederation of tribes, in leagues of cities, in the commendations of the feudal system, he will see the States of the Middle Ages forming the masses of pregnant material out of which he will trace the modern nations being built; and in every case he will note that the

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amalgamation tells sooner or later in favour of increased individual liberty, of truer self-government, and of larger opportunities for moral and intellectual progress. It was under the German emperors that the towns where the seeds of modern Liberalism were germinating received their first political encouragement. It was under the English kings who were striving to form an empire in Western Europe that Englishmen laid the foundations of liberty. It is not too much to say that the very fact of forming a large group connotes increased liberty in the parts. In the small group the tribal idea is hardly extinguished, and men will endure patiently at the hands of their ancestral chief what they would resent from a stranger to whom they have given a mere political adhesion. Beyond this again is the fact that repressive force is more readily applied in the small area than in the large. As a substitute for coercion, which is always increasing in difficulty, the solidification of the larger groups has generally been sought for in the exaltation of the middle and lower classes at the expense of privileged aristocracy and local chiefs. The central authority of the great group has usually attempted by judicious concessions to attach the people directly to itself and to emphasise the amelioration of their new condition from what it was under their narrower existence, when there was no higher authority to restrain or regulate the caprices of local rulers. Thus there is inherent in the existence of a true empire—that is, in the grouping of small units under one central authority—a tendency towards democracy; and further, the more autocratic in form the Imperial authority, the more energy is the tendency likely to develop, for the greater will be the need of the government to purchase the support of the people.

This view of the progressive tendency of nations as they amalgamate into empires is no mere piece of modern speculation. In practice Liberals have recognised it long ago. From its earliest dawn Liberalism has almost invariably been on the side of the large group. The consolidation of the Italian States was the foundation of Dante's political philosophy. Almost the only constructive result of the premature outburst of Liberalism,

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which transformed our own State in the seventeenth century, was the union of the three kingdoms. It was in a fanatic attempt to form a European Empire that the force of the French Revolution exhausted itself. During the long-drawn efforts to revive the Empire in Germany *particularismus* was always the badge of the Conservative. Finally, if we seek for the most conspicuous achievement of latter-day Liberalism, it confronts us beyond question in the formation of the Italian kingdom.

Why is it, then, that our own Liberals, who believe themselves to be advanced, are so much inclined to take up an attitude of hostility to the expansion of the British Empire? For this they undoubtedly do. Every step in its growth they approach with a presumption of its unrighteousness, and only when its justice and necessity are proved to the hilt will they relapse into a reluctant acquiescence. They presume the Empire guilty until it is proved innocent, and cling to their attitude with something akin to religious enthusiasm. To ignore or merely to ridicule a feeling so deep and earnest would be folly. It is a fact to be dealt with, and no wise Imperialist will feel sure of his position until he can explain the attitude of his opponents. We may believe it to be mere prejudice. But prejudice is hardly to be distinguished from faith, and to ignore a widely held prejudice is one of the most dangerous stumbling-blocks of statesmen. It does not follow that because a man can give no reason for his faith that no reason exists. The presumption is, from the very persistence of a prejudice, that it sprang from a reason which once was good. Until we can show that the reasons in which our opponents' view had its origin are no longer valid, we cannot claim to have established our own position.

The paradoxical attitude of our anti-Imperialist Liberals is, without doubt, largely a matter of sentiment, and in attempting the analysis of a political creed which is largely inspired by sentiment, we are always confronted by the difficulty of getting a clear and comprehensive confession of faith. In the present case the difficulty is increased by the fact that the adherents of

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the creed are mainly of two fundamentally antagonistic types. There is first the old Radical, with his pronounced particularist dogmas; and secondly the newer form, with his undisguised leanings to Socialism. So widely do the two types differ in their expressions of anxiety, that the student is hardly able to lay hold of a formula which has not been crossed or contradicted by the one section or the other. He is forced to seek their meaning with patience and sympathy where and how he can. For instance, there is a society which has been formed to press the anti-Imperialist view upon the Liberal party. It styles itself the League of Liberals against Aggression and Militarism. Clearly this will not help us. For, though we may differ in our interpretation of the two terms, every sane Englishman will profess himself as against aggression and against militarism. In the circular letter introducing the League to Liberals we are told that one of its objects is to enforce the traditional policy which has played so important a part in the building up of the Empire.

> That policy [it proceeds], of which the greatest exponent was Mr. Gladstone, has always been to respect the rights of small nationalities, to allow our Colonies full liberty to manage their own affairs without dictation from the home Parliament, in which they are unrepresented, and to hold peace one of the greatest glories of the nation.

To disentangle what was in the mind of the man who penned this enunciation is not easy. It seems to contain a confusion between foreign and colonial policy, but the general meaning seems to be that, taking Mr. Gladstone as the highest exponent of Liberalism, Liberalism approves the idea of empire, provided the Empire be built up peacefully and without sacrificing small nationalities, and provided the civilised parts of it are given local self-government. As an enunciation of the ethics of empire it is, of course, defective, for it expresses no opinion on the absorption of uncivilised or partially civilised races by force of arms, a process which has formed a large factor in the building up of all empires. Indeed, the moment we begin to examine the enunciation critically it

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becomes obvious that here at least is no foundation for a Liberal anti-Imperialist belief.

To begin with, it will be seen to rest on an unhistorical and unphilosophical idea of what Liberalism is. It involves the assumption that it is the universal tradition of the Liberal creed to protect the rights of small nationalities and to prevent their absorption by more powerful neighbours. But this is clearly not the whole truth. There was no Liberal found to raise his voice against the forcible absorption of the States of the Church by the new kingdom of Italy. And during the American Civil War, when the Southern States were fighting for what they believed to be liberty, it was our advanced Liberals who alone saw that in the determination of the North to force the Seceders back into the Union lay the future of true liberty. The truth is that Liberalism was never in favour of the rights of small nationalities, as such. It was only in favour of the rights of small nationalities where those small nationalities were Liberal. It was against a constitutional State being absorbed into a State that was unconstitutional. When true liberty and enlightenment have been with the aggressor, Liberalism has always been on the side of aggression. It has always been ready to sacrifice the rights of nationalities to the higher cause of what it believes to be progress, and, like the adherents of every cause that is worth its salt, Liberals have shed few tears at the sight of their faith being spread by the sword. English Liberals have not, as our typical anti-Imperialist would suggest, the monopoly of peace as an ideal. The ideal of every civilised community is now a state of peace, provided that without war it can do its duty or come by its own. English Liberalism has again and again repudiated the idea of putting peace in the forepart of its aims. Out of its own mouth let it be judged.

> The interest of peace [said Mr. Gladstone on a memorable occasion] is not the first interest of England. The interest of duty and honour is the first interest of England. The redemption of engagements is the first interest of England, and to attend to the full extent of one's means to the calls of humanity is the first interest of England.

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It was with no other thought than this inspiring them that the men of the French Revolution plunged the world into war, and it was with no other thought than this inspiring them that the men who are now banding together against aggression and militarism were yesterday crying shame on an administration that refused to risk a European war for the sake of an oppressed oriental people. It is true that Liberalism has always held peace one of the greatest glories of a nation. But it has a greater glory than that. Its highest glory has been its readiness to fight for its faith. For that it has always been quick to sacrifice peace and nationalities. It was so from the day when Elizabethan Protestants forced an unwilling Government to defy all that was reactionary in Europe, and when the soldiers of the Commonwealth put Ireland in bondage; and it was so yesterday. Our latest war has had for its object the suppression of a nationality where liberty had grown corrupt, and nowhere did the crusading spirit burn more fiercely than in those parts of the Empire where Liberalism grows with the freshest green and puts forth the hardiest fruit.

Where, then, in Liberalism lies the root of this antipathy to the growth of empire? In further exposition of their meaning, the League above mentioned issued a reprint of a speech made at the last meeting of the National Liberal Federation by its President. The speech was received with general applause; the occasion gave it a stamp of authority; and here, if anywhere, we should be able to discover what we seek. In speaking of the serious fissure that the question had cut through the party, he said

> There was a wide gap between those who went in for what the Tories meant by Imperialism, with its attendant militarism, and the consequent and inevitable limitations of popular freedom, and the old Liberals of whom he was proud to be one: to whom the very word "Imperial" was hateful because it told of that which throughout all history had been most opposed to Liberalism.

Here, then, we see his mind occupied with this conviction: that Imperialism has always been opposed to Liberalism, in that it has always entailed militarism and the curtailment

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of popular freedom. In proof of his historical proposition he proceeds to quote a few cases within his own memory where military monarchies, whose kings chose to call themselves emperors, have sought to crush either the remnants of constitutionalism in their own country or in small nationalities on their borders. He cites the cases of Austria's behaviour to Hungary and Northern Italy, and of the internal policy of Napoleon III. But each of these cases is either wholly beside the point or else tells, like all that history beyond the President's memory, in favour of the Liberal tendencies of empire. The attempt by the two despotic monarchies, Russia and Austria, to crush Hungary ended in the formation of a true empire, in which not only were the liberties of Hungary preserved, but Austria herself and every part of the empire received a larger measure of constitutional freedon. Northern Italy was denied self-government, and the attempt to incorporate it with the empire failed. It has a certain significance, moreover, that Northern Italy recovered her freedom by the help and through the political exigencies of the military monarch of France, seeking to attach the popular sentiment to his rule. But, failing to give his own subjects that liberty which he procured for the Italians, he fell with a heavy fall. Indeed, every case which the President quoted from his scrap of history goes to show that, where men have once tasted the sweets of liberty, no empire can last which does not accord autonomy to its component parts. It must either support itself by ever-increasing concessions to popular sentiment, or else come to the ground.

On the whole, then, we must conclude that the apprehensions in the speaker's mind were not due to any profound historical study of the relations between Imperialism and Liberalism. His own words betray that they were due to something quite different, that they were due to nothing but the confusion of two distinct political ideas which, unhappily, have come to be called by the same name, "that hated word Imperialism." Both, it is true, have their root in an Imperial organisation, but we have only to examine them a little closely to find that

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they stand at the opposite poles of political philosophy. The conception of the British Empire is that of a commonwealth of States under the hegemony of the oldest and most powerful of them, each State having a larger or smaller share of autonomy in proportion to its aspirations or its fitness, and those which exhibit no such aspirations or fitness being governed under their own laws by Imperial officers, either directly or through their own chiefs, for the benefit of the particular people and not for the enrichment of the paramount State. It is the highest expression yet reached of the autonomous principle of government. Such military despotisms as the two French Empires are its exact antithesis. They are the last expression of the autocratic centralising ideal. The fact that the heads of such military despotisms call themselves emperors does not make the States they govern empires in any sense of the word, and least of all in the sense in which the British Commonwealth is an empire. They call themselves emperors, not because they govern an empire, but because when the Roman autonomous constitution gave way to the autocratic, the autocrat, being the military head of the State, was styled Imperator. And it is because the empire he governed was a world-wide concentration of peoples, that we call the world-wide British Commonwealth an empire. But the two systems have nothing essential in common. They spring from two entirely different sides of the same thing, the one from the nature of the ruler, the other from the nature of what he ruled. They are as distinct and separable as the horse and his rider, and must be kept as distinct in political thought. To apply without discrimination the phraseology that has been begotten of the idea of an *emperor* to a distinct set of phenomena that have sprung from the idea of an *empire* is to be brought inevitably to a confusion of thought. The Imperialism of the later European monarchies was begotten of the idea of an emperor, and undoubtedly connotes not only autocracy and militarism, but also aggression, since the kingcraft of military despots has too often taught them to discharge in wars of conquest the internal unrest which their system

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engenders. The Imperialism of the British Commonwealth springs from the idea of an empire, and does not connote any particular method of government at all. It connotes only the structure of the thing to be governed, a structure larger and more complex than what we understand by the word "nation."

This duality of the idea which underlay the Roman Empire is the whole root of the matter; it is the neglect to bear it in mind that has brought anti-Imperialist Liberals to their present paradoxical attitude. Apart from this duality their position would be perfectly reasonable. Had Imperialism but one side we could not quarrel with them if they made "that hated word" stand for everything they abhor. It is only to be expected that they should. The force of modern Liberalism has hitherto been spent mainly in the development of democratic constitutionalism, and modern military Imperialism is the only form of government that has been able to compete with it. It is but natural then that Liberals, having had their attention so long riveted on the one side of the Imperial idea, should feel instinctively that Imperialism is the one dangerous opponent to their creed. But it is none the less true that this instinct is due to a confusion between two wholly distinct ideas which underlay the original Imperial system. It is due to the failure to distinguish between those two ideas, and to the failure to perceive that they were severally capable of development, and indeed have actually developed, on independent and diverging lines.

To make the matter clear, let us endeavour to get a closer conception of what those ideas were by tracing them to their well spring.

> That wonderful system [says the English historian of the "Holy Roman Empire"] which Julius Cæsar and his subtle nephew erected upon the ruins of the republican constitution of Rome has been made the type of a certain form of government, and of a certain set of social as well as political arrangements to which, or rather to the theory of which they are a part, there has been given the name of Imperialism. The sacrifice of the individual to the mass, the concentration of all legislative and judicial powers in the person of the sovereign, the centralisation of the administrative system, the maintenance of

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order by a large military force, the substitution of the influence of public opinion for the control of representative assemblies, are commonly taken, whether rightly or wrongly, to characterise that theory.

Here we have, with the partial exception of the sacrifice of the individual to the mass, all the ideas to which the typical Liberal is most profoundly antagonistic. If Imperialism ended here, if this were all from which political development could flow, the hostile attitude of Liberals to Imperialism would be unimpeachable. But the ideas which the author thus summarises were but half Imperialism. There was beside them, and of even greater weight, what he himself calls "the thoroughly Roman idea of universal denationalisation." It was this side of Roman Imperialism, as he himself points out, that caused it to dominate political thought through the Middle Ages long after the thing itself was dead. It was this notion of the brotherhood of peoples, the breaking down of barriers, this freedom of intercourse, that made the greatness of Rome, that gave her her centuries of internal peace, in which learning and commerce could grow, interrupted only by the struggles of rival emperors and war for the defence of the frontiers. And it was this that gave her citizens the freedom they prized so highly, by restricting the power of the petty tyrant, and giving to each man the right to Imperial justice. Imperialism meant then originally military despotism and denationalisation; it meant something that every Liberal must denounce, and something which all lovers of peaceful progress must sigh for. So firm and lasting was the hold which the Roman Empire took upon political philosophy, that it was only natural that the two ideas upon which it was founded should have come to be regarded as inseparable. But no sooner was it broken up than it began to appear how distinct and even mutually repellent they were.

When the Roman Empire died of the diseases its political system engendered another empire sought to take its place, and became the great political force of the Middle Ages. And this is how the same author describes it:—Its essentials, omitting its duality with the Church, which does not here concern us,

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were still monarchy and universality. But the rest were gone. Autocracy, militarism, and centralisation, the old Imperial form of government in fact, was no longer deemed essential:—

> Forms of political organisation, the presence or absence of constitutional checks, the degree of liberty enjoyed by the subject, the rights conceded to local authorities, all these were matters of secondary importance. But although there brooded over all the shadow of a despotism, it was a despotism not of the sword but of the law; a despotism not chilling or blighting, but which, in Germany at least, looked with favour on municipal freedom, and everywhere did its best for learning, for religion, for intelligence; a despotism not hereditary, but one which constantly maintained in theory the principle that he should rule who was found the fittest. To praise or to decry the Empire as a despotic power is to misunderstand it altogether.

In the mediæval empire, then, the idea of universal denationalisation had taken the upper hold, and the Germans were developing it into the idea of confederation, shedding almost everything else as they advanced. In France and in Spain, on the other hand, it was the other set of ideas that were forced to the front, and both these Powers sacrificed all hope of founding a lasting empire to their obstinate clinging to autocracy, militarism, and centralisation. Thus at the dawn of modern times the two lines of development had already declared themselves. From what we may call the political side of Imperialism was flowing one stream of tendency, and from what we may call its organic side was flowing another. As a result of this divergence we see to-day two empires existing side by side, yet differing so widely in almost every feature that it seems an abuse of language to call them by the same name. In the Russian Empire the political stream has submerged everything else; autocracy, militarism, and centralisation are its essentials, and denationalisation is their mere corollary. In the British Empire the organic conception has taken as absolute a possession. To maintain the organism in a vigorous and natural growth has been the one idea, and to that idea every other aspect of the old Imperialism has been sacrificed, till to-day we see that over half its extent little but the bare form of monarchy has been preserved, and of militarism there is left no more than serves

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for the vitality of Imperial police, while the central authority has sunk almost to a mere symbol of unity. It is needless to inquire which system is the stronger. Both, so far as signs can be read, are in the full force of manhood; neither shows a mark of decay or even of exhaustion; and both, if we set aside the idea of universality, which is no longer a part of politics, are empires as Rome was an empire. Side by side they stand discharging the same old functions, incontestable witnesses that the two factors of Imperialism are not inseparable. Before our own eyes they show us that an empire may exist, and exist vigorously, as a military autocracy of Byzantine rigidity or as a commonwealth that has nothing but the form of monarchy in common with the Roman political system. Between the Russian and British Empires lie others where the organic and the political elements flourish in more equal proportions, adjusted to suit the exigencies and genius of other peoples. Beyond these again is growing up another, where the political element of Imperialism is so far atrophied that even the form of monarchy is lost. This is the outcome of a reactionary attempt by which the British Commonwealth, already far advanced down the organic stream, was to be forced back into the channel of political Imperialism. The effort failed, the current could not be turned back towards its source, the channel was already cut too deep to be diverted; the momentary obstruction only caused the British stream of empire to swirl yet farther from the Byzantine course down which Russia has found its way.

It might have been thought that the result of that one effort to reunite the two diverging elements of Imperialism would have been enough to convince men of English race how entirely distinct they were—how unnecessary the one to the other. Yet the attitude of many Liberals to the Empire is one that is only to be explained by their lingering suspicion that the two elements have still an essential tendency to converge. And this is all the stranger because these very Liberals claim, and probably claim rightly, that it is through their ideas that the present organic conception of the Empire was brought about.

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The failure of George III.'s effort to restore political Imperialism was due to the ineradicable Liberalism that inspires the most effective types of the race. "Examine Liberal principles," said Mr. John Morley in a recent speech on Imperialism, "by the light of the history of the country, and you will see that we who are so disparaged are upholding the principles which have done more than all others for the greatness and strength, the power and unity, of this Empire." This is true enough, and here lies the explanation of their attitude. They are upholding principles that have triumphed, they are taking their stand upon those principles against a stricken foe as though he could rise from the dead, they are brandishing their trusty weapon amongst their slain and neglecting to follow their victory.

It is a common experience that those who have fought a long and arduous fight cannot see when they have won. Yet here the triumph is complete: Liberalism has set its seal on the Empire, and the mark is indelible; it has established, and must uphold, a democratic autonomous commonwealth.

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AFTER PEKIN

IT is said that in any of the great industries of this country there is never more than one strike in a generation of workmen. The injury to the individual—the loss of earnings and consequent hardships to himself, his wife and children—is so hard to bear, that no advantage he may gain as one of the winning side in even a very successful labour war avails to induce him to enter upon another struggle of the kind. It is to be hoped that in the same way, besides any direct object we may gain from the military operations in South Africa, we may learn to take a juster view of the seriousness of war. We are ourselves troubled by no feeling of the unlawfulness of war in general or of this war in particular; on the contrary, we believe that in a good cause—and even a commercial cause may be a good one—war is often not only natural and justifiable, but imperatively called for by a sense of duty; and we believe further that its incidents, terrible though they are, often develop rather than degrade the moral feeling of individuals, and act upon nations as an antidote against a materialistic view of life. But neither are we in doubt as to the spirit in which war should be thought of and when necessary entered upon, or the patience and consideration with which the adversary's position and feelings should first be considered. Some few months ago it was highly repulsive to the plain man to read in well-known organs of public opinion daily outpourings of blatant jingoism. To such writers the problems of foreign policy were simple

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indeed. All that was necessary was for the British Government to state concisely what they wanted, with an intimation that if their demands were not conceded they would be enforced. Any consideration for the susceptibilities of others was a sign of timidity. Any arrangement with another Power in the nature of a compromise was a piece of cowardice, and diplomacy consisted chiefly in the delivery of ultimatums. We have called these effusions repulsive. But it is only just to recognise that they represented a very widespread opinion. The tendency to exaggerate our own power and the importance of our own point of view, and to under-estimate the courage and strength of foreign nations, was met with everywhere. It appeared in the speeches of public men, in the conversation of the clubs, and in the songs of the music hall. An investigation into the origin of this tendency would be interesting. It would probably be found that, like all phenomena of the kind, it was the result of many contributory causes. A long period of peace culminating in a burst of prosperity, the reaction from the extreme teachings of the Manchester school, impatience with the outcome of the Gladstone-Granville foreign policy, the outburst of loyalty and patriotism due to the Jubilee celebrations of 1887 and 1897, and particularly the feelings of national pride aroused by the realisation of our maritime strength as displayed in the naval reviews of those years—all may have had a share in producing the result. Whatever may be the explanation, it is certain that during the last few years the public mind has been in a dangerous condition. It is not too much to say, that if there had been in office a Government less strong because more dependent on the votes of its supporters, the country would have been involved in the gravest international complications, probably ending in a European war. If any of our readers think this an exaggerated statement, let them consider how easily European feeling might have been embittered over the Armenian, the Cretan, the Grecian, the Egyptian, or the Chinese questions. Let them picture to themselves an administration supported by a small majority in the House of Commons,

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guided perhaps by a chief whose authority was small and who easily mistook the applause of the loudest papers for the approval of his countrymen, divided it may be into factions and urged by the more violent of its supporters to take a firm line, "worthy of the dignity of the country," and show the world that England was still a Power to be reckoned with. Is it credible that such a Ministry would have resisted the clamour of its partisans; and if it had yielded, can any one doubt that the seething pot of Continental hatred and jealousy of England would have finally boiled over?

Of the questions enumerated, by far the most difficult to deal with was and is that of China. The decay of such an empire, the oldest and one of the greatest in the world, cannot take place without the risk of fearful convulsions. It is not only, or even mainly, that the various Powers of the world will desire to make good their claim to portions of Chinese territory. Besides disturbances so caused, we must expect to see tumults and outrages, rebellions and civil wars, multiplying throughout the land. Such calamities must affect the interests of other nations, who will interfere to protect them; and having done so, will find themselves compelled to exact compensation for the past and guarantees for the future, which will be looked upon by other Powers as unscrupulous aggressions. This, and not national ambition, has been by far the most fruitful cause of war in the past. It produced the Russo-Turkish war—a war undertaken largely because the perpetual misgovernment of the Balkan provinces was intolerable to their more civilised neighbour. It produced the Soudan campaigns of 1896–98; and even the present South African war arose from causes of a like nature. Indeed, the history of the enlargement of our possessions during this century has been for the most part a repetition of that one theme—misgovernment on our borders necessitating armed interference by England, followed by annexation as the only effective way to prevent a renewal of the evil. So it has been with other nations, and especially with Russia. In our own case we recognise that successive British Governments have

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only spoken the truth when they have declared that our conquests have been forced upon us, and that our Empire expands against our will. But foreigners do not so judge us. They regard such incidents as evidence of our insatiable greed of empire, and our explanations as shameless hypocrisy. Nor are some of us one whit behind them in international suspicion. To some among us every advance of Russia appears as part of the execution of a deep-laid scheme, carried out with matchless cunning and resolution.

We must expect, therefore, that the decay of China will continue to be the source of international difficulties; and since the interests involved are large, those difficulties are likely to be grave. It is therefore the more to be regretted that the earlier stages of the present phase of the Far Eastern question should have been treated by certain leaders of opinion in England with such a want of moderation. One looks back even from this short distance with amazement at the way in which, for instance, the occupation of Port Arthur by Russia was treated in respectable journals. If any one will take the trouble to look at a map of China, it is apparent, on the face of it, that Russia's claim to predominance in Manchuria is irresistible. She already owns the country on two sides of it, and has spent large sums of money in the development of her possessions, particularly by means of the Siberian railway. It has long been recognised by statesmen in this country and elsewhere that a terminus to that railway in a reasonably ice-free port is a commercial necessity, and that such a port can only be found in Manchuria. When, therefore, Russia proposed, with the assent of China, to occupy Port Arthur and Talienwan for that purpose, she was making no extravagant proposal. On the contrary, she was certainly not doing more than we should have done in her place. And yet we all recollect the howl of indignation with which the occupation was received. Some denounced the Government, some denounced the Russians, and many were found to recommend that we should protest in the strongest way, and if necessary declare war. It is fair to say that there was some

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excuse for this ebullition. The Germans had just seized Kiao-chau in a very high-handed manner. This alone caused uneasiness to that school of Englishmen who believe that Great Britain has a kind of reversion in all the uncivilised kingdoms of the world. Then the methods of Russian diplomacy are not conciliatory. It is part of the Orientalism of their character that the Russians are not content with getting what they want unless they compel the world, and particularly their rivals, to acknowledge their success. Their habitual disregard of their own assurances is partly due to the same cause and partly to the essential weakness of a Government so highly centralised in form as is the Russian. In theory the Czar is the source of all power. Such a theory is unworkable unless the Czar happens to be a man of extraordinary abilities, and the result is that in practice the distant representatives of the Russian Government are almost uncontrolled, and do what they think right without much regard to what their Government may have said. These peculiarities have more than once worked evil for Russian interests. They deprived Russia of the whole fruits of the Turkish war, and they made the perfectly legitimate occupation of Port Arthur appear an act of aggression towards Great Britain and, in a lesser degree, towards Germany.

All this, however, is ancient history. No one wants now to go to war with Russia about Port Arthur. We know more than we did what war is like. Nor does any one now want England to imitate her either in methods or results. It is dimly seen, even by Mr. Joseph Walton and his friends, that the coercion of China to secure territorial or commercial concessions has its drawbacks. You cannot perpetually blacken the face of an Oriental Government and expect it to retain either the will or the power to protect the interests of your countrymen. But though this is true, and though the policy of fighting Russia and coercing China may be safely rejected, it is not so easy to say what the policy of this country should be.

Let us consider what are the conditions of the problem. The first thing is to ascertain what is the object we should have

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in view. As to this there is little or no dispute. Our object is, so far as we can do so consistently with the interests of the whole Empire, to preserve our existing trade with China and to increase it by every means in our power. We have no desire to occupy territory in China or to interfere in its government, unless such steps become absolutely necessary for the protection of our trade. This is sometimes expressed by saying that our interest in China is commercial and not political. That is to say that, owing to the geographical position of China, we have no political interest in its affairs. China is on the way to nowhere. If the whole country formed part of the British Empire no other part of our dominions would be thereby improved or made more secure, except the north-eastern frontier of India, already protected very efficiently by nature. On the other hand, political action may become necessary for commercial reasons. It has frequently been so in the past. Our Indian Empire and the greater part of our colonies were originally occupied from mercantile motives. Indeed, we have nearly always acted on the principle that nothing but enlightened self-interest justifies war, and have refused to recognise "la gloire" or any of its Continental equivalents as in themselves sufficient ground for military expeditions or for conquest. It is therefore no answer to those who urge an aggressive policy in China to say that our interests there are commercial. The question is, admitting that to be so, would those interests be best served by such a policy; and if so, are there any other sufficient reasons for rejecting it?

It can scarcely be doubted that, if we were free from all foreign complications and interference, and could exclusively regard the wishes of British merchants, we should do right to annex the whole of the Chinese Empire. Not only is it true that trade follows the flag, but, apart from this, the commercial policy of Great Britain is unquestionably that which best suits her commercial interests. Unfortunately, any such action is impossible. Russia in Manchuria, France in Tonkin, and Germany in Shantung are obstacles which even the most

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enthusiastic Jingoes regard as insuperable. But it is urged by the forward party that, though we cannot now hope to take the whole of China, we might at least occupy some part of it. Our trade interests, they say, largely exceed those of all the European Powers put together; yet, though Russia controls Chinese territory to the extent of 462,000 square miles, France 157,600 square miles, and Germany 58,000 square miles, we are content with a beggarly 200. True it is that the north and south and part of the east have passed to others; the centre still remains untouched. Let us, then, occupy the Yang-tse Valley, or at the least declare "an informal protectorate" over it. It is rich, fertile, and easily reached from the sea. Great Britain, so those who advocate this course seem to think, has merely to stretch out her hand and take as much of this rich prize as she finds it convenient to possess.

So stated, the policy certainly appears rather crude. It leaves out of account every part of the world except China. The fact that England has European interests which require the friendship or forbearance of European nations is ignored. Or perhaps the hostility of the Continent is thought to be inevitable, and therefore to be disregarded. We have no sympathy with this point of view. We believe that, on this point at any rate, it is possible, and therefore right, for us to live in peace with our neighbours. We are convinced that, however it may be in this country, on the Continent the horrors of war are enough realised to prevent its being lightly undertaken. And lastly, we think that a foreign policy based on the assumption that a European war is either inevitable or unimportant destroys the whole aim and object of diplomacy.

There are, however, more moderate versions of the forward policy in China, to which this criticism is not so plainly applicable. Some think that a division of China into spheres of influence might be made by agreement between the Powers: that Russia, for instance, might be allotted North China down to and including the Ho-hang-ho; that we might take the valley of the Yang-tse; and that the other European Powers and Japan might

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receive compensation in other parts of the Empire. Others think it would be enough if we obtained from China the lease of two or three districts on the Yang-tse and abandoned Manchuria to Russia. Others, again, would be satisfied if we laid down a line south of which we would not allow Russia to advance. All these proposals appear to us to overlook the essential feature of the problem—namely, the geographical position of China. If we are to possess ourselves of any rights in China, or elsewhere, we must be prepared to protect them by force of arms. In all other parts of our dominions, except India, which has other natural barriers to protect it, the access to them is by sea, and so long as our fleet is not destroyed no hostile force can approach them. China is in a different position. It is connected with Europe by Siberia and Central Asia, and though it is quite true that communication by either of these routes is at present very difficult, no one can doubt that that will not always be so. As soon as the necessary roads and railways are constructed Russia will be able to bring her whole military power to bear on the Far East without having to face the British fleet. Even as it is she would have comparatively little difficulty in stationing in North China some tens of thousands of her troops, who could be maintained there at not much greater expense than elsewhere in her dominions. If, then, we were to assume any considerable territorial responsibility in China, it would involve the maintenance in that country of a large military force. We all know that with our present system such a thing is out of the question. In other words, unless Great Britain is prepared to become a great military Power, any of these versions of the forward policy in China is impracticable.

It follows from this reasoning that it is not open to us to take in China the course in itself most beneficial to British commerce. We cannot impose our laws and commercial system upon any large part of the Chinese Empire. What, then, is the next best course? Until the recent events in Pekin there can be little doubt that the general lines of policy of the

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present Government were right. The maintenance of the *status quo* was evidently what suited us best. As long as the conditions under which British trade in China had achieved its present commanding position could be preserved, it was reasonable to think that position would be secure; and if not, the failure of trade would be due to some fault of the traders themselves beyond any diplomatic assistance. Disturbances of any sort were, in the language of medicine, contra-indicated. But the position was difficult. The Chinese Government was so feeble and its officials so corrupt that it was felt that there was a risk in unduly pressing even for strictly commercial concessions—concessions, be it remembered, quite as repulsive to Chinese ideas as cessions of territory. The situation was further complicated by the seizure of Kiao-chau and Port Arthur. To preserve the respect of an Oriental Government like that of Pekin, some reply was necessary, and the occupation of Wei-hai-wei seemed the least objectionable thing to do. Meanwhile a storm of jingoism was raging over this country, and the policy of extreme caution rendered necessary by the political conditions of China—apart from international considerations—was denounced as a policy of drift. Threats and insults were hurled not only at the Government, but also at Russia and Germany, whose newspapers and politicians replied with interest. Then followed the competition in commercial and territorial concessions, in which France and even Italy soon joined. The result could easily have been foreseen. The officials in Pekin became alarmed and their countrymen indignant. That universal feeling, which we call narrow obstinacy and conceit in a Chinaman, chauvinism in foreigners, and patriotism in ourselves, was roused. In China it usually, as in this case, takes the form of a massacre of foreigners by one of the many secret societies existing in that country. The Government were loth to interfere until it was too late, and then some among them conceived the insane idea that they were strong enough finally to expel all foreigners from the country. So it comes about that a strong international force is in occupation of Pekin,

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and the Chinese Government has vanished into the interior of China.

It is very questionable whether any stable Chinese Government can ever be re-established; whether this Humpty Dumpty can ever be set up again. All are agreed that, failing the present dynasty, there is nothing in China to take its place; and there seems some doubt if the Emperor or any of his relatives has sufficient nerve or power to cope with the situation. If this should turn out to be true, a new situation will have arisen. It will be impossible to continue to carry on the former policy, since there will be nothing left to maintain. Something fresh will have to be set up. The great necessity for British interests in China is a settled Government. Far better that even Russia should annex the country than that chaos should continue. But the commercial policy of Russia is worse for us than that of any other nation, and it would be better that Japan or even Germany should be encouraged to take over the government of the southern and central part of the Empire. In the meantime an attitude of expectancy is all that the Government of this country can at present take up. It may well be that eventually a more active part may be open to it, in the direction of keeping order in the sea-coast towns and waterways of an imperfectly pacified Japanese Empire.

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PARTIES AND PRINCIPLES

THE approach of a General Election gives a convenient occasion for considering the functions of our existing party organisations. The statement that the party system is now effete, and inappropriate to modern needs, has been reiterated so often without being challenged that there seems to be a danger of its being absorbed into current thought unconsciously without being made to justify itself. In our view it is based upon a false conception of the forces and principles which underlie our public life, and is an unsound criticism of contemporary history.

Among those who are conversant with the practical working of our political system there seems to be a genuine regret at the present weakness of the Opposition—a weakness which is pointed to as evidence of this alleged break-up of the old parties. Formerly, it is said, there were clearly-marked features distinguishing the two parties, but to-day these parties have become disintegrated into a number of small groups, divided by no strong lines of demarcation and capable of an infinite possibility of permutations and combinations. This regret is based upon a feeling that, in a certain rough and unphilosophic way, the party system has hitherto secured a scrutiny and criticism of schemes, measures, and administrative acts which has been sufficiently vigilant for the detection of incompetency and for ensuring a reasonable control over public officials. But this must not be allowed to sway our judgment when we try to

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estimate how far there still survive any common principles, sympathies, or habits of thought which would make it natural for one set of men to act together and pursue one course, and for another set to co-operate in seeking for national salvation along a different route.

Now, in the first place, it seems important to distinguish between home and foreign affairs. Each party, when returned to power, of course becomes the nominal master of the whole policy and administration of this country, abroad as well as at home. But, with some unimportant exceptions, the conduct of our foreign affairs in modern times has been, as a rule, taken to be outside the pale of strictly partisan controversy, and the principles which have divided Conservative from Liberal have had relation almost exclusively to home affairs. It is quite true that, in 1877 and 1878, Mr. Gladstone opposed with great vehemence the crude and novel expression of Imperial consciousness, but the reality of Imperial responsibility exercised so coercive a force over him when actually in office, that his Government was obliged to get ready for war against Russia over the Penjdeh incident, just as Lord Beaconsfield had prepared for the same possibility some seven or eight years earlier. Even in Africa, anxious as he was to limit, and even to cut down, Britain's responsibilities, it was by his Government that Bechuanaland, with Kimberley, was annexed to the Empire and the road to the north thus kept open; whilst, in the north itself, it was the initial step taken by this Liberal Government which has led to our virtual annexation of Egypt. In fact, speaking broadly, it may be said that the Imperial momentum is so great that the conscious activity or apathy of our Governments have been of relative insignificance in recent times in either accelerating or retarding the national evolution. The permanent officials in the Foreign Office and diplomatic service still exercise some influence in favour of uniformity of action, and lately it has become almost a trite saying that there ought to be "continuity of foreign policy." Such differences as have been obvious to the eye have arisen rather from the individual

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temperaments of our Foreign Ministers, or their industry, knowledge, diplomatic skill, or character, than from real divergences of aim or policy; and in all probability, whether a Conservative or a Liberal majority be returned at the ensuing election, the force of circumstances and of treaty and other obligations will be such that there will be no substantial alteration in the nature of our policy in South Africa or elsewhere.

But, whether this be a true commentary and prophecy or not, there can be little doubt that our party system was not designed for, and does not lend itself to, any adequate consideration of the intricate problems which are bound up in our relations with foreign Powers. If the principles upon which our foreign and colonial policies are to be based were ever to become subject to the fluctuations of party government, then beyond doubt our party system would be found an imperfect, and even dangerous, instrument of government. But, notwithstanding differences of opinion about current events—illustrated by the attitude of Sir Edward Clarke on the one side and that of Sir Robert Reid and a large body of followers on the other—we do not believe that there is any real likelihood of a substantial change in the objects of our national policy abroad. If, however, at any time the Parliament of Great Britain were to develop into a truly Imperial body, then it may well be that new considerations would arise.

But in the meantime the true line of cleavage between our parties relates to home affairs; and in that sphere the division is as genuine and fundamental to-day as it has ever been. So long as human nature remains the same, there will be those who are in the main content with things as they exist, and those who look forward to the possibility of a better or different state of affairs. These instinctive temperaments form the basis of our existing parties. It is quite a mistake to talk as if the Conservative had become a Liberal, and the Liberal had grown into something else. The Conservative has not altered his ultimate principles, nor the Liberal his. The Conservative is still

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accurately described by his name, but what has changed is the character of that which he wishes to conserve. Seventy years of modern legislation have liberalised the State, and therefore, when the modern Conservative desires to preserve the existing status, it is a modern and liberalised status which he has in view; and whilst he does not wish to preserve it without any modification at all, yet the principal object of any changes which he may introduce is to secure the maintenance of the existing order by mitigating inconveniences or hardships which are the outcome of that order, or by making such tentative adaptations and adjustments as are imperatively called for by the developments of modern life. To him the present is an inheritance from the past—a possession not to be lightly risked in speculative enterprises. Comparing the condition of his own generation with that of men in other ages and other countries, he finds things in the main satisfactory; he is therefore content, and blesses the British constitution and its works. To the man of Liberal views, on the other hand, the present is a foundation rather than a building, a starting-point rather than a resting-place: he is on pilgrimage, and, in his dreams at any rate, is apt to dwell more on the Land of Promise than even on the past glories and modern conveniences of England as he actually knows it.

This distinction in temperament involves a difference in the spirit in which political problems are faced by the two parties. To a statesman imbued with Conservative instincts, government is chiefly an intellectual problem of deep interest, an adjustment of forces here and there, a studying of the influences which are working beneath the surface, and a planning how to modify and curtail their operation in order that, notwithstanding the change of conditions, the social fabric may remain uninjured—that is, substantially unchanged. On the other hand, the political action of the genuine Liberal arises far more from a moral, almost a religious, impulse. Much ridicule has been thrown upon the extravagances of what is called "the Nonconformist conscience," but it should be remembered that this conscience has a positive as well as a negative side. There is no doubt that at the root of

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the Liberal successes under Mr. Gladstone there lay the deep conviction that the policy and measures then advocated by the Liberal party would really help towards "carrying into practical life the principles of the highest morality." The secession of large numbers of Nonconformists from that party on the Home Rule question in 1886, and the consequent loss of the real, if narrow, idealism and semi-religious impulse which they brought into its work, has had no small influence in reducing the Liberal party to its present impotence. At the same time, we believe that in the long run they will be bound to return to their old party allegiance, because in it alone they can permanently find congenial and sympathetic habits of thought.

It is, then, quite consistent with principle that a man, whether Conservative or Liberal, who is touched with the social compunction of our time, should desire to ameliorate or modify extremes of hardship resulting from the existing conditions; and there are many measures which may, without any sacrifice of principle, be introduced for such a purpose by either the one party or the other. Yet, since the propelling force in the case of the Liberal is not mere sympathy, but a desire for progressive improvement towards what he deems a higher ideal of national life, the genuine Liberal is never really content with those "measures of circumspection tentative in their character" to which Lord Salisbury pledged his party, but treats them as mere instalments of a temporary kind, whilst he presses on towards the more thorough fulfilment of a sacred duty and the realisation of a more ideal scheme of life.

So long, then, as there exist these distinctions of temperament and political ideal, there must remain scope for two comprehensive parties broadly conforming to them. The apparent decay of Liberalism is, we think, attributable, not at all to any exhaustion of its vital principles, but partly to the diminution already referred to in its semi-religious impulse, partly to want of discipline in the ranks, partly to the unpruned exuberance with which the progressive idea has branched out simultaneously in every direction, and perhaps most of all to

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defective organisation and bad leadership. The Conservative party, who primarily require in their leaders intellectual adroitness, safe judgment, and a due sense of the national dignity, have no difficulty in supplying a succession of well-educated gentlemen to play the part more or less satisfactorily. In the case of a Conservative politician, failure or success are less obviously marked off from one another, because the factors in each political problem are living and growing month by month and year by year, and it is not possible, if the problem is regarded as a purely intellectual one, to ascertain with anything approaching mathematical certainty whether a particular statesman has solved it correctly or not. But the Liberal party, if the forces comprised in it are to be directed to a single and practical end, requires as leader a man who possesses sufficient spiritual and emotional sympathy to awaken a response in all his followers. This quality was, of course, possessed to an exceptional degree by Mr. Gladstone. The current of his enthusiasm was so strong and wide that it could at once accelerate and draw together all the various lesser enthusiasms and streams of endeavour within the area of what we may call the Liberal watershed. The possession of such a power undoubtedly has its dangers, but undoubtedly it is a first qualification for the leadership of the Liberal party. But qualities of this kind cannot be simulated; nor are they the product of intellectual culture. The true can easily be distinguished from the false. Now, as it happens, the Liberal leaders in the House of Commons have not, so far, shown any such power. Not one of them at present seems to rise above the level of the intellectual politician. It is probable that some of them are conscious of the undercurrent of deeper moods and aspirations which lie dormant in the country, but not one of them cares or dares to express this consciousness or seeks to arouse it in the nation as a whole.

Passing from these general considerations, it may be worth while to touch shortly upon the methods of action which are usually described as the party principles. Apart from the

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vague allegation, with which we have already dealt, that the Conservative has now become a Liberal in that he sees the necessity for "amelioration," it is not suggested, so far as we can ascertain, that the Conservative party has in any substantial degree changed its creed. The charge of inconsistency, such as it is, is rather brought against their opponents, and it is therefore the position of the latter only which we propose to consider. As already stated, we believe that the impulse and ideals of the Liberals of to-day are akin to those of fifty years ago; and we would even go further, and maintain that there is a real identity. There is a change, but it is to be found in the world in which those methods now come to be applied. The ideal and doctrine of Liberalism has been summed up in the phrase "liberty and equality through progress." Earlier in the century it was electoral disabilities and religious inequalities that afforded the most glaring contrasts to that perfect liberty and equality which were to be the ultimate goal. It also formed part of the prevailing belief of Liberals that it would be sufficient to carry out merely legal and constitutional reforms, and that thereupon the shackles which restrained the energies of the individual would be removed, and society, in a process of natural development, would exhibit a real equality as between man and man. It thus happened, first, that the sphere within which this equality and freedom were sought was constitutional and political; and, secondly, that the measures incidental to its pursuit were almost entirely negative and destructive, and consisted chiefly in the abolition of the ancient or exclusive privileges of corporate bodies, of limited electoral cliques, or of the established religion, or in the removal of fiscal restrictions, and in compelling legally privileged classes to admit other classes to the same or similar legal rights.

But to-day that phase is practically over. It is not that the principle of equality has by any means been worked out to its logical conclusion in either the religious or the constitutional spheres. From the Liberal standpoint it is clear that much remains to be achieved, in order to round off reforms already

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accomplished in part and to give complete effect to these Liberal principles. But in a sense the thrilling and personal interest is gone out of such questions; and that for two reasons. First, there is no longer any substantial controversy with regard to the principle itself; our political system is now an admission of the theory, and the struggle is, generally speaking, only one of detail and degree. And secondly, the experience of the last half century has revealed the fact that reforms of constitutional machinery have not had so magical a power as was hoped by some of their advocates, and also that there still remain departments of human activity, other than the merely political, in which inequalities and hardships are quite as unmeaning and more keenly felt day by day.

For these reasons a new era seems to be coming inevitably upon Liberalism—an era in which less emphasis will be laid upon constitutional problems, which are ceasing to touch the hearts and consciences of the electorate, but an era in which the energies of the Liberal party will be directed more and more to the production of social and economic equality and liberty by new methods of administration and by constructive legislation. In other words, there is a twofold development in progress. It seems that the Liberal party, in order to apply its principles to the actual needs of contemporary life, must now pass from the destructive to the constructive stage, and from constitutional to social reform. At present the party suffers from the process of transition, and as yet it scarcely believes in what is logically its future. Thus it loses all the impetus and enthusiasm which arise from certainty of conviction, and is inclined to cast its eyes back on controversies which are really extinct.

The real inequalities of to-day arise from economic and industrial causes; for, although the introduction of Free Trade stimulated the production and acquisition of wealth by the nation as a whole, the problem of distribution is still not only unsolved, but is left to mere chance. The people of this country, whilst politically equal, clearly do not all possess equal oppor-

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tunities in the race of life. It is on this sphere that we expect the Liberal party ultimately to concentrate itself. But we do not anticipate that they will find the road to power a short or easy one. Economic and industrial problems are now so complicated, and the interests involved are so many, that organic changes become continually more difficult to imagine and to accomplish, while the risks involved in failure are proportionately increasing. It may be that, in the absence of any great inventive genius, we may see the legislative proposals of the Liberal party reduced for some years to come to the circumspect and tentative scale which we have quoted as Lord Salisbury's practical ideal. In other words, there may be less apparent difference than ever before between the actual measures advocated by the responsible leaders of the two great parties. The difficulties which this state of things involves for the party which is out of power and perhaps out of favour, for the time, have been exemplified during the past few years; and probably the lesson has not been thrown away upon thoughtful Liberals. They have no doubt noted the danger of spending their enthusiasm and moral force in random and independent firing, instead of concentrating the whole battery on one mark; they have seen it proved that no one can follow a leader who is not in front, that opportunism is an open confession of weakness and sterility, and that to attack a policy from merely personal or factious motives is no more likely to be successful than it is creditable. This is surely for a true Liberal the lowest point to which his party could sink: that its energies should be secretly stimulated, not by the ideals and the high moral impulse which it has publicly professed, but by personal hatred and the desire to give an individual opponent a fall. But, setting aside such rare and easily avoided temptations, it would seem that, if the Liberals are to fulfil their proper function in the political life of the country, they will do well to put the attainment of office for the moment into the background of their minds, and to devote themselves to the fostering and popularising of Liberal thought among their countrymen. Liberalism is a creed or

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view of life rather than a policy, and is far more difficult to resist in the abstract or moral sphere than in any of its concrete manifestations. Liberals cannot doubt that in a country permeated by a ready and ungrudging sympathy between all classes, and accustomed to think of human life as an evolution of happiness through liberty, the political party most often returned at the polls would be their own—provided only that they are never convicted of forgetfulness of their own principles or lukewarmness in applying them, whether when putting forward a programme or when criticising that of their opponents. In any event, whatever be the ultimate or immediate success of the party, we believe, and we think it not inopportune to assert our belief, that not only is there still remaining a large field of social and economic life in which constructive legislation may work in the direction of greater liberty and equality, but that this work is of a kind which will always be better done, because more sympathetically and naturally done, by the Liberal party. In fact, the principles upon which the Conservative and Liberal organisations are based are to-day, in our opinion, so vital, real, and distinct, that, given capable leaders and reasonable discipline, there is not only no necessity for any break-up of our two-fold party system, but it is really essential to our political life that these broad principles should remain clear and unconfused, and that the inevitable controversy between Government and Opposition, between those in office and those out of office, should neither have nor be thought to have any less broad or less honourable foundation.

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DETAILS IN MY DAILY LIFE

By Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan

The following article contains a portion of the Autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan, which has been entrusted to Mr. Murray for publication, and will appear in the course of a few weeks. The autobiography consists partly of a translation of the narrative of Abdur Rahman's early years to the time of his accession to the throne, written by himself and translated from the Persian original by Mir Munshi, Sultan Mahomed Khan, partly of chapters dealing with the events of his reign, his personal life, and foreign and domestic politics, taken down from his own words by Sultan Mahomed Khan, who has kindly permitted this record of "Details in my Daily Life" to appear in the first number of THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM my childhood up to the present day my life is quite a contrast to the habits of living indulged in by nearly all other Asiatic monarchs and chiefs. They live for the most part a life of idleness and luxury, and it is thought by aristocratic people that the prestige of a prince is minimised by his being seen walking on foot or doing anything with his own hands. I myself believe that there is no greater sin than allowing our minds and bodies to be useless and unoccupied in a useful way; it is being ungrateful for the gifts of Providence. My way of living and dressing has always been plain and simple and soldierlike. I have always liked to keep myself occupied day and night in working hard at something or other, devoting only a few hours to sleep. As habit is second nature, it has become

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a habit of mine, that even when I am seriously ill, when I cannot move from my bed, I still keep on working as usual at reading and writing documents and various Government papers; at hearing the applications and complaints of my subjects, and giving instructions and judgments. Those who have seen me at such times know how hard I work, and they have often heard me say that, if my hands and feet cannot move from my bed, I can still go on moving my tongue to give orders to those about me, and tell them what I wish to be done. It is no trouble to me to work hard; on the contrary, I love it, and I never feel tired, because I am so fond of work and labour. There is no doubt that every person has some sort of ambition, and this is my ambition; all the hard work I do is to complete the administrative work of my kingdom. In the words of the poem:

> If the beloved should not encourage the lover towards her, the lover will neither have the heart nor the courage to approach her.

This love for work is inspired by God; it is the true ideal and desire of my life to look after the flock of human beings whom God has intrusted to me, His humble slave. Allah says through His Prophet: "When the Almighty desires to do a thing He makes all necessary preparations for it" (Koran). As God wished to relieve Afghanistan from foreign aggression and internal disturbances, He honoured this, His humble servant, by placing him in this responsible position, and He caused him to become absorbed in thoughts of the welfare of the nation, and inspired him to be devoted to the progress of this people, and to be ready to sacrifice life itself for their welfare and for the true faith of the Holy Prophet Mahomed—May God bless him!

The more I see of the people of other nations and religions running fast in the pursuit of progress, the less I can rest and sleep; the whole day long I keep on thinking how I shall be able to run the race with the swiftest, and at night my dreams are just the same. There is a saying that the cat does not

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dream about anything but mice: I dream of nothing but the backward condition of my country, and how to defend it, seeing that this poor goat, Afghanistan, is a victim at which a lion from one side and a terrible bear from the other side are staring, and ready to swallow at the first opportunity afforded them. My courtiers know, for example, that years before the question of marking out the boundaries of Afghanistan was mooted, I had dreamed a dream that was published at that time and distributed throughout the whole country. Briefly, the purport of that dream was, that before my death I should finish and complete making a strong wall all round Afghanistan, for its safety and protection. This dream was interpreted by the astronomers to mean that the boundaries of Afghanistan should be so marked out by me that an end would be put to the everlasting forward policy of my neighbours, who used to keep on creeping nearer and nearer every year. Many other dreams of mine, like this, all of which I told to my courtiers, have come true, and they have seen that the boundaries have been marked out, and I am still alive, to the sorrow of those who seem so anxious to put an end to me, as they circulate false reports about my death once a week. I did not think that any man died so many times as they have killed me in their imagination.

It is a curious thing that the harder I work the more anxious I am to continue working, instead of getting tired. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon!

To those who would like to know some particulars of my daily life, I would say that I have no fixed time for sleeping nor any definite time for taking my meals; sometimes my meals are kept at the dinner-table in front of me for many hours, whilst I, being absorbed in my thoughts, forget all about them. So deeply do my thoughts take possession of me when I am planning various improvements and considering State affairs, that I do not see any of the people who are in my presence. Many nights I begin reading, and writing answers to letters, and do not raise my head until I see that the night

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is past and the morning has come. My story is just like the story of a lover, well known in the East, named Majnoon, who was so much in love with a lady named Leila, that one day, seeing her dog, he followed the dog, and did not see the mosque nor those who were saying their prayers therein. When he was asked by the chiefs of the mosque to give an explanation, he said that he neither saw the mosque nor those who were saying their prayers therein, because his love to the dog of his lady was so great. They did not love God as much as he loved the dog, because their thoughts were occupied in looking at him and at the dog; so their prayers were of very small value.

My doctors and hakims tell me that this never-ceasing activity is the cause of all my illnesses, that I work too hard, and do not take my meals regularly at fixed times. My answer is: "Love and Logic have never agreed together." And as I am a lover of the welfare of my nation, I do not feel my own pains, but the pains and the sufferings and weakness of my people, which I cannot bear for them, and those who have never been in love do not know how sore are the sufferings of lovers.

One of the poets says rightly: "A lover seems to find pleasure in the pursuit of his ambitions, as the dust that arises from the feet of the flock is a salve to the eyes of the wolf pursuing the flock." In my pursuit after the welfare of Afghanistan, the more that I see signs of change and progress, the faster I follow them, as a lover follows the traces of the footmarks of his ideal, which make him more eager to keep on the road. I pray God to help me in carrying out this duty for which He has selected me from among other men.

On many occasions I get quite discouraged on account of the misbehaviour of my people, who keep on rebelling, quarrelling, and intriguing against each other, and making false reports of each other to me. I have then to make inquiries to find out the truth, and this wastes more than half of my valuable time; so that as I try to walk in the steps of progress they keep on pulling me back. I get very weary, and sometimes

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think that their position is unchangeable and their intrigues incurable, and that it is impossible to raise them to that standard which would make them equal to their neighbours in strength and character. I feel that it would be well for me to retire from this life of everlasting anxiety and struggle, and take a quiet, peaceful life somewhere else, leaving my people to fight amongst themselves until they are ruined. But this would be a cowardly action and a refusal to fulfil the duties ordained by the real Almighty Master and Sovereign, for which He has created me. I believe that a true lover must never turn his face from the difficulties that constantly come in his way, and he must look upon all the naughty and mischievous play of his beloved, and the cruelties shown to him, as very pleasant pains and occupations. The pains of the lover are the luxuries of his love; and the difficulties and anxieties of a reformer only add to his enthusiasm and spur him on to fresh exertions.

There is no fixed time and no proper programme for me throughout the twenty-four hours of the day and night in which I work; I go on working from morning until evening, and from evening again until morning, like any labourer. I eat when I am hungry; and some days do not remember that I have not eaten my meals—I forget all about it, and ask my courtiers all at once, raising my head from writing: "Did I eat my dinner to-day or not?" In the same way, when I get tired and sleepy, I go to sleep on the same bed which is my chair for work. I do not require any private room or bedroom, neither any room for secrecy or for grand receptions. There are plenty of such rooms in my palaces, but I have no time to spare, even to move from one room to another. Of course I love to go to my harem and spend an evening with my family, and they are equally delighted when I pay these visits, but my time is so full, that there is none to spare except occasionally, when I make it!

As I have said, there is no fixed time for meals or other personal needs: I may mention that my usual custom is to go

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to rest about five or six in the morning, rising again about two in the afternoon. The whole time that I am in bed my sleep is disturbed in such a way that I awake nearly every hour, and keep on thinking about the improvements and anxieties of my country; then I go to sleep again, and so on. I get up between two and three in the afternoon, and the first thing I do is to see the doctors and hakims, who examine me to see if I require any medicine. After this the tailor comes in, bringing with him several plain suits made in the European style. I choose one for that day's use. After I have washed and dressed, my tea-bearer enters, carrying tea and a light breakfast. During the whole of the time, from the entrance of the hakims until I have finished breakfast, the Usher, the Secretaries, the Nazir (or Lord of the Seal), and one or two other officials keep on looking at me, and saying in their own minds, "Oh, be quick, and let us each put our work before you!" I do not blame them for this, because the Secretaries have to take answers to all the letters and documents and despatches of the day; the Lord of the Seal has to seal all the orders for the daily expenses of the Government, and to put all the reports of the Intelligence Department which have been received since I went to sleep before me. The Usher has to introduce hundreds of people who have their cases or appeals to be tried by me, or who have to be appointed on certain duties and services, and so on. But no sooner do I appear at work after finishing my breakfast than various officials, my sons, and household servants step in to take instructions for their various duties. Every page-boy, of whom there are hundreds, and men of the Detective Department, walk in with letters in their hands from one or other suffering person who requires my help and judgment. In this way I am crowded and surrounded by so many who all want to have their business attended to, as well as to show their zeal to me by giving me more work to do. None of my fellow-countrymen have a tenth part so much to do. I keep on working till five or six the next morning, when I resume the same routine, just keeping a few minutes for my

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meals. Even then, however, my courtiers and officials keep on asking me questions—and, in fact, there is no rest for the wicked!

Since 1891, when I appointed my son Habibullah Khan to hold the public durbars instead of myself, the work which I keep for myself and attend to every day is as follows: Foreign Office; Intelligence Department, political work, Treasury; criminals accused of high treason and other crimes and offences; hearing and deciding the appeals from the Court of my son and all the other inferior courts of the Governors; the work of buying and making all sorts of war materials and things for the workshops; making new courts and amending the law of the land and introducing reforms, or giving instructions to my son and other officials; household affairs of my own family as well as of all the foreign princes and chiefs who are under my protection, my guests, my officials, and page-boys.

The Courtiers.—The following people are always in attendance upon me from the time that I awake until I go to sleep.

Court Secretaries: Aishak Akasee (Gentleman Usher); Nazir (Lord of the Seal); head of the Intelligence Department; head of the Royal Kitchen—he has the duty of bringing all the petitions before me. There is no more honoured and confidential position than this. The name of the gentleman now holding it is Safar Khan. The British Agent's letters are also forwarded to the Amir through him. One hakim, one doctor, and a surgeon, as well as a dispenser; two or three officers of the body-guard, who, in addition to their being military commanders of the body-guard, are also executioners temporarily during the time they attend the Court. There are a few khanah saman (footmen who look after the flowers in the rooms, papers, ink, and pens, &c.); a few paish khitmats (personal attendants who serve the dinner); maiwahdur (fruit-keeper, who hands fruits to the officials of the palace); chari-bardur (tea-bearer, who hands tea to the Amir and courtiers); ab bardur (he hands drinking-water); sakab (who brings the water from the spring); ghulam bacha ha (page-boys); shatir

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(the grooms who keep the horses ready saddled and run on foot by the side of the horses to be in readiness to hold them when the riders dismount); the personal chest-fund treasurer; store-keeper for the personal arms, gun-room, &c.; chilam bardur (hubble-bubble keeper); a few Farashas (those who look after the furniture, carpets, bedding, and other household wants); a few tailors and valets, a librarian, a few doorkeepers, and astrologer; arz begi (a person who shouts out loudly anything that the complainers have to say); alma bashi (a person who gives notice to those who attend the Court); Mir akhor (the master of the horse).

In addition to these people, the following are always near the durbar-room to be ready when required, though not in personal attendance: Professional chess-players and back-gammon-players; a few personal companions; a reader of books to me at night; a story-teller. Some of the officials who bring reports before me during the day are invited to sit in my society in the evening when they have finished their work. At night a few other nobles and chiefs residing at Kabul come to see me. If I am free, those who are invited to come in to entertain me and have interviews with me are allowed to remain; the rest go away.

The musicians are of several nationalities—Indians, Persians, and Afghans. They also attend the Court at night, being paid for their services, and if I am free they are allowed to come in and sing and play music. Though I am never entirely free, yet the courtiers enjoy the music, and I listen in the intervals. This second group of people is usually employed only for night duty.

There is a third class of personal servants who always keep in the rooms near my sitting-room, or, if I am travelling, in tents near mine, so that they are ready for service when they are called. These are: Coachmen for carriages, dhooli-bearers, gardeners, barbers and hairdressers, sweepers, storekeepers, draughtsmen, surveyors, sappers and miners, additional staff of medical men, engineering staff, runners on foot as well as on

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horseback for taking messages. There is also a postal department and personal attendants; priests, Imam, or leader of the prayers; schools for page-boys, a band of music, a drum-carrier, umbrella-carrier, and flag-bearer.

When I ride out in any direction every one of these personal attendants and servants starts with me, together with cavalry, infantry, and artillery of the body-guard. The riding-horses of my courtiers, several of the officials, page-boys, and other personal servants have gold and silver harness. When the whole cavalcade starts out, it forms a very pretty and brilliant picture. The retinue is arranged as follows, even though the ride is only from one building to another. I ride in the centre, surrounded by my courtiers and officials and special servants, page-boys, &c. These completely surround me on every side, talking to me in turn. The shatirs, or runners with the horses, chuprasses, walk on foot near my horse or palanquin. This forms the inner circle. The outer circle is made up from the second class of personal servants; the tailors, Farashas, hubble-bubble carriers, dispensers, &c. The third circle is formed of infantry of the body-guard, who also go before and behind. The fourth circle is formed of cavalry of the body-guard, riding in front and behind. The artillery is arranged according to circumstances, and the direction and time, &c.

I am always ready as a soldier on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without any delay in case of emergency. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food; this bread is changed every day. Several guns and swords are always lying by the side of my bed or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand, and saddled horses are always kept ready in front of my office, not only for myself, but for all my courtiers and personal attendants, at the door of my durbar-room. I have also ordered that a considerable number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey, and on both sides of

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the saddles are two revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike country that the Sovereign, and especially a Sovereign who is a soldier himself, should always be as prepared for emergencies as a soldier on the field of battle. Though my country is perhaps more peaceful and safe now than many other countries, still one can never be too cautious and too well prepared.

All my attendants go to sleep when I do, except the following, who keep awake in turn: The guards with their officers; the tea-bearer; the water-bearer; the dispenser; the hubble-bubble bearer; the valet and tailor.[1]

My page-boys consist of the sons of the members of the royal family, sons of the nobility and chiefs, sons of the officials of my Court; in addition to these are my slave-boys, consisting of Kafiri, Shignani, Chitrali, Badakshi, Hazarah, and various other tribes. In fact, these boys are more under my tutorship and training than any other of my servants. They are dressed like princes in velvets and most valuable uniforms; they have magnificent horses to ride; they have servants and personal attendants, pocket-money in addition to the dress, food, horses, houses, and servants from Government, and when they grow up, owing to their having been trained by me, they are appointed to the highest posts in the kingdom. For instance, Faramurz Khan, a Chitrali slave, is my most trusted Commander-in-Chief at Herat. Nazir Mahomed Safar Khan, another Chitrali slave, is the most trusted official of my Court; he keeps my seal in his hands to put to any document, and to my food and diet—in short, he has the full confidence of my life as well as of my kingdom in his hands. Parwanah Khan, the late Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and Jan Mahomed Khan, the late Lord of the Treasury, two of the highest officials in the kingdom, in their lifetime were both of them my slaves.

To tell you the truth, the word "slave" is only a name; the

[1] He is always at hand to do any repairs or take instructions when the Amir thinks of it.

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real sense of the word "slave" in Afghanistan during my reign is this: they are more trusted and honoured than any other officials of the kingdom. When they are quite grown up I arrange their marriages with the daughters of the nobility and highly respectable families. I give them houses and furniture and all requirements of life better than those possessed by princes of the royal family. Their wives have separate allowances for their pocket-money as well as Government personal attendants. In this way I have cleared out and abolished the cruel system of slavery. The word "slave" is merely a remnant of the old times, otherwise there is no such thing as a slave in Afghanistan. The buying of slaves is forbidden by law, and male or female slaves in various families, who were always slaves in the old times, are treated as members of the family by their masters. The offspring of slaves are called Khanah Zad (born in the family), and are just as kindly treated, and loved with the same affection, as the other children of the heads of the family. If a person kills a slave, as they used to do in ancient times, the punishment is death. If a slave is badly treated, and the cruelty is proved, the slave has his liberty by my orders, because God has created all human beings children of one parent and entitled to equal rights. There is no reason why one should be a tyrant and the other the victim of his tyranny.

Usually the male and female slaves of Afghanistan are either the children of prisoners of war or of parents who have been killed in war, and they have no one to give them a living. The rich families and nobles give them the same privileges as their own children enjoy, and, like the royal page-boys, when they grow up they are well married, and get better positions than many poor people, through the influence of their patrons. They thus rise to very high positions, according to their education and merits and manners acquired by association with well-brought-up children.

When I conquered the country of Kafiristan in 1896, I ordered that no prisoner of war should be sold as a slave, and

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also that no one should be allowed to marry a Kafir woman against her will. I compensated by presents of money those people who had captured prisoners as their booty and thus were entitled to keep their gains of the victory, and I then released the prisoners and set them free.

In my sitting-rooms and bedrooms, as well as in those of my wives, sons, and daughters, all sorts of beautiful flowers, plants, pictures, and pianos and other musical instruments are placed, together with choice pieces of china and other ornaments, Persian and Herat carpets, nightingales and other singing birds. Beautiful and valuable furniture and everything that I can think of, to add to the pleasure of those who associate with me, are to be found in my palaces. If any foreigners or Europeans are present at the time for meals, they are welcomed at our table, and dine with us as our guests, if they are Muslims; but if not, they dine in another room, or at a separate table. I have frequently heard Europeans say to me that they enjoy food cooked in the native method better than the European dishes. I cannot see what is in their heart, but I am very pleased if they really mean it, and do not say it merely out of compliment to me, their host; but as I generally see that they eat far more of our Afghan cookery than of the European dishes, I think it is clear that they speak the truth, because no man would eat very much of anything that he disliked just to pay a compliment.

For my wives, my daughters, my sons and their wives, my grandchildren and their servants, in addition to their food, clothing, horses, and houses, there is a special monthly cash allowance granted by the Government, in accordance with their positions and requirements. Both my eldest sons, Habibullah and Nasrullah, are paid 20,000 rupees a month each, for their pocket expenses and their wives and other personal attendants are likewise paid separately. My wives (two of whom are the daughters respectively of Mir Hakim Khan and Mir Jahan Dar Shah, the latter the mother of Habibullah and Nasrullah): the mother of Mahomed Omar Jan; the mother of Aminullah

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Jan; the mother of Ghulam Ali; the mother of the late Hafizullah and Asadullah; the mother of Fatima Jan, my daughter—have all their separate allowances paid monthly, for their pocket-money, from 8000 to 8000 rupees Kabuli: their dresses are not to be paid for out of this money, neither are their houses, food, nor other requirements. Their dresses are many, and of various fashions, some being in the European, others in the Oriental, style.

My youngest sons and granddaughters have also, in addition to their food and clothing, &c., a monthly allowance for pocket-money.

On the great festivals of Ied Barat and New Year's Day, my wives and children get their dresses and cash and jewellery as presents, just as is the European custom to give presents at Christmas. All the children of my courtiers, officials, and servants also receive presents from me on these days.

My sons, who work hard all day long, generally spend the evenings in their harems with their wives and children. In the early days of my reign, I used to pay visits to my harem about twice a week, but as I grew more and more preoccupied with affairs of business and State, these visits were cut down to one or two a month; but now my time is so full, that I only pay two or three visits in the year to my wives and family. The rest of the year I occupy the same rooms in which I work, both day and night. My wives, however, come and pay regular visits to me ten or twelve times in the year for a few hours at a time. God has created me for His service, to care for the nation He has intrusted to my care, and not to spend my time in personal enjoyments and self-indulgence. My greatest happiness is always to continue working in His service.

My two sons, Habibullah Jan and Nasrullah, come to see me twice or at least once every day to take their instructions for arranging and doing their daily work. My youngest sons and grandsons visit me about twice a week for a few minutes, and as I am always busy, they sit down and play for a short

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time, or sometimes they wrestle with each other and sometimes with me, and then they are sent back to their own houses.

There is a leader of the prayers (Imam) appointed for the courtiers, who gives the prayers five times a day; and the Muhtasib (directors) are appointed throughout the whole country, who first advise the people to attend the mosque five times a day for their prayers and to keep fasts in the month of Ramadan, and then, if people will not listen to their advice, they administer a certain number of lashes, because a nation which is not religious becomes demoralised, and falls into ruin and decay, and misbehaviour makes people unhappy in this world and the next.

In my country the people who are believers in other religions are tolerated and treated without prejudice—more even than the people of my own religion; they are appointed to the highest posts under the Government, which is quite opposed to the law that people who do not belong to the Established Church of England are deprived of the right to hold certain offices. For instance, I am a Sunni Muslim, yet some of the highest offices are filled by Hindus and Shias.

Any person can put his claims before me in the following way: He comes to the door and reports that he wishes to see me, and is invited to come in and tell me himself, or to put his grievance in writing and give it to the Nazir, his assistant, or to one of my Court Secretaries, or even into the Post-office. He must write on the cover: "Not to be opened by any one except the Amir." I open such letters myself, and, if necessary, I also write the answer with my own hand, and forward it to the petitioner by the same means by which it came to me. If he do not succeed in getting his letter put before me from any of these sources, there are my spies and detectives, both public and private, who are severely punished if the case is not reported to me. In fact, it is the belief in Afghanistan that every individual possesses a signature of mine, and in every house there is a detective. This is an exaggeration, I think!

All my residential palaces are built on sites that command

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a beautiful view, and in a bright, breezy place. They are surrounded by gardens and flowers, and they are built in such a style that it is possible in the same building to have warm rooms for winter use and open verandahs with large windows for the summer. The rooms are so arranged that the spring blossoms may be watched as they break from the trees, and the gorgeous yellow hues of the autumn, and the dazzling falls of the winter snow and the moonlight nights are enjoyed by all the inmates of my palaces who take the trouble to sit at these windows. As a rule, I spend my summer, spring, and autumn outside the town, living for weeks in tents pitched in these positions where all the beautiful blossoms can be seen, glowing sunsets, and the yellow autumn tints. I have always loved beautiful scenery, flowers, green grass, music, pictures, and every kind of natural beauties.

My daily uniforms are very simple, made in the European style; on great occasions, however, I wear military or diplomatic uniforms. At night, or in my leisure moments, I wear loose robes of Chinese and Japanese silk, made in the Arab or Turkoman or Mongolian fashion. I also wear a small cap with a very small silk or muslin turban. This last loose dress is very easy to put on and off; it is therefore comfortable, especially when I am ill and suffering pain.

Wherever I happen to be, travelling or at rest, there is always a school arranged for my page-boys. Here they learn their religious duties, history, geography, mathematics, and modern languages, aiming and shooting with rifles. Whilst one portion of them is in attendance upon me, the others are practising their studies, and when at last they finish their education and grow up, they are given their posts.

In the military service there is one battalion called Khana abadi (the foundation of the home) made up of small boys, sons of the various military officers and chiefs of the country: they are drilled and trained in military tactics, and afterwards appointed to various regiments and battalions.

I myself and some of my officials smoke cigarettes, others smoking the hubble-bubble.

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My entertainments are very simple: throughout the whole of the time I am working, at intervals of a few minutes after I have finished answering a letter or a piece of work, I stop for a moment and chat and talk with my officials and courtiers. The professional chess-players and backgammon-players play their games before me in the evenings; I watch them sometimes, and sometimes I will play myself, though this is not often. Musicians keep on playing and singing for the pleasure of those who are present, and sometimes I also steal a minute or two to listen to them. I love music, and the best pianos, guitars, violins, bagpipes, and other musical instruments are always to be found in my palaces. I know music myself well, and can play the violin and rubab.[1] It must therefore be a luxury and pleasure for my officials to be in my presence to enjoy all the various pleasures that I provide for them, and those who serve me sincerely and honestly are treated as my personal friends, sometimes being playfully teased by me, and sometimes teasing and joking with me; there is always laughing and joking going on, but with those who are insincere and hypocritical I am very severe and harsh:

> To treat those kindly who disturb the peace,
> Is being an enemy to those who love peace.—SADI.

I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed, but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some book, as, for instance, histories of different countries and peoples; books on geography, biographies of great kings and reformers, and political works. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a story-teller takes his place, repeating his narratives until I awake in the morning. This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the story-teller's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain.

I myself have written several books, which have been printed at the Kabul Press. There are certain advantages in the custom of reading books aloud to me—viz., that in my

[1] A musical instrument, something like a banjo.

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lifetime thousands of books have been read to me, and this means that I have had a daily lesson in progress and learning. One also remembers better what is told in the form of a story when read aloud. The stories are mostly full of exaggeration and superstitions, yet even in these I learn much of the old habits of thought and ideas of ancient peoples, and I think of the progress that the world has made since those old times. There is another advantage in sleeping through the droning noise of the story-teller's recitations, namely, that one gets accustomed to noise, and I can sleep soundly on the battle-field and under similar circumstances.

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SURGICAL EXPERIENCES IN SOUTH AFRICA

IT was at the end of November of last year that I was invited to undertake the duties of Senior Surgeon to the "Portland Hospital," which was designed to work with the army in South Africa, and on December 18 we left Liverpool, after one week spent in purchasing equipments, varying from tents and ambulance waggons to medicines and safety pins, whilst the other week was spent in packing our stores and forwarding them for shipment.

After we had decided to go our chief anxiety in those days was lest the war should be over before we could get to work, and it is difficult now to realise that there were plenty of people who were quite sure that this would be the case, so little were the difficulties of the campaign appreciated even at that period. Whatever doubts we might have had, however, were dispelled before our arrival in South Africa. The day before we sailed came the news of the disaster at Stormberg; on the quayside at Liverpool came the news of Magersfontein; and when we reached St. Vincent we learned that our troops had been repulsed at Colenso. As if this were not enough, we found at Cape Town that there were generally credited rumours of a rising of the Dutch in Cape Colony on January 1; and when the guns of the ships and the ringing of bells announced the advent of the new year there were many who thought that the rising had begun. It was evident that we were in plenty of time.

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On January 8 our stores arrived in the *Victorian*, and we were ordered to pitch camp at Rondebosch, five miles away from Cape Town; and I think that there was a good deal of very natural scepticism as to how we should get along, for a civilian hospital attached to an army in war time was a new departure. Fortunately, everything went smoothly, and in three days from the date of our arrival our camp was pitched, and on January 8 we admitted our first patients.

It is no part of my present intention to give a detailed account of the Portland Hospital or of its work, but a few words of explanation are perhaps necessary. The money required to equip and maintain it at the seat of war was provided by a lay committee, and the generosity and influence of the Duke of Portland resulted in the Hospital taking his title for its name. The staff consisted of three others in addition to myself, and of a Surgeon-Major, who was placed in command of the orderlies, and was our recognised medium of communication with the army authorities and arranged for our transport and commissariat. We could not have done without him. We had also four fully-trained nursing sisters taken from various London hospitals and twenty-four orderlies, besides a few servants. The Portland Committee were represented by two of its members, who came out as hon. treasurer and hon. secretary respectively, and were accompanied by their wives: they stayed with us during the first two months of our career, and then took up appointments in the army. The ladies remained with us whilst we were at Rondebosch and visited the wards daily, distributing to the men the gifts sent us from England, and helping them in many ways, but the nursing was done entirely by the sisters and orderlies. Such being our constitution, it remains to be said that we stayed at Rondebosch till the beginning of April, and then moved to Bloemfontein soon after its occupation by Lord Roberts, and at a time when there were many sick and wounded and not too much accommodation for them. Our opportunities for gaining experience in the treatment and

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management of the sick and wounded in war was not, however, limited to the size and work of our own Hospital, for when at the Cape we were attached to No 8 General Hospital with 500 beds, and were near enough to spend many mornings at Nos. 1 and 2 Hospitals at Wynberg; whilst, in addition, one of us was temporarily attached to a Field Hospital at Modder River, another visited Kimberley and Modder River, and a third accompanied a Field Hospital to Winburg during the general advance on Pretoria. We also saw many patients in consultation with surgeons attached to the military hospitals, and were afforded every facility for observing all that might interest us.

The arrangements for the proper treatment of the sick and wounded are necessarily matters which concern all those who have relatives at the front, and so little is known of all that has to be thought of beforehand as well as of the sudden calls caused by serious emergencies that I think it will be of interest to describe very briefly, and necessarily very imperfectly, some of the work and how it has been carried out.

Apart, then, from the question of *personnel*, which I do not propose to deal with, the first and most important step was the providing of sufficient quantities of drugs, surgical dressings, instruments, and hospital stores and equipment. Thanks to those in charge of these matters at home, not only was there an abundant store from which to draw for shipment, but at Cape Town there was very quickly accumulated a supply which proved equal to all requirements, and which was constantly replenished from England. It may truly be said that the quality and abundance of the medical stores left nothing to be desired at the time we reached the Cape, though it was not always easy to transport them to the various hospitals up country.

In the next place, arrangements were necessary for the transference of the sick and wounded over the many hundred miles which separated the advancing troops from the sea base, for the climatic conditions and the difficulties of food supply negatived the possibility of maintaining the large general

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hospitals at the front. Two trains were therefore equipped at Cape Town, and others at East London and in Natal, so that accommodation for about 100 "lying-down" patients was provided in each, whilst two surgeons and two nursing sisters travelled with each train and took charge of the occupants.

Such being the arrangements at the base, attention may now be turned to the front. When a man is wounded, or becomes sick enough to be invalided, he is first sent to a Field Hospital, which is very lightly equipped, so as to keep with the advancing troops, and which is emptied as soon as possible after an action. From here the patient is conveyed by road or rail either to a "Station Hospital" on the lines of communication or else to a "General Hospital," to which in any case he ultimately passes if able to travel and if his condition requires prolonged treatment.

In the case of this war all the general hospitals were at first in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, and to the two hospitals at Wynberg, or else to No. 8 and the Portland Hospital at Rondebosch, all patients in Cape Colony necessarily came. Here they were retained till well enough to return to the front or to pass on to the camp for convalescents at Green Point, or else, on the other hand, they were sent to England as unfit for further active service for at least two months.

The Portland Hospital, then, was one of the General Hospitals at the base, and a few details of our own experience may prove of interest. We were camped on an ideal site; the soil was light, dry, and sandy, the ground lay high and sloped slightly, and the views of Table Mountain and of the more distant hills were perfect. The country was well wooded, and the fresh grass and green trees proved very attractive sights to those who came from the burning sun and treeless plains of Modder River and Colesberg. One camp contained enough trees to provide shelter from the sun both for staff and patients, and they were much appreciated. The climate was nearly perfect, for we had almost constant sunshine and a pleasant breeze, though on some days the latter developed too

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much into the regular Cape south-easter to be altogether pleasant; all the same it was certainly healthful. Our food supplies were chiefly rations, and there was a never-ending supply of "extras" which could be ordered for patients without stint by any medical officer, so that most of our inmates had milk, lime-juice, soda-water, and puddings in addition to the regulation meat, bread, and vegetables supplied to all troops. They certainly did justice to the fare, and picked up health and strength with marvellous rapidity. Nearly all our patients at first were wounded men, and there were few sick. Many of them came from Colesberg and Rensberg, and others from the Modder and Magersfontein. Those of them who had been in action where we had been successful, were mostly keen to go back to the front, and we were often told "I should like to have another shot at those Boers, sir," long before the time had arrived when it was safe to permit such amusement. On the other hand, men who had been in such an action as Magersfontein were noticeably less keen to try their luck a second time, though they never shirked or asked to be sent home.

The physique of the men as a whole was very good, and if those people who are so fond of writing about the "feeble, undersized lads who compose our army" could have examined the muscular, well-knit frames of those we had to treat, they would perhaps have hesitated before writing again in the old familiar strain.

The general conduct of the men was excellent. We never had a single case of insubordination. The complete absence of all grumbling was quite remarkable, and we who knew how fond the poorer classes in London hospitals are of asking for different diet to that ordered, and of grumbling at what they get, were much struck by the universal spirit of content which reigned in every tent. It was not that the men were pampered, for they had the usual hospital rations and the extras I have named; we did not give them alcohol in any form, as we believed that, in a hot climate, a strong healthy man in enforced

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idleness was very much better without it. Whatever was done to make them comfortable was appreciated in the best possible spirit, and pain and discomfort produced no complaints. There have been many who have borne testimony to the gallantry of our troops in the field. I should like to testify to the fortitude which was almost universal in hospital. It would be impossible to find better patients. They were always cheerful and good-tempered, they gave the least possible trouble, they never complained, and they recovered from the most serious injuries in the most satisfactory manner. What more could be desired?

We were well placed at Rondebosch in other ways than on suitable soil and in a good climate, for the residents of the district vied with each other in acts of kindness. The presents of food of all kinds, and notably of grapes and other fruits, were innumerable: vegetables, milk, and butter arrived daily for the use of "No. 8" and ourselves; cigarettes and tobacco and pipes were supplied in abundance. Concerts were got up for the evenings, and on many moonlight and starlight nights several hundred patients and orderlies collected in an open space amidst the trees near the hospital; and the piano, presided over by the justly popular chaplain, and the banjo of one of the Rondebosch residents, accompanied songs which were all the more appreciated if there was a chorus which was generally known. It was a picturesque sight on such occasions. The stage was lit by a couple of lamps, and the men in their blue hospital uniforms, the army nurses in their scarlet capes, gave the necessary colour to the scene. Some of the patients proved valuable allies, and one of "Rimington's Tigers" with a tenor voice, and an Irishman who sang bass, were in constant request. We had also many lady performers, and especially one of very exceptional talents.

A little farther afield we found another valuable ally, for the owner of the steam yacht *Rheuma*, of 800 tons, offered to take twenty men and six officers as convalescents. I need scarcely say the offer was promptly accepted, and in a very brief space a large deck-house was built as a ward, and was

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furnished with bedsteads and bedding, fresh and salt water tanks and baths by the very generous donor. It was curious to notice how shy the first few patients were of accepting the offer to convalesce on the yacht. Reminiscences of a not too pleasant passage out, and a dread of sea-sickness, acted as strong deterrents; but as soon as the reports of the first convalescents reached the camp there was no more hesitation, and to go on board the yacht for a week or two was the ambition of most of our patients. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves there, and the soldiers and yacht's crew spun yarns in the forecastle to their mutual satisfaction, or fished with a line over the ship's side, or played deck-quoits, and never found the day too long. There are many of our soldiers to whom the yacht and the life thereon must long remain as one of their most pleasant recollections. It was of great service to the Portland Hospital, and was very much appreciated by the staff.

It was at the beginning of April that we received orders from Lord Roberts to proceed from Bloemfontein, and on April 14 the special train carrying our staff and equipment arrived early in the morning. One of my colleagues and myself had preceded it, and had marked out a site for our camp a mile to the west of the town. The ground of this place was on the slope of a slight elevation, had not been camped upon before, and was at a considerable distance from all the large divisional camps. The chief attraction for us, however, was the water supply, for the Royal Engineers had recently opened up a well 140ft. deep, from which excellent water could be obtained, whilst the greater part of the people in Bloemfontein and the camps around it were dependent on pumps and wells, whose water was of very doubtful quality and had to be carted to very considerable distances. The capture of the waterworks by the Boers was not only a serious inconvenience, but was almost certainly accountable for some, at least, of the enteric fever, which was increasing at a truly alarming rate when we arrived.

The pitching of our tents was attended with some little

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difficulty. Most of our goods arrived in ox-waggons, about 9 P.M., as it is the custom here to let the oxen graze by day and not to put them in harness till about 5 P.M. The night was dark, and about eight o'clock it began to rain, so that when the sixteen waggons with sixteen oxen in each came across the veldt it was impossible to see them till they were within a few yards, for they carried no lights, and it was not at all an easy task to prevent them getting rather mixed up and to get our fifty tons of tents and stores off-loaded on to the wet grass. Next day, in spite of all precautions, tents and bedding was found to be wet, and after a tolerably fine day the camp was nearly drowned out the following night by a tremendous thunderstorm with a deluge of rain and hail and a tearing wind. In the morning we found our ground a mass of mud and water, so that most of our men were employed in digging trenches, and as the weather improved later we got up a few of our tents, and then, in spite of wet weather for the next day or two, we took in our first patients—twenty-nine cases of enteric—four days after our arrival. Very soon after that our hundred beds were all full, for one day brought in some forty wounded, another day a fresh lot of patients with typhoid, and then another lot of wounded arrived. Patients, indeed, were all too numerous and beds were all too few, so we got three large tents from the Ordnance stores, had some stretcher beds made, and soon accommodated another sixty men, whilst two sisters from New Zealand came to assist our own four, and proved themselves a most valuable acquisition to our staff.

The town of Bloemfontein, which was our own head-quarters, and where we remained for the next three months, has become the grave of many a brave soldier. Wounds claimed a few victims, sickness claimed many hundreds. The town itself is quite small, with a normal population of only 7000 whites. It is situated in a hollow, at the foot of a couple of hills some two or three hundred feet in height. From almost every side the ground slopes down to the town, and with the exception of the few willows near our camp, the country is

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quite bare and forms large undulating plains, with kopjes of various sizes at a distance of some miles to the south, east, and west. Northwards are the hills just mentioned, and beyond these the country is broken and hilly. The town itself consists of one chief street—"Maitland Street"—extending from the railway station westwards to where the Government Offices and a statue of Sir John Brand are placed. At right angles to Maitland Street and crossing it at about its centre is "Monument Street," with its old fort at its southern end on an eminence, where also stands the monument erected to the Boers who fell in the Basuto war, and close to this is the cemetery with the graves of our own men. It was along this street that Lord Roberts's army marched in. The rest of the town consists of roads running at right angles to the main streets, the houses being chiefly detached brick villas, with iron roofs, whilst many of them are surrounded by trees and shrubs, and not a few had roses in full bloom.

The water supply of the town was originally from the "Bloemfontein," a spring after which the town is named, and also from various private wells. The animals were watered at a "vlei," or dam, at the south-west corner of the town, and into this the surrounding hillsides poured their rain water. Before the present water supply from the Modder River, typhoid fever was of yearly occurrence and was sometimes very fatal to large numbers, and, now that this water supply was cut off, troops were dependent on water which was certainly indifferent in quantity and bad in quality, for the rain pouring off the hillsides through innumerable camps tended to contaminate the water supply in many places. The "Bloemfontein" water was certainly not good, and yet it was upon this that our troops mainly depended. Many other sources were very likely worse, however, and of the men who went to Thaba-N'chu a very large proportion came back with enteric, which was almost certainly acquired from the dam water they had to drink.

So much, then, for the all-important question of water

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supply; but there were many other factors to consider as causes for the sickness of our men. Lord Roberts's victorious march from Modder River had been commenced with his base at and near that place, and many men who marched out apparently well had the germs of typhoid in them to be developed later on. Then came the loss of the convoy at Riet River, and this resulted not only in loss of important food supplies, but deprived the army of waggons which could, when emptied of their provisions, have been utilised for the sick and wounded. Next came the drinking of the contaminated water at Paardeberg, where the river was full of dead horses, oxen, and men, and, finally, the separation of the army, both from its base at Modder River and Kimberley and also from the stores at Naauwpoort, by the destruction of the Orange River bridges and the consequent cutting of the railway to the sea base. In consequence of this it was weeks before the men were supplied with tents or with sufficient blankets and waterproof sheets. Then food supplies had run very short; many of them had completely worn out their boots and stockings, and their clothes were in rags. To add to their troubles, the weather was often so soaking wet that camps became sloughs, and there was no dry place on which to rest. No wonder the men were sick, no wonder the Field Hospitals were overcrowded, but it could not well have been helped. The destruction of the bridges was a justifiable act of war, and was intended to produce the results which I have mentioned. We were prevented from sending up to our hungry troops the food and clothing waiting for them at Naauwpoort, and the hospitals which were waiting on the line to be sent to Bloemfontein had to wait until food and clothing had been sent up before they could be brought to the front. It is all very well for people to criticise and to say that such things ought not to be; but so long as war is war, so long will such miseries exist. It was indeed a sad sight to see men who had fought their way unscathed from the Modder River crowded in tents without comforts of any kind, and dying of typhoid and dysentery, and

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as it is easy to be wise afterwards, it is easy to say now that, could it all have been foreseen, some of this misery might have been prevented. How much, there is not yet sufficient evidence to prove.

It was the beginning of May when the general advance on Pretoria began, and for the next month we were flooded with patients from the front, so that very soon every available bed in the town was crowded, and as fast as fresh ones were brought up, fresh patients arrived to fill them, till there were some 4500 occupants of hospitals in and around the town, and more than 10,000 men passed through the hospitals during May. From the beginning of June things quieted down. The establishment of hospitals at Kroonstad and Springfontein relieved the pressure, and as the army occupied more distant towns, the sick and wounded ceased to arrive in such large numbers. In addition to this the weather became colder, the rains ceased; there was a bright sun and a fresh keen air all day, and frost occasionally at night, and the time came when the ordinary typhoid season was at an end. We had for some time after our arrival a perfect plague of flies, and we thought that they very likely conveyed the contagion, for they were always thick on the lips and faces of the worst cases of typhoid, and, of course, were attracted by food of all kinds. When the cold weather set in they died away, and before we reached July there was keen frost every night and very few flies were left.

The climate during May, June, and July indeed left little to be desired, and, apart from the enteric, it seemed to us that the country around Bloemfontein was ideally healthy and bracing. The health of our own *personnel*, in spite of the hard work of the sisters and orderlies, was excellent, except again for the typhoid, though we did not suffer from this as much as most other camps. At the same time we could not help feeling that we were never certain for how long we should be exempt; our friends and acquaintances from amongst the troops around us constantly arrived as patients, and between the wounded and the typhoid cases our beds for officers rapidly

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increased from eight to thirty, and then many of the officers' servants, who were less careful than our own orderlies, became infected and had to be admitted. The reality of the risk run by the orderlies may be gathered from the fact that eight out of our twenty-four men were attacked, and of those one died. One of our sisters was also infected, but made a good recovery. In the face of these risks the behaviour of our orderlies was beyond all praise. They were all St. John's Ambulance men, and had had no previous experience of hospitals or sick people. They proved a most excellent lot, and were most keen to learn to nurse. Whilst at Rondebosch, in the early days when there were more wounds than sickness, they were taken in hand by the sisters and regularly taught, so that by the time we were in the thick of it at Bloemfontein many of them were very efficient. It was quite surprising to me to see how little they seemed to fear being attacked, though they could not help knowing that the risks were very considerable, and this was all the more noticeable of course because they were not used, like ourselves and the sisters, to see sickness and death; but at the same time it was all the more creditable. The conduct of the men was indeed most praiseworthy. They came out to nurse for six months, and when that time was over, with one exception, they all stayed on when it was found that their services were needed for a longer period. They seemed to think that they were bound to see it through, and they proved willing and helpful till the end of our stay.

I have mentioned that when at Rondebosch we were much indebted to our neighbours for many acts of kindness, and at Bloemfontein we were similarly indebted to our neighbours the troops. The general in command arranged for us to have a band on most Saturday afternoons, and on such occasions, as well as on many others, officers (and their wives, if they were able to get to Bloemfontein) visited our camp. We made a football ground, and our orderlies soon developed into a good enough team to make a match with the orderlies of the other hospitals or the troops in neighbouring camps. We had also

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one concert towards the end of our stay when the sickness was less severe, and we had a number of convalescents to appreciate it, so that altogether there was a reasonable amount of amusement for men and patients alike.

We drew our patients from many sources, and amongst them were representatives of most of the different branches of our own army and of the numerous Colonial contingents. It was interesting to talk to them all, and to hear their own views and their personal experiences. The opinions expressed as to the effect of a bullet wound were very various. Some men said it felt like a sharp sting, others said it was like a severe blow, and many of them compared the pain to that caused by a stone thrown with force. In some cases the patient declared there was no pain at all, and of these the most remarkable were the following. A man, whilst lying down and firing, felt his pipe broken in his breeches pocket, and, on putting his hand into the latter, he withdrew the broken pipe and a bullet, and found some blood on his hand. It turned out that he had been shot through the left side of his chest and abdomen by a bullet which entered behind his shoulder and emerged through his groin, without his knowing that he was hit. He made an excellent recovery. In another case a man had his front tooth knocked out, but it was not till he arrived in hospital that we found that the bullet had passed out through his palate and his neck, and quite close to the spine. On the other hand, when a bone was broken, or when the bullet penetrated the chest or abdomen, there was generally severe pain, and usually the man fell at once, though this was not always the case. Of the men who were shot dead, or died on the battlefield, I heard from various observers that a very large number of them were shot through the head, a fact which is easy to understand when we consider that in many engagements much of the firing was done when both sides were under cover, and when the head and arms were the most exposed parts. It is probable that the vast majority of men shot through the head died very quickly, and that only a very small proportion recovered. On the other hand,

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it is quite certain that some men did recover who were shot through the brain, and several of them came under my own observation. It is worth while to mention one of them who was shot right across the front of the skull at Paardeberg. He was well enough to help himself the day after the injury, when on his way to Jacobsdal, and not only made an excellent recovery, but also rejoined his regiment at Bloemfontein. I saw him twenty-four miles from the latter place, and he told me how he had marched out and had been engaged in the fighting towards Thaba-N'chu for two days. With the exception of some headache, he seemed none the worse for his experience, but I thought he had earned the right to go down to the base and get more care and attention than could be obtained at the front; so he did no more fighting in this campaign.

Of the irregular troops whom we met there is nothing but praise to tell, and I think that we had men from almost all the Colonies under our care at one time or another. They were men in all classes of life, and numerous gentlemen were to be met with in their ranks. As far as Cape Colony was concerned, it is certain that the Eastern Province gave a much larger proportion to the army than did the regions round Cape Town and the far west. Indeed, much of the latter region and of the north of the Colony supplied men for the Boers instead of to us, and we came to the conclusion that in the country round Cape Town itself there were as many rebels as there were loyalists, only they had not all the courage of their opinions. East London, Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, Uitenhage, and the regions near to them, on the other hand, sent their best; and considering the smallness of the populations, the number of men they supplied was a splendid testimony to their loyalty. In one family all four sons were enlisted to fight for the British, one of them being an officer in Marshall's Horse, whilst another enlisted as a trooper in Roberts's Horse, and a third was with Plumer in Rhodesia; and of these one at least is likely to become ere long an officer in our army. We found in the Free State

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that no one had a good word for the Colonial Dutch. The Transvaalers and Free Staters who had opposed us said openly that they had been promised 40,000 men from the Colony and Natal, and that it was the promise of such help that determined them to fight us. Now that they find there was more talk than fight in the ranks of the Colonial rebels, they hate them more than they hate the British, so that there is no one to say a good word for the Dutch who talked but did not fight. It is further very remarkable to find how absolutely sure the Boers had made of victory. President Steyn told an informant of mine, at the time of the Bloemfontein Conference, that the English could not win, for "they could neither ride nor shoot, and did not know the country." I also found that, round here at least, it was generally believed by all the Dutch that the battle of Magersfontein had practically destroyed the British army, and I read myself a letter from the Curators of the Bloemfontein Museum asking the burghers to collect relics of the British army for preservation at Bloemfontein, so that future generations of Boers might have some tangible evidence of the war. They had a rude awakening.

Of the various Colonial contingents I suppose few did better than the Canadians, and certainly very few suffered more heavily. They were a fine lot of men and proved good soldiers, and it is sad to think that death, disease, and wounds played such havoc in their ranks that when they arrived at Pretoria, of the original force of more than 1000 there were barely 300 with the colours. There were men of all classes in their ranks, and not a few of them passed through our wards. It is not generally known that the night before the surrender of Cronje, some of the Canadians, on retiring into a trench, were mistaken for Boers and were bayoneted in the dark. I saw six of them at Kimberley, and it appeared that the strong foreign accent of some of the French Canadians was partly the cause of the mistake. Fortunately, there were no fatalities as a result of the error, and the men themselves made every kind of excuse for those who had unwittingly injured them.

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Of the much-vexed question of the arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded it is quite impossible to write at length within the space of this article, and, further, so many facts require to be considered that at the present time no just judgment can be arrived at. The Commission of Inquiry will have the necessary data from which to draw conclusions, and I will only attempt to point out a few considerations which may prevent a too hasty condemnation or acquittal.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the first duty of an army is to defeat its enemies, and that in the attainment of this end an immense amount of suffering is likely to be entailed. To this object all else is subjected, and necessarily the transport and feeding of troops, the supply of ammunition, and the maintenance of horses and of baggage animals have the precedence. To maintain an army with a single railway line is, at best, a difficult task, and to maintain an army as large as ours in South Africa, and to keep open at the same time more than 2000 miles of lines of communications, is a task which has never, I am told, been equalled.

In the second place, it must be remembered that the question of the movements of large hospitals to the front does not rest with the Royal Army Medical Corps alone; and that, on the other hand, nothing can be moved without the approval and orders of the Chief of the Staff or of the General Officer in Command.

It necessarily follows that, before one can decide whether any one is to blame for the undoubted sufferings of our troops, we must know what were the military exigencies, and whether it was possible to move up hospitals and their equipment when there were urgent military needs to consider. It is also evident that, before blame can be attached to those in charge of the medical arrangements, it must be shown that they were not ready or able to deal with these difficulties, and that the failure to supply hospitals and their equipment was not due to military exigencies, but to neglect of the necessary and obvious preparations. Only a full knowledge of the facts can enable unbiassed

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observers to form a just judgment, and I will merely content myself with pointing out that Bloemfontein itself was quite unable to supply anything at all to hospitals or troops. It had been practically cleared out, and for weeks after our troops arrived it was impossible to get into store more than a single day's rations for our army with the aid of the railway and the collection of stores and animals for a distance of many miles. The country was so swept of food supplies that the main reason the Boers never appeared in force to the west of Bloemfontein after we occupied the town was that there was no food for them or their horses in all that district. As far as Bloemfontein is concerned, it appears to me that the main question is, "Was the best use made of the railway, and were the hospitals, staffs, and stores ready to be utilised, or were necessary preparations neglected?" It is quite beside the mark to say that because there was undoubted suffering there was certainly some one to blame, though it may be admitted at once that the Boers were more to blame than any one else, because they blew up the bridges and cut off our supplies. Finally, it must be remembered that the number of railway engines was very limited, and the want of a sufficient number kept many trains waiting. Neither engines nor trucks could be bought in England or elsewhere in large numbers, for the gauge of the Cape railways is different from those in England, and different also, I believe, from those of other countries.

There is only one other question on which I will venture to touch very briefly, namely, the work of the Royal Army Medical Corps apart from the supply of hospitals at Bloemfontein; and I can at once express my own opinion that an immense amount of most valuable work has been performed, and that, as far as I can learn, no army has ever before been so well supplied with medical comforts and surgical treatment.

It must further be borne in mind that the work of treating our sick and wounded has been performed by a corps which is composed of only about 800 officers for the whole Empire except India, and that, at a time when we had to place our

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largest army in the field, this corps was certainly more than 200 officers short of its proper number—an immense proportion of deficiencies in so small a total. It is further well known that it was only by the engagement of civil surgeons that the work of the department could be carried out, and I would ask that the question of the inability to obtain the necessary officers for the Royal Army Medical Corps should be very seriously considered at the present time.

Speaking from my own knowledge, as a surgeon attached to the largest medical school in London, I can assert without fear of contradiction that the service in the army is so unpopular with recently qualified medical men that hardly any one thinks it worth his while to join it; and, as a matter of fact, competition for vacancies has long since ceased, and it is quite impossible to attract a sufficient number of men of any kind, let alone attracting the best. The reasons for this are not far to seek, and active service with an army for six or seven months has made them more clear to me than they formerly were. The pay is insufficient. The position of the army surgeon is not on a par with the position of an officer in any other department of the army. It is true that it has been recently improved by the formation of a Royal Corps, and that before that was done the position was much worse than it is now. There are still, however, plenty of grievances to rectify before justice will have been done, and as it is evident that the army must be supplied with surgeons, the sooner the matter is dealt with in a most liberal spirit the better.

At the present time, when we are increasing our army, the matter is surely one of urgent necessity, for not only is it impossible to get men to join the Royal Army Medical Corps, but, in addition, men already in the corps are constantly resigning their commissions as soon as ever the chance of a pension enables them to do so. For years past the chief rulers of our army have refused to treat the army surgeons in such a way as to enable the army to obtain a sufficient number of competent men. Surely it is plain that when a corps of 800 is

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short of its proper numbers by no less than 200, it is time to look matters plainly in the face, to realise the difficulties, and to see that they are overcome. With sufficient liberality and reasonable concessions the Royal Army Medical Corps would command the services of men who would make it the rival of any other corps, and I trust that the day is not far distant when this ideal may be realised. The corps has already numerous able and valuable officers, and the services of many of them in this war have been of the utmost value to the troops. Let those in power see that the numerous vacancies now existing are filled by men as good as the best of those now serving in our armies.

A. A. Bowlby.

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THE WAR TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS

The renown of our Navy is a treasure unspeakably precious. By our whole people, and, above all, by a British admiral, it deserves to be guarded with jealous care; for, if it be certain that the very life of England depends upon the strength of her Navy, it is also true that the strength of her Navy is in some sort dependent upon its sense of power, and again, that that sense of power must always depend in part upon the sacred tradition which hands down a vague estimate of the things our Navy has done and the things it has failed to do.—KINGLAKE, "The Invasion of the Crimea."

WE read in the magazines and newspapers many comparisons of ships and guns, while but little attention is devoted to the problem of training the men who have to handle them. Yet in the result of nearly every war the human element is the determining factor. Writing of the battle of Yalu, a great admiral, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, said: "The old belief seems to be justified; it is the best man who wins. First the man who sees best where the ship is wanted, and can get it there; next the crew who are most apt in the use of their various weapons." So also thought Napoleon when he wrote to Bernadotte: "I have a hundred ships of the line, and yet I have not a navy." A century ago the Spaniards trusted to mere numbers, so that Jervis was able to defeat thirty-seven of their battleships with a fleet of less than half that number. Two centuries earlier the same nations had been contending for supremacy. The British fleet outnumbered the Armada in

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seamen in the proportion of fourteen to eleven. It was in the number of their soldiers and the size of their ships that the superiority of the latter appeared overwhelming. The man who seeks for a grotesque simile of an animal out of its element might well picture a seasick soldier in a sailing ship. He can no more be trusted in sea warfare than can a man born and bred in the healthy ozone of the hills be relied upon when a campaign lies in swampy districts on the plains. So far, then, as sea-warfare is concerned, we learn, above all things, to avoid treating men as automata. The lesson is the same in land warfare. The failure of the Army in South Africa to subdue untrained levies of peasants and farmers has awakened the Navy to some of its own tendencies. In recent years we have been approximating to the rigid military systems. Many modern fallacies are widening the gulf between the principles underlying the practice of Nelson and the present times. Traditions coming down from Drake's time teaching us to seek our enemy on his coasts and to educate our seamen at sea are no longer held as sacred since the mission of the schoolmasters and armchair strategists obtained a foothold. The history of the past to the majority of young officers is but a dying echo instead of a living voice. Mathematicians control our chief centre of education. "Never having washed their faces in salt water," they teach theories apart from practice, and revel in what they call an academic groundwork as the foundation of naval training.

> "Would'st thou," so the helmsman answered,
> "Learn the secret of the sea?
> Only those who brave its dangers
> Comprehend its mystery."

The armchair strategists and tacticians have penetrated into the stationary gunnery and torpedo training establishments, and are teaching all the theories and practice of making weapons and ammunition, as if such knowledge could confer unheard-of advantages in their practical use at sea. Half the time of the torpedo school is spent in the demoralising work of teaching the

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defensive, such as the preparation of harbours by mines and booms. For the protection of these ports our forefathers never looked to aught else than the fleets at sea. Now these fleets are invited from time to time to get behind booms and mines laid down by their crews! The ships, whose sole object should be to seek every opportunity of fighting the enemy, are lumbered up with heavy mines which can only be used in the defence of harbours.

Nearly a century of peace might have ruined the Navy had it not been for high traditions kept up in spite of the recklessness of the schoolmasters in entirely eliminating naval history from the education of naval officers. "Long periods are spent away from sea service for the academic groundwork of mathematics. No sailor was ever made a better navigator or gunner by an advanced course of mathematics, for the simple reason that this does not increase his *coup d'œil*, to use Napoleon's favourite expression. To learn the best practical methods and possess the ability to apply them under all conditions of seawarfare, is what the naval officer requires. It is best attained by practice, with a clear head, good judgment, and the self-reliance and comradeship that come from facing and surmounting a common danger. The only way in which the Navy can battle with the slothful habits of peace is by keeping officers and men to the practical work of their profession. St. Vincent felt so strongly on this point that he wrote home from Lisbon in 1796: "I will not lie here a moment longer than is necessary to put us to rights; for you well know that inaction in the Tagus must make us all cowards." He knew how severely Rodney had been tried by subordinates, and that the latter had attributed this unfortunate lack of support to the officers being unemployed during a long period of peace. History told him how, after a lengthy peace, we fought the battle of Toulon in 1744, and afterwards eleven out of twenty-nine British captains had charges preferred against them.

Its most important result [says Mahan of this battle] was to bring out the merit of Captain Hawke. The lesson is the danger of disgraceful failure to

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men who have neglected to keep themselves prepared, not only in knowledge of their profession, but in the sentiment of what war requires. The average man is not a coward; but neither is he endowed by nature with the rare faculty of seizing intuitively the proper course at a critical moment. He gains it, some more, some less, by experience or by reflection. If both have been lacking to him, indecision will follow.

Do we gain this naval *coup d'œil*, this "seizing intuitively the proper course," by studying mathematics in a class-room? On the contrary, it is a common expression of officers returning to sea to say that they are washing away the Greenwich cobwebs; and Faraday's comment on the poor judgment displayed by mathematicians may be remembered in this connection. Is skill in handling ships won by taking officers away from the sea? As well teach swimming on dry land. Is "the sentiment of what war requires" planted by excluding naval history from the educational course of naval officers? Carlyle declared that the proper Bible for a nation is its own history, and a Colonial Premier has said that it was enough to damn the soul of any colony if it gave up the study of English history. If these opinions, backed by those of every great leader except Marlborough that the world has seen, are now generally held concerning history, it is an inexplicable fact that, while the German Navy is devoting a large portion of its time to the study of *British* naval history, those who act in this matter for the British Navy are content to treat our glorious and instructive records as dust in the balance! Once a fortnight in the *Britannia*, before a boy joins the Navy, he listens to a lecture on history in the full understanding that he will never have to face an examination in it. In the Navy he will never receive even this trifling assistance, as history and strategy are completely excluded from the education of naval officers. Navies perish either from infirmity or indifferentism, and it is probably the latter cause that is responsible for the treatment of naval history by the Council of Naval Education. This latter body is practically an *imperium in imperio* within the Navy. The remedy is for the Admiralty to assume direct control and follow a policy

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of concentration. We want a training for war as far as possible in modern ships at sea, thus maintaining the essence of the old training whilst discarding its obsolete forms.

It was the boast of the old seamanship that it avoided the mechanical discipline that makes a man pursue a given course because he has been drilled into it. The sailor had to face danger under varying conditions and "shake down" as best he could. I remember reading how Chateaubriand, writing in 1800 on the French and British navies, said: "Our naval officers were better educated than the English naval officers. The latter only knew their seamanship, but the former were mathematicians and learned men in all branches." Now, seamanship in a navy is the art of handling warships under all conditions to be met with on service. Possessing this, and a thorough understanding of strategy derived from history, we may as confidently as in the past rely on our ability to defeat navies whose officers fritter away their time on shore learning "mathematics and all branches" of an academic education. Those who advocate a training aloft in spite of the fact that this motive power does not exist in the fighting navy, are extending the vicious principle of academic education—viz., seeking for something outside the life of the Navy to form the foundation of its work. No system is in a healthy condition if officers and men are not impressed with its value.

To maintain it is to shake the confidence of subordinates in their leaders. We cannot afford to act in the spirit of the French philosopher, who said that "he would not choose to see an old post pulled up with which he had been long acquainted." The Admiralty are therefore to be congratulated on dispersing the old Training Squadron of masted ships. To deprive the Navy of its antiquated training is the first condition of successful endeavour to obtain a new one suited to modern war conditions.

Let us examine some of these conditions, taking as our example what might happen to a clever boy destined to take "five firsts," and be one of our future admirals, who passes out

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of the *Britannia* at sixteen. The following is an epitome of his service:

(1) Service in harbour as cadet on board H.M.S. *Britannia* for sixteen months.

(2) Service as midshipman in a sea-going ship for three years and two months. Of this he may spend about five months at sea, sharing his few hours' watch, to some extent, with two other mids, and leaving the deck for school and other purposes.

(3) Instruction at the Royal Naval Colleges at Greenwich and Portsmouth. This lasts about eighteen months, of which less than one month, during the manœuvres, is spent at sea.

(4) Becomes a lieutenant at twenty, having been under naval discipline for six years, with a sea-going experience of about six months. He joins a battleship costing a million and having a crew of 800 souls. He is called upon to take charge, during his watch, never having kept a watch before in his life or been responsible for the safety of anything bigger than a steam-launch. He is supposed to remain in this ship for twelve months before he is selected to qualify for a gunnery lieutenant. If the ship remains six weeks in the year at sea, he will get about 200 hours' watch-keeping experience. When that experience might be most valuable, as when going in or out of harbour, or exercising at steam tactics, the navigating lieutenant takes charge, so that the above liberal estimate has to be reduced accordingly.

(5) After the above experience he goes for a two years course to qualify as a gunnery lieutenant. About ninety days, or one-seventh of the period of instruction, goes to practical gunnery, of which a great deal consists of infantry drill.

(6) The gunnery lieutenant then spends at least one year on the instructional staff on shore, and may be appointed for a further two years to a shore billet. During all this time he may get in under two months' sea experience during naval manœuvres—that is to say, two months during four or six years. When he goes to sea his special attainments as a

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gunnery specialist absolve him from watch-keeping. When he is promoted to commander he is again in the position of having nothing to do with the handling of the ship, unless he happens to be in supreme command of the ship.

The craze for theoretical education is the cause of the exaggerated ideas as to the courses necessary to qualify for gunnery and torpedo work. The practical difficulties of any work are magnified in the same way. The Admiralty wisely abolished the old "masters" and substituted combatants for navigation duties, in spite of the adverse verdict of its own committee. Let the Admiralty now gradually abolish the special gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, and select from the whole list after all have gone through short practical courses at the schools. The staffs at these schools can then eventually be recruited from those who have displayed the greatest ability in the service. The lieutenants generally would in this way be made to cease to look upon navigation, gunnery, and torpedo as outside their sphere. Then, if one lieutenant gets killed, another is ready to take his place, which is emphatically not the case to-day.

The commander now has nothing to do with the fighting and handling of the ship. It is most essential to thrust great responsibilities on the commanders, for it is the highest rank from which promotion is made by selection, and by doing this the Admiralty can find out the best man. He ought to understudy the captain at steam tactics, and take charge of both the fighting and internal economy, with the lieutenants as his right-hand men. The sub-lieutenants and warrant officers ought to understudy the lieutenants, so as to be able to fill vacancies after an action. If the proposal to abolish theoretical instruction at sea is adopted, this practice of understudying the lieutenants should be extended to the mids. There can be no excuse for shirking reforms in a navy on the ground of difficulties in approximating to war conditions. There is nothing here approaching the violent transition from barrack life that occurs when an army takes the field. There are no troublesome civil

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rights to be considered on the ocean. It is even recognised that we can disregard the rule of the road, and exercise our ships at night without the elaborate nursing system of lights. There can therefore be no excuse for unpreparedness, and we cannot afford to ignore the warnings of distinguished officers who have practically told us, as General Trochu told France concerning her army well before the Franco-German War, that we are organised for peace and not for war. Our aim should be to bring back such a state of affairs as enabled Nelson, when asked to select his own officers, to say: "Choose yourself, my lord; the same spirit animates them all." As we stand to-day, the cleverest and best officers are sent to imbibe the spirit of professors and drill-sergeants. Of their experience as midshipmen we have the high authority of the Junior Lord of the Admiralty, who says: "In one ship the midshipmen are sent on deck when there are evolutions, but in another ship you find that they are never allowed to be away from school. If these are the conditions—if this scholastic work is to go on—it is impossible for a midshipman to receive training as a seaman and as an officer, which has been the custom in the past." At present it is three years of this training, as I have pointed out, and eighteen months at Greenwich and Portsmouth, that is considered sufficient qualification to handle a battleship as officer of the watch. Even greater responsibilities may be thrust upon them after spending, as I have shown, several years on shore. At the battle of the First of June, two lieutenants were in command of battleships, and the same chance promotions occurred at the Nile, Camperdown, and Copenhagen. At Trafalgar four lieutenants were in command of battleships, two of the captains having been killed and two being away at the court-martial of Sir Robert Calder after his indecisive action with Villeneuve. Is it not conceivable that our highly educated gunnery lieutenants, versed in drill on the parade-ground, are in much the same position as Villeneuve's captains in that action? "Little accustomed to combats," wrote Villeneuve to the Minister of Marine, "and to squadron manœuvres, each captain

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in the mist followed no other rule than that of following the ship ahead, and here we are the laughing-stock of Europe." Now, I do not see that the position in which theoretical education has landed us is any better than that described by Mr. Goschen in 1878, when at the Admiralty. Communications from admirals and captains in all parts of the world, he said, had convinced him "that, though our naval officers are as gallant men as are to be found in the world, and as willing to do their duty, yet there is a want of efficiency among them, arising from want of employment. You cannot expect adequate experience from captains and commanders who are two-thirds of their time on shore." When we find that this divorce from the sea is being repeated on a larger scale with the lieutenants who ought to be learning the A B C of their profession, it behoves us to look closely into the credentials of that theoretical education which is responsible for their withdrawal.

"He knows tolerably well his history and geography. He is very backward in the politer studies, and in Latin, in which he has only just passed his *quatrième*. He will make an excellent seaman." Such is the report, by the Inspector of Military Schools, on Napoleon as a boy at the age of a *Britannia* cadet. Later on we find Napoleon being specially commended for his application and knowledge of history. The great English leader, the Duke of Wellington, was also a keen historical student. Of the Duke's knowledge of mathematics Sir John Burgoyne said that "It is very likely that he could not have solved a problem in Euclid, or even worked out a question in simple equations or logarithms." Now a boy, before leaving the *Britannia*, is taken well beyond the mathematical knowledge that is required in the practical work of his profession. Why, then, do we fog his mind and spoil his eyesight with a continuation of this work? Perfection in the Greenwich course could not possibly compensate for impaired vision in these days of rapid manœuvres and long-range weapons. At a medical inspection of schools in Prussia, it was found that of 9244 scholars, no fewer than 37 per cent. suffered from short sight.

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In the sixth or lowest class the average was 22 per cent.; in the fifth, 27 per cent.; in the fourth, 36 per cent.; in the third, 46 per cent.; in the second, 55 per cent.; and in the first, 58 per cent. From this it appears that their eyesight got worse as they "developed intellectually." I am informed that, in a class of twenty-two sub-lieutenants that went through the Greenwich course this year, four had to be treated for defective vision, and one of them proceeded on sick leave for that reason. I remember how one of my old shipmates went, outside his regular work, to four crammers in one day at Greenwich. He had subsequently to give up the Service on account of the failure of his sight. Now all these young fellows passed stringent medical tests as cadets. I believe that this excessive education under the professors lessens the mental *coup d'œil* of all officers, while impairing the eyesight of many. It also turns out of the Service some of our best men. There is a former naval officer doing excellent work out in South Africa, who was through the Matabele war and Mafeking siege, who left the Navy after seven years' service because he could not pass his mathematical examination at Greenwich. Of this young officer, a former First Sea Lord of the Admiralty publicly said: "Unfortunately, however, for the Navy—for I think you will all allow, after what I have just read to you, that it lost a very valuable naval officer—simply because he had not a mathematical head, he failed for the Navy. In other respects he was all that could be desired." Any man of sense would take General Baden-Powell's word as to the abilities of this officer before that of the whole staff of Greenwich professors and Civil Service examiners. When we find that standards are framed by men with no inside knowledge of the Navy, to the exclusion of naval subjects, we claim the right to protest publicly, as we know hundreds of officers do in the ward-rooms of our warships. We have no belief in the system of examination in subjects that we discard on the day we quit the class-room to forget what memory never really assimilated or what outside crammers put into us at five shillings an hour. The mathematicians can derive scant com-

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fort from Faraday's opinion of their intelligence and methods, which is perhaps about the most uncomplimentary on record. The precise value of their judgment in matters of naval education can best be gauged by noting that they ignore the recommendations of the founders of the College in excluding naval history from the courses. It is a standing joke to naval officers, that the Regulations of the College should gravely assert that "no arrangements exist at all prejudicing the important practical training in the active duties of the profession." From this I can only gather that the *literati* in England do not differ much from the *literati* in China in their ability to present a glaring contrast between practice and precept.

The greatest and cleverest men have generally protested against the modern craze for piling on the agony of education. Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer are cases in point. John Stuart Mill held it to be a waste of time to learn any language out of the country in which it is spoken. Those responsible in the Navy know better, for they allow the naval instructors to teach French at sea without ever having passed an examination in that language. Since we have also in our torpedo and gunnery schools men so wedded to theory as to imagine that seamen who have to handle weapons must know how they are made, it may be useful to refer to what that great man Huxley said of an analogous case. In addressing the medical students at University College in 1870, after thirteen years' experience as an examiner, Huxley proposed to get rid of the teaching of botany, zoology, *materia medica*, and comparative anatomy. He characterised it as "downright cruelty" and "really monstrous," to require a knowledge of comparative anatomy from "gentlemen whose whole faculties should be bent upon the acquirement of a real knowledge of human physiology." He declared that he forgot all his knowledge of drugs a week after the examination. "Not one trace of a knowledge of drugs has remained in my mind from that time to this, and really I cannot understand the arguments for obliging a medical man to know all about drugs and where they come from. Why not make

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him belong to the Iron and Steel Institute, and learn something about cutlery because he uses knives?" He wound up by saying that he "entertained a very strong conviction that any one who adds to medical education one iota or tittle beyond what is absolutely necessary is guilty of a very grave offence." With how much more reason can one say all this of our Navy when the paramount demands of its sea-training are sacrificed to the acquirement of knowledge on shore which can never be applied at sea?

The Council of Naval Education err in two opposite directions, in failing to recognise that naval officers are neither "children nor gods, but men in a world of men." They are not children, and can stand in no further need of a foundational or academic education. They are not gods, and cannot therefore become that marvellous combination of scholar and seaman. Believing as we did that a man belongs to his youth all his days, we entered our "sucking Nelsons" at twelve. Then came this advent of the naval instructor and all his works. To get rid of him we gradually raised the age, so that the midshipmen are now entered at over sixteen. The only result, however, is that the standard has been persistently raised. The time has come for the Admiralty to take naval education under its direct control, and to cease to treat with undue deference the opinions of men who are certainly not the embodiment of the sea-power of the British Empire, whatever their triumphs may have been in chasing x. It may be said that the sea-service has its remedy in the presence of the captains of the *Britannia* and the torpedo and gunnery schools on the Council of Naval Education. In practice, however, each member attends to increasing his own sphere, and only the pressure of the Admiralty can cause the paramount demands of the sea-service to receive proper consideration. It is a committee, therefore, which never acts on Dr. Johnson's golden rule, that parts are not to be considered until the whole has been surveyed. "If you want a thing to be a failure," said one of our foremost admirals to the writer, "put it in the hands of a committee." We have, however, the

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records of many committees dealing with naval education, and their composition strikes one as chiefly remarkable for the exclusion of naval men. It appears to be the opinion of the politicians who appoint these committees that, in the special business of naval education, to be a member of the church militant is as good a qualification as being a naval officer. The former influence may have been the cause of scripture history having been kept for so long in its incongruous position as a subject of examination for the *Britannia*. Previous to its removal I wrote to Mr. Lecky in the hope that he would use his influence in that direction. In this letter I instanced, among other questions, "What widows are mentioned in the Old and New Testaments on whose behalf miracles were wrought?" as typical of the sort of mental torture which the ingenuity of Civil Service examiners can inflict. One committee, brought together by Mr. Ward Hunt, had a distinctly pagan bias, for it recommended mythology as a subject of study for the *Britannia*. The young officers were, said Mr. Shaw-Lefevre in a sarcastic speech in the House of Commons, to give up the study of English history in order to dwell on the loves of the mythical gods and goddesses. Apparently this recommendation conciliated Minerva, for we read later, in their report, the sensible statement that "we are convinced that a man-of-war, to whatever excellence she may be brought as a place of residence, is not, and cannot be made, a desirable place of education. *The necessary pressure of naval discipline is, in our opinion, antagonistic to the work of the schoolmaster.*" They recommended that the cadets should enter the Navy at seventeen, and this proposal was again adopted by the committees of 1870 and 1885. All these committees proposed that theoretical education should entirely cease on entry, and the training under lieutenants be of a practical and professional character. It is because we still keep up the farce of trying to teach general education during an officer's professional career that our system remains to-day what the American Commission reported it to be in 1880, viz., "a combination of makeshifts resulting from a series

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of tentative and spasmodic efforts in almost every form which naval education is capable of taking." One might almost have hoped from this that the naval educational authorities would have reached finality by that "boxing the compass" method of exhausting the wrong courses. Nothing could have been more emphatic than the warning of the committee of 1885 concerning the urgency of getting rid of theoretical instruction after entry into the Navy:

> We have been deeply impressed [they say] throughout our inquiry by the universality of the conviction that the time has come when some such changes as we have recommended can no longer be safely delayed, and we therefore, in our concluding words, venture to press upon their lordships our sense of the urgency of the whole question of naval education, and our hope that the reforms we have recommended may be speedily carried out.

It is very well known afloat that the theoretical work, taught by naval instructors who are not versed in the practical work of the Navy, is of doubtful value. This has been the burden of complaint since it first received public notoriety in the report of the committee of 1859. Professor Main, the ablest naval instructor in the Service at that time, strongly urged that no more of his class should be entered. Three years later a committee had to consider the apparently unrelated subject of replacing the old-established "masters" by combatant officers as navigators. The whole of the evidence went to show that the utility of the old navigating branch lay entirely in the practical experience they acquired. In the subordinate ranks under the naval instructors they were inferior to the midshipmen, and yet the committee considered them superior material as navigators to the more highly-educated officers. They were abolished in order that their duties might be undertaken by combatant officers. Fortunately there were no theorists who could persuade us in this case, as in that of the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, that an elaborate course at Greenwich is essential. Sea-training, and plenty of it, is the secret for obtaining supremacy over the sea and all who dispute our passage along this imperial highway. It is now considered necessary that naval constructors

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should do a few trips on the element for which they build ships. I would suggest that all who have anything to do with building Nelsons should read and endeavour to interpret correctly the history in which Nelson played his part. We do not want our admirals to have to play the part of Cerveras. This unfortunate admiral was at least clear-sighted enough to read the lesson writ large on every page of history. In a pathetic interview prior to the American-Spanish War, he clearly stated the one essential, lacking which the Spaniards lacked the power to win a victory.

"You appear to be indicated, by professional opinion, for the command of the squadron in case war is declared." "In that case," he replied, "I shall accept; knowing, however, that I am going to a Trafalgar." "And how could that disaster be avoided?" "By allowing me to expend beforehand 50,000 tons of coal in evolutions and 10,000 projectiles in target practice. Otherwise we shall go to a Trafalgar. Remember what I say."

And now that I have finished my student's plea, I cannot help noticing what an old old story is this appeal to an empire to take its stand on the ancient ways; how, in times of peace, the bow of Ulysses is unstrung and the little men of a little day have the power to waste what Drake and Howard, Hawke and Rodney, St. Vincent and Nelson built up. Never has the moral of this story been stated in clearer terms than by Pericles at the beginnings of maritime history:

They (the enemies of the Athenians) will not be permitted to practise because a larger fleet will be constantly observing them. . . . If they are kept off the sea by our superior strength, their want of practice will make them unskilful, and their want of skill timid. Naval service is like other kinds of service, not a thing to be cultivated by the way or at chance times. It is jealous of any other pursuit which distracts the mind for an instant from itself.

What enabled the Athenians to contemplate so arduous a task as blockade in those days, was that their sailors were a hardy race, disdaining the habits that come from a too close acquaintance with the shore and with the luxury of colleges in particular. It was this spirit that made the Athenians censure the distinguished leader Alcibiades, because he slept in a cot instead of

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on the deck. For the same reason St. Vincent, in the present century, censured "frippery and gimcrack" among officers. What would have been the position of that great man had he had experience of all the pursuits that theorists have grafted on to the Navy, of the vain learning with which the minds of officers are distracted from the sea, and of how demoralising tenets, lacking historical justification, find their way into the torpedo and gunnery schools? Would he not feel from the bottom of his heart that with these shore pursuits the frontiers of our maritime empire are being rolled back to that shore? Would not his strong love for the Navy have persuaded him that it is essential for England that he should appeal to all who hold naval renown as our most precious heritage to arrest these baneful tendencies? I am convinced that he would act thus, and if he were at the Admiralty to-day he would solve the question by placing the war training of naval officers, in its entirety, in the hands of the Board of Admiralty.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

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PUZZLES OF THE WAR

FOR some months to come, unless another war or a general election should distract men's minds, there will be a flood of proposals for improving and enlarging the army. Before attention is completely absorbed in the discussion of great schemes and high military policy, a word may be said in favour of one or two simple and modest prescriptions involving no change of persons or of the system, and adapted for use by ordinary men, such as are usually to be found in Cabinets and War Offices. Schemes intended only for men of genius are of little use, because men of genius are scarce, and as a rule are not recognised until their work is done. "A statesman," said an American wit, "is a politician who is dead."

The first prescription consists in the use of pen and paper by persons in authority, not for the purpose of writing letters or despatches, but merely to clear their own minds. Suppose it were the usual practice for every man who in the nation's service has an important decision to make to sit down before deciding and write his analysis of the situation with which he has to deal and of the mode in which he proposes to deal with it. This is not a very revolutionary hypothesis, yet if it were realised the Empire might be a good deal safer than it is at the present moment. The proposal may be illustrated by an examination, on the plan suggested, of one or two of the points in regard to the South African war which present themselves

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as puzzles to those who have had to follow and to think over the events as they have been reported.

The whole campaign of Sir George White was governed by the fact that on his arrival in Natal a great depôt of military stores existed at Ladysmith. He did not consider it practicable, in the brief space of time before the Boer forces were upon him, to remove these stores to a point farther south. That being so, his best chance of keeping the Boers engaged until the arrival of the army corps under Sir Redvers Buller was to accept investment at Ladysmith. Presumably the selection of Ladysmith as a site for the stores had the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. In that case the choice must have formed part of some plan of military action having reference to a possible war between Great Britain and the Boer Republics. Suppose, then, that in May 1899, when the Government of Natal made the representations to which the reply was given that, in case of invasion by the Boers, Natal would be defended by the whole strength of the Empire, the Secretary of State had sat down pen in hand to make clear to himself how Natal was to be defended. The Secretary of State has at his command all the military wisdom of the army and all the information collected by the Intelligence Division. He would therefore have at least as much information and military lore at his disposal as any unofficial observer. He would then have noted that the Transvaal and the Free State were bound by a military convention and would fight as one State, and that they would in case of war be able to call to arms about fifty thousand men. He would see that they could invade at their discretion either the Cape Colony or Natal, but that, as each of them had a frontier bordering on Natal, their forces could cooperate more readily for attack on that colony than for attack on the Cape Colony. Against Natal each Republic could deploy its forces on a front of a hundred miles in its own territory without committing an act of war. The deployment completed, the advance of both armies would bring about their junction. The frontiers of the Free State and the Transvaal

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formed two sides of an equilateral triangle, of which the third side corresponds to the course of the Upper Tugela. That being the configuration of the frontiers, it must have been clear that a British force on the defensive could not be posted north of the Tugela without being exposed to an enveloping attack, to the loss of its communications, and to investment. But a British force taking the offensive from Natal against either or both of the Republics would find Ladysmith a convenient depôt for its stores, the town being at the junction of the railways to Harrismith and to Standerton, which form the natural lines of advance. Ladysmith, then, was a good base for the offensive but a bad one for defence. The offensive implies a superior force; a weaker force is usually compelled to take the defensive. If sixty thousand men were to invade the Republics from Natal, Ladysmith would be the right place for the stores; but if ten or fifteen thousand men were to defend Natal, the stores ought not to be placed beyond the Tugela.

If the Secretary of State made a memorandum on the subject at all, he must have noted all these considerations. It therefore seems fair to infer from what actually happened, either that no memorandum was made, or that Ladysmith was selected as a suitable base for an offensive campaign.

The Secretary of State for War knew in May or June 1899 what the public did not know until the end of October—that to send an army corps to South Africa would take thirteen weeks from the date of the order for mobilisation. It was all along clear that the order for mobilisation in England would be the signal for a Boer attack, and therefore that the war must begin with a British defensive. How, then, did it come to pass that, with a defensive campaign, at least for the first two months, in prospect, the arrangements ordered on the spot were based on the idea of the offensive, while the forces at first sent out were not strong enough even to secure that the reinforcements on their arrival should be able without difficulty to reach the point chosen as the depôt for the stores? The answer that most people would be tempted to give is, no doubt,

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that the determined character of the Boer resistance was not foreseen. That it was not foreseen by those in authority is plain, though it was expected by a number of observers. But ought not the Secretary of State to have been prepared for just such action as the Boers took—for their invasion of Natal and for their obstinate defence of their territories? Again let us consider what would have been the result of the use of the pen for the purpose of clearing up the situation in May or June 1899. If it was not the function of the Secretary of State to work out the possibly coming war for himself, it was his duty at least to see that some one else worked out the problem, and to check the solution to his own satisfaction. He would say to himself, "If this dispute leads to a war, I shall be responsible for its proper conduct. I must therefore keep the end in view from the beginning." There could be only one end to a war fought on the questions at issue in May. If a shot should once be fired, there could be no settlement short of the submission of the Boer States to British authority. The Boers held that Great Britain was an aggressor, unjustly seeking to destroy their independence. If war came, the burghers would believe themselves fighting for freedom. They would therefore fight, as Europeans have usually fought in what they have believed to be freedom's cause, with the greatest energy, courage, and determination. It would be necessary not merely to win one or two battles, but to crush all the Boer forces and completely disarm the two Republics.

The first and most important calculation that any Government has to make before taking up a quarrel that may lead to war consists in estimating the character of the war, in gauging the nature of the efforts the enemy is likely to make, and in preparing forces enough to overpower these efforts. There would be something like fifty thousand Boers, good shots, well armed, all mounted, and fighting with the persistent courage of men who believe that they are the champions of liberty. To have thought out this aspect of the case was the particular duty of the Secretary of State, whose office is the sole con-

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necting link between the national policy, entrusted to the Cabinet, and the military details, worked out by the soldiers at the War Office. Equipped with his view of the nature of the conflict, the Secretary of State would consider the plans submitted to him by the soldiers. On hearing that the Boers would put into the field something under fifty thousand men, and could invade as they pleased either the Cape Colony or Natal, Natal being the more suitable for their combined action, the Secretary of State would ask for the plan of defence. Suppose he were told that when the Boers were ready it was proposed to land ten thousand men in Natal, bringing up the British force in that colony to a total of about fifteen thousand. He would have asked to have it made clear to him how the fifteen thousand would defeat the Boer army or the greater part of it. He would have said to his strategist, "If you were the Boer commander-in-chief, and you meant to invade Natal, how would you set about it?" That would have shown him thirty-five thousand Boers on two sides of a triangle, with fifteen thousand British troops within the triangle.

Perhaps the analysis need go no further, for enough has been said to show either that the Secretary of State never had the problem clearly laid before him, or that, if he did, he failed to insist on the solution being fully explained and to satisfy himself that the means he adopted and authorised must produce the result desired.

In all probability the Secretary of State was ready to assume, as the public assumed, that the Boers were not in earnest, and that therefore there was no need to think the problem out thoroughly from beginning to end. But if he had written out his analysis of the war, he must have noted what he expected the Boers to do and his reasons for the expectation. He could hardly have set down in a written note of his plans that the Boers were not to be taken seriously.

A second specific which might have saved much trouble is to be found in adherence to the well-established principles of strategy. All the exponents of strategy are agreed in holding

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that, except for an army which very largely outnumbers that of the adversary, it is prudent never to act upon more than one line of operations at a time; and that if special circumstances compel the adoption of two lines of operations, one should be kept as subordinate as possible, the main effort being made on the other: in no case, except where there is a very great preponderance of force, should the offensive be taken upon two lines at once.

When Sir Redvers Buller reached Cape Town in advance of his army corps, he had to face difficulties in two separate theatres of war. Having at his disposal three infantry divisions and a cavalry brigade, as well as corps troops and troops for his communications, the arrangement he made was that he organised an additional brigade, the ninth, out of the troops already in the Cape Colony; and that, having thus increased his field force from six to seven infantry brigades, he devoted four of them to Natal, where the offensive was necessary for the relief of Ladysmith, and three under Lord Methuen to an offensive from the Orange River for the relief of Kimberley. This was a distinct violation of the elementary principle just set forth, and it resulted in failure on both lines. Neither Ladysmith nor Kimberley was relieved by the forces thus distributed. Nor was this the only infraction of the principle. In the Cape Colony, while the bulk of the force was given to Lord Methuen for his offensive, a very small force was placed at the disposal of Sir William Gatacre on a second line of operations. This force ought, according to the principle, to have been strictly confined to the defensive; but so soon as the enemy stirred in this region he was attacked, and a third failure was the result.

According to recognised strategical principles, Sir Redvers Buller should have endeavoured to find a "centre of gravity" of the Boer forces, and to have concentrated all his efforts against the point thus selected, reducing to a minimum the forces devoted to subsidiary operations. Some critics at home thought the line along which he should have operated was that

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from the Cape Colony through the Free State, which was afterwards taken by Lord Roberts. Sir Redvers Buller himself, as his distribution of his forces shows, thought the centre of gravity to be Natal. In all probability his judgment on that point was sound. Supposing he had landed six brigades in the Cape Colony and sent the seventh to Natal, what would have happened? The one brigade in Natal might have held Pietermaritzburg; it could hardly have done more. With the rest of his force Sir Redvers Buller might have crossed the Orange River about the middle of December and reached the Riet in a week. The force would have been weaker than that with which in February Lord Roberts opened his campaign, and its transport would have been less efficient. That its movements would have been faster than those of February and the subsequent months cannot be assumed. Accordingly Sir Redvers Buller might have reached Bloemfontein about January 10 and Kroonstad about March 11. It is hardly possible that, in the absence of attack on the Boer investing army, Ladysmith could have held out till the latter date, and in a British advance to Kroonstad there was nothing to compel the Boers to abandon the investment. They could have spared for the Free State the greater part of the troops that were in the actual course of the war employed against Sir Redvers Buller on the Tugela.

Suppose, on the other hand, that Sir Redvers Buller had at once taken his whole army corps to Natal. He would then have had on December 15 a force one-third larger than was present at the battle of Colenso. He would have been better off by at least two brigades and two batteries, in which case it is not unlikely that even the action at Colenso would have had a more fortunate issue, for Hlangwane would almost certainly have been taken and in that way the events of February have been anticipated. The presence of Lord Methuen with the Guards and the Highland Brigade in Natal would not have left the Cape Colony in any worse plight than did the failures of December. The 9th Brigade and the Gordon Highlanders, with

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two regiments of cavalry, would have been available south of the Orange River. Suppose the Gordons and one cavalry regiment to have been sent either to Orange River station or to Naauwport, and the 9th Brigade to Sterkstroom, both lines in the Cape would have been temporarily covered, and a victory in Natal, which ought by this distribution to have been made certain, would have had some restraining influence on the Cape Dutch.

Sir Redvers Buller had to meet very trying conditions: those who best know the Cape thought that the British position there was gravely imperilled; and probably the serious nature of the situation appeared to justify a departure from strategical principles. But such appearances are delusive. The more critical the situation, the more dangerous it is to act contrary to the principles which all military experience has confirmed.

When Lord Roberts reached Cape Town in January the situation was quite different from that which at the beginning of November Sir Redvers Buller had had to consider. Three-quarters of the fifth division had reached Natal, so that the force there was sufficient. The sixth and seventh divisions were arriving at the Cape; the eighth division, considerable reinforcements of artillery, and large bodies of militia and yeomanry were to follow. Thus the great numerical superiority, which renders the simultaneous use of two lines of operations desirable, existed. It was therefore in obedience to strategical principles, and not in violation of them, that Lord Roberts chose for his own operations the line of advance from the Cape Colony through the Orange Free State.

One of the knotty points of the war, at least to observers at home, has been the shyness exhibited by the British generals in regard to the mountains of northern Natal. According to the theory of the best writers, a mountainous region is favourable to an offensive aiming at decisive results, and the actions in Natal prove that the British soldier is not afraid of rough ground. The attacks on mountainous positions have not been attended with the heavy losses that have resulted from attacks in the

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plain. Talana Hill and Elandslaagte were carried without remarkable or exceptional sacrifices. The very heavy losses in attack were at Magersfontein, in a level plain—though the expectation was that a hill would be assaulted; at Colenso, where the British and the Boer riflemen were for the most part on the level; and at Paardeberg. The explanation of this shrinking from attack in the mountains may perhaps be that mountain warfare, except against savages, has been little studied in the army. Yet Switzerland and the Italian Riviera, where great campaigns have been fought in mountainous country, are near home, and many of our officers must have spent long holidays within a few hours' journey from Montenotte, Rivoli, and Zürich.

There is a third prescription which ought not to be suppressed, though it may be to many less agreeable than those already given. Officers who have any prospect of rising to high commands in the British army, and statesmen who run the slightest risk of being sent to the War Office, would do well to make themselves masters of the German language, in order to study the philosophy of war. In the period between Waterloo and Sedan the British army at home lived on the memory of the Peninsula and of Waterloo. It had forgotten Walcheren and other mishaps, and was conscious of no need for study. To learn from the Prussians was the last thing to be thought of. After Sedan, indeed, the War Office copied the German helmet and shoulder-strap, and the professors at the Staff College lectured on the German battles in France. But the work done in Prussia between 1815 and 1835 was neglected. In those years Prussian soldiers thought out the meaning of the hard struggle in which their country had been engaged from 1792 to 1815, and in so doing reached a theory of war as a branch of the art of government. War being a form of the conflict between States, it was important for the statesman to be able to measure rightly the degree of energy which a particular State would in a given case develop in the assertion of its own policy. How would this amount of energy be determined? Not merely by

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the resources of the State, which are only one factor in the result. There were other factors: the importance attached by the Government to the matter in dispute, and the extent to which the dispute itself affected the feelings, touched the imaginations, and roused the passions of the population. A cause which should appeal to a whole people would be supported in the field with a zeal and an energy far greater than would be developed by the same State in a quarrel in which the average citizen took no great interest and which left his feelings cold. The experience of many wars since the middle of the century has confirmed the theory taught in Prussia by the disciples of Scharnhorst; and it is to that teaching, as much as to needle-guns, staff systems, and army corps, that the military successes of Prussia have been due. But in the British army the philosophy of war has been tabooed, chiefly by men who have never examined it because they do not command the language in which it was written. This is in all probability the true explanation of the most remarkable feature of the South African war—the persistence with which the British army has expected the Boers to abandon the struggle before they were compelled. To say nothing of the false expectations of the autumn of 1899, there have been even since February errors due apparently to nothing but this mistaken view of the way in which the Boers regard their own cause. It was expected that the march to Bloemfontein would suffice to induce the Free Staters to lay down their arms, and possibly that expectation accounts for the escape of Olivier's column on its long flank march from the Orange River to Ladybrand. To the same source perhaps may be attributed the tender handling of the burghers in arms, who ought when taken to have been treated one and all as prisoners of war, but who were until lately allowed to go free upon surrendering a rifle and taking an oath not to bear arms again during the war. This treatment would have been suitable for men who were ashamed of their cause and needed only an excuse to accept British authority. But the essence of the present case is that the greater part of the Boers, if not all of

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them, believe that their cause is just and that Great Britain is the wanton aggressor. The British Government has first of all to convince them of its power and to establish its mastery as something beyond doubt and beyond the hope of resistance. After that must come the perhaps harder task of convincing the Boers, by practical illustration, that British rule is not only inevitable but efficient, and not only efficient but just.

According to the view of which these observations are the outcome, the failures of the autumn of 1899 and some of the delays of 1900 are to be ascribed by no means exclusively to defective armaments and to imperfect organisation, but rather to the spiritual and intellectual weaknesses of representative men of the governing caste. Our statesmen are too indolent or too little in earnest to think out their problems to the end; our generals, the product of the War Office and Aldershot, are so slightly professional that their strategical principles are only skin deep; the army, broadly speaking, has not disciplined its intelligence by familiarity with the best thought that the world has produced on the subject of war. To generals of the Indian school, so long jealously excluded from the War Office, and to a commander whose greatness is revealed in the simplicity and strength of his character, the army owes the recovery of its good name. But what guarantee has the nation that, should some fresh conflict arise in the near future over rights more sacred and interests more vital than those that were challenged by the Boers, its possibilities of war will have been better thought out than were a year and a half ago those concealed under the guarded language of the Bloemfontein conference?

SPENSER WILKINSON.

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RECENT ECLIPSES

AN eclipse, to be of any considerable importance to the astronomer, must be a total eclipse of the sun; all others may be neglected in comparison. There is a total eclipse of the sun visible from some locality on the earth about once in every two years on the average; but the succession is irregular, and some of the favoured places are in mid-ocean, where no instruments can be mounted, or so far from civilisation that the occasion cannot be utilised for other reasons. We may, therefore, consider the half-dozen years, 1896–1901, specially rich in their possession of four good eclipses: August 9, 1896; January 22, 1898; May 28, 1900; May 18, 1901. In the six years preceding them we had only one similar event (1893), and after the eclipse of May 1901 we shall have a barren ten years with only one reasonable opportunity (August 30, 1905, Spain and Egypt); for, although there are five other eclipses in this period, three of them are far away in the South Pacific (September 9, 1904; January 8, 1908; April 28, 1911) and two are in uncomfortably cold regions (January 14, 1907, Siberia; June 17, 1909, Greenland and North Siberia). These four eclipses close together stand, therefore, somewhat isolated in the general series, and will, no doubt, ultimately be grouped together for discussion of results. At the present moment, however, one of them is still to come, and we can only speak of the other three.

The first eclipse, that of August 9, 1896, was not a

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great success; the crowd of European astronomers who went to the north of Norway, and the English, American, French, and Japanese expeditions in Japan, were all disappointed by bad weather, which was the more exasperating because, in most cases, the weather had been fine up to the day of the eclipse. In Norway there were some who blamed the firing of salutes for a Royal birthday as the cause of the rain—scientific evidence on this point is incomplete; in Japan we had no such excuse, the days before and after being brilliant, and that of the eclipse unaccountably foggy. Rough justice is done to the situation by a sympathetic Japanese:

> The plan and pain with each surveyors during the past a month being brought such sadful result and nobody can tell how much those astoronomers caused the distress for hopeless end like that. Mrs. Tod came from far place to help her husband's work, and during the time of so many days she has tried to do her best through day and night, but the weather prevented her will, and she has forgotten herself to cry out, and we ought to think about such learned lady's heart.[1]

Amid the wholesale slaughter of hopes and preparations in 1896, one conspicuous success is to be recorded. After the official expeditions had been organised for Norway and Japan, the late Sir George Baden-Powell determined on a yachting cruise to Nova Zembla. He had two objects in view: to see the eclipse and to meet Nansen; both seemed very problematical, but he achieved both! Hospitably taking with him the late Radcliffe observer, Mr. E. J. Stone, and Mr. Shackleton from South Kensington, he had the delight of piloting a successful expedition; for, though the yacht was nearly shipwrecked, the time for preparation cut down to a minimum, and the previous weather uniformly bad, the hour of the eclipse was fine, and Mr. Shackleton got at least one photograph of historic importance. On the way back Nansen was picked up and conducted homewards. The family name

[1] Quoted from Mrs. Todd's charming account of the Amherst Expedition. "Corona and Coronet." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. 1898.

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seems to carry success with it in the Arctic Regions as well as in Mafeking!

In contrast with the general bad weather of 1896, the conditions for the "Indian" eclipse (January 22, 1898) were practically flawless. We had, as those who know India will readily understand, continuously cloudless skies both on the day of the eclipse and during the time of preparation. The numerous parties of English, Americans, and Japanese were all successful, the only drawback being the dust, which penetrated everywhere and made it almost impossible to keep the photographs free from specks. A feature of this eclipse was the valuable aid rendered by the officers of the Indian Survey to several of the parties; next to the fine weather, our success was mainly due to them. Usually on arriving at an eclipse station there is everything to be done from the beginning—choosing the site, finding lodging, building piers and huts, and so on; but when the Astronomer Royal and myself arrived at Sahdol, in the heart of the jungle and in a native state, we found a square mile or so of the jungle cleared, tents (such as only Anglo-Indians know) put up to live in, piers and huts built, and an accurate time service established: we were almost as well off as at a fixed observatory. If we could have stayed a little longer I firmly believe our hosts would have found us a tiger to fire at; as it was, the nearest approach we actually made in three attempts was to be in the firing-line (safely up trees, of course) when shots were heard from two of the party, which they afterwards told us were at a tiger. They apparently both caught sight of him at the same moment, when he was almost directly between them. He went at a great pace, which they did not succeed in arresting; but perhaps, for the reassurance of the public, who are just at present rather anxious about the shooting of our army, it may be well to state that the shots were fired by mere astronomers.

But this is of the nature of a digression; the point is that we were very ably assisted. Other parties who took up stations inland fared equally well at the hands of this admirable Depart-

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ment, though one party, that of Sir Norman Lockyer, stuck to the coast and depended on the help of the British Navy as on other occasions. It would be impossible to say too much in recognition of what the Navy has done for eclipse work; there have been few British expeditions in which at least one of H.M. ships has not rendered great, and often vital, assistance. Many of the stations to be occupied could not be reached at all (or without great loss of time) if a man-of-war did not convey the observers and all their instruments to the spot. And then "the Handy Man" can help so effectively in the preparations, and even in the observations themselves. Sir Norman Lockyer concludes his report on the Indian eclipse as follows:

> The extraordinary interest and the skill displayed by the officers and men of H.M.S. *Volage*, under Captain King Hall, in 1896, and of H.M.S. *Melpomene*, under Captain Chisholm Batten, in the present year, prove beyond all question that, in eclipses in which a man-of-war can be employed, the most effective and the most economical means of securing observations is to depend upon the naval *personnel*, one or two skilled observers being sent out to help in the final adjustments of instruments according to the number it is intended to employ.[1]

This is, perhaps, an extreme view; but no eclipse observer who has had experience of help from a man-of-war will grudge extravagant eulogies. Many of the observations made by the crews above mentioned were, of course, simple in character, and were explained in a series of lectures and drills. One very satisfactory result of the work was that for *six weeks* there were absolutely no punishments necessary on board—a striking testimony to the interest taken by the men in the work, and a significant suggestion in many ways.

It seems curious that American eclipse observers are not helped by their Navy. In 1896, when Admiral Sir Alexander Buller did so much for the English observers in Japan (pleasantly explaining that he had always wanted to try Akkeshi Bay as a place for manœuvres, and to take us there and back was accordingly all in the way of business), and when the French Admiral

[1] Mon. Not. R.A.S. Vol. lviii. p. [41].

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similarly escorted the French party to Esashi, the Americans were not helped by their Navy at all, and gladly accepted some slight assistance from the French and English. Perhaps the reason lies partly in the American view of the whole duty of a man-of-war, "to be full of men, meat, and coals, at the end of a telegraph-line, ready to start when wanted." This, at least, was the view expounded to us on board the flagship which lay quietly all the time in Yokohama harbour. It does not seem to render the vessels less effective when once started, judging from recent events; but it contrasts curiously with our British notion of continual manœuvres, and is naturally less agreeable to astronomers, who lose the help of the Navy on eclipse expeditions.

In May last, however, American astronomers did not require their Navy; an eclipse track crossed the United States, and they could make observations at the expense of a railway journey only. The track extended into Europe, over Portugal and Spain, and down into Algeria; so that European observers also could reach the central line after a journey of two or three days at most; in fact, it was an eclipse for which everybody, as nearly as possible, stayed at home, though Sir Norman Lockyer, true to his principles above enunciated, obtained again the assistance of a man-of-war. Moreover, it was beautifully fine everywhere—at all the American stations, in Portugal, in Spain, in Algeria, in Tripoli—all the parties of observers had fine weather and returned home rejoicing and laden with photographs, some of them still to be developed, all to be studied, and perhaps measured in detail. The work of an eclipse is by no means over when one reaches home again—much of it is only beginning.

The expedition of which I can give the best account was that to Algiers, or rather to the Algiers Observatory, which is some few miles out of the town, high up on the hills. It is very rarely that the narrow belt from which a total eclipse can be seen includes an established observatory—so far as I know, it has never happened before; and our party (Mr. Newall, of

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Cambridge, Mr. W. H. Wesley, Assistant Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, and myself) were thus specially fortunate in more ways than one. The able Director of the Observatory, M. Trépied, did all he possibly could for us: we found lodgings arranged, piers erected, and of course a regular time service, just as in India. But beyond all this he actually put at Mr. Wesley's disposal for the eclipse the large Equatorial Coudé, the finest instrument in the Algiers Observatory! There was naturally a good reason for this generosity. Mr. Wesley is a skilled draughtsman of unique experience in drawing the Corona: for when the photographs are brought home he is always charged with the duty of making a drawing from them. Hence he should know every feature of this wonderful structure; but did he? that was just the question. His knowledge was derived entirely from photographs—he had never seen the actual Corona; and it might be that there were features to be seen in a telescope which photographs always failed to reproduce. Indeed, there were positive assurances to this effect from competent observers who *had* seen the Corona and compared their impressions subsequently with the photographs: they said that there was beautiful detail close to the sun which the camera never caught. Hence the Royal Astronomical Society decided to send out Mr. Wesley to test this point: he already knew thoroughly the sort of structure shown by photographs, and when he saw the original would be perhaps able to say at once whether there was anything new to him. When M. Trépied heard of this interesting experiment, he at once offered Mr. Wesley the Equatorial Coudé; but however good the above reason, it has been universally recognised that this was a conspicuous act of courtesy. No telescope of this size had ever before been available for seeing the Corona; it was offering to a foreigner what promised to be, and what Mr. Wesley in the event recognised as, "the finest view of the Corona that ever man had." Fortunately nothing occurred to prevent justice being done to the occasion; Mr. Wesley was able to give a definite answer to the question he was sent out to settle.

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The hour of the partial phase must have been a trying one for him: he "felt very solemn," he says, as he heard the signal for totality and put in the eyepiece to make his inspection. Then came a gasp of astonishment at the beauty of the Corona; but, after a second or two, followed the conviction that it was a perfectly familiar sight—just what photographs showed, only far more beautiful; there was nothing new except the glory of actuality. It may seem a negative and therefore a disappointing conclusion, but it can be put in a positive form, which is more satisfactory. "There is more in the photographs than people know of," is the form into which Mr. Wesley puts his verdict; those who consider the photographs deficient have not examined them carefully enough. It is comforting to think that we are really obtaining the whole truth on our plates.

The other members of the Algerian expedition were also successful in their different undertakings, though the time for preparation was rather short, partly in consequence of the late arrival of a steamer with our instruments on board: we thus had very hard work for a few days, and only just managed to complete our arrangements in time. Still we were not unhappy, for we were comfortably lodged amid the most beautiful surroundings—the views from our hill-top at Bouzareah were quite indescribable. Our chief regret was that we could not accept numerous hospitable invitations from delightful people who lived in neighbouring villas with lovely gardens, and who seemed generally anxious to gladden the heart of man. But the work was only just got through by the closest attention to business; half-a-dozen friends who kindly helped us during totality had to be content with the very minimum of instruction and rehearsal; and it is most creditable to them that they carried through a complicated programme without a hitch. We got back to England after a week's further hard work (developing plates and packing up our instruments) thoroughly tired out; as indeed were the other parties from Spain and Portugal. It is not all joy to have an eclipse near home: the long voyage to and fro is almost a necessity for diluting the hard work.

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And now, what have we gained by these eclipses, two out of three completely successful and the third not wholly unsuccessful? Perhaps I may first consider a more pertinent question still, which is often put to us: Why do you have to go on observing eclipses? Have you not got all you want to know? The full answer would take too long to give, but an argument from analogy may hint at it. The ordinary surface of the sun is visible to us all day and every day when the weather is fine; we can observe the spots on this surface, and other features, at will, or we can take snapshots of it and study them at leisure. There is no need to make an expedition for the purpose—the finest telescopes in the finest climates can be brought to bear on the sun whenever necessary. And yet, with all this opportunity, we are only very slowly building up our knowledge of the changes on the sun's ordinary surface—the "Photosphere," as it is called. We cannot say yet that we know what sunspots *are;* it is at least doubtful whether they are depressions in the surface according to "Wilson's Theory"; even this simple point cannot be decided for certain. It is tolerably well established that their numbers wax and wane every eleven years, but we do not know whether this period is constant or subject to sensible fluctuations, and so on. Now the Corona and Chromosphere are parts of the sun which we cannot see to full advantage except on the occasion of a total eclipse (the Corona not at all); they are, however, more important and more difficult of study than the Photosphere, for they are the seat of the most interesting changes in solar history. But whereas we have had in the past six years thousands of hours for studying the Photosphere in the poorest climate, we have only had altogether about *six minutes* of total eclipse on these three occasions for studying the Corona and Chromosphere.

It will readily be understood, therefore, that it is easier to state what we do *not* know about the Corona than what we do know, what we hope for rather than what we have attained, and the following are some of the things in which we have not yet succeeded completely.

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We do not know whether the Corona rotates with the sun. The fiery ball we ordinarily see rotates on its axis once in twenty-five days, and presumably carries the innermost layer of the solar atmosphere with it; but does the rotation extend to the long streamers (seen only at an eclipse) in any degree? We may get a partial answer in one of two ways: by comparison of photographs taken at distant stations during the same eclipse, or by use of the spectroscope. The eclipse of May last, for instance, was visible in America and in Europe, but not at the same instant of time; we saw it in Algiers an hour and a half after some observers in America. Now, if the Corona is rotating, it should change its aspect in an hour and a half; the change would certainly be small, but might be discernible. As yet, however, no change in so short an interval has been detected. Comparison of the photographs taken in America with those taken in Spain shows vast changes in the *prominences*, those wonderful outbursts close to the sun, but this is nothing new; with the spectroscope we can observe the prominences in full daylight, and a huge prominence is often seen to alter its form completely in a few minutes. The real question is about the Corona, and as yet we can say nothing; we must trust to improvements in our photographs if we are to get information in this way.

The spectroscope can, however, detect motion, when no change is apparent to the eye, in bodies moving towards or from us. The rotation of the sun, or the revolution of one star round another, has been inferred from the shifting of the lines in the spectrum; and it is hoped that the rotation of the Corona, if any, may be found in a similar way. The observation is of extreme difficulty, owing to the faintness of the light of the Corona; and one attempt already made (in 1898) yielded no result. This particular attempt illustrates forcibly how scanty (and, therefore, often positively misleading) is our present knowledge of the Corona. The part of the Corona to which the spectroscope was directed was chosen after a careful examination of previous spectrum-photographs; it must not

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be too close to the sun, for various reasons; on the other hand, it must not be too far out, or the light would be too faint to impress the plate. Judging from previous records, a safe compromise was chosen. Alas! the Corona behaved quite differently, and the "safe" limit was passed; there was nothing at all on the plates; and other plates, taken in a different way, showed clearly the reason why—the coronal spectrum was too faint at the point to be photographed in the time available. Next year there will be a much longer eclipse than that in India—nearly four times as long—and Mr. Newall hopes to repeat the attempt in Sumatra next year with better success. No one is better qualified than himself to make the experiment.

This unexpected change in the Corona brings us to another of the points under scrutiny—viz., the slow changes which the Corona undergoes irrespective of the sun's rotation. The aspect is quite different at different eclipses, but there is a rough regularity in the changes sympathetic with that in sunspots—at least, so we believe on rather scanty evidence. For complete information on this point we must have many more records; an average of one every two years accumulates them very slowly.

If nothing else had been achieved, we might regard the advances in photographic method for eclipse work during the last five years as a satisfactory asset. The problem is difficult and complex. For the inner Corona—the part close to the ordinary sun—we want large pictures; accordingly different methods have been tried for using the necessary long cameras, of forty feet, sixty feet, and even a hundred feet! To point such long cameras to the sun is a matter of great difficulty, but has been accomplished (for forty feet) by burying one end in the ground or rearing the other end against a small hill. Professor Schaeberle found a most convenient rock for the latter purpose in Japan, and crowned it with the Stars and Stripes alongside the Japanese flag. In India Mr. Michie Smith had to *build* himself a mountain, by coolie labour at 1½*d.* a day. A better method, however, is to point the camera to a moving mirror which reflects the sun steadily into it, and one of the great advances

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recently made in eclipse work is the utilisation of a special arrangement of this kind called a "cœlostat,"[1] which reduces the whole sky virtually to rest in a most convenient manner. It was invented long ago by a Frenchman, but practically forgotten. The British observers were the first to take out cœlostats in 1896, but cloudy weather prevented the use of them: in 1898, however, they proved a great success, and have accordingly this year been adopted in America, with excellent effect there also. In this way better and larger pictures than before have been obtained, and the way has undoubtedly been found to improve our knowledge of the inner Corona.

But, secondly, there is the outer Corona to be photographed —the long faint streamers which can be seen by the eye, but never appear upon the plates. At the Indian eclipse a distinct advance was made by Mr. and Mrs. Maunder, who obtained pictures showing the streamers much farther than ever before, and great credit is due to them for their success. It is, however, not yet possible to say whether the advance is permanent—*i.e.*, whether the success can be often repeated. The results were obtained with a small camera and "triple-coated" plates, and if success is due to these, it can be repeated again and again; but if due to the exceptionally fine sky in India, or to the particular phase of coronal activity in 1898, it can be obtained more rarely. Mr. and Mrs. Maunder made similar experiments this year in Algiers, but did not photograph the streamers nearly so well, which would seem to point to the climate of India as the main factor in the result. But here again we want more evidence, and we may well await further experiments by these enthusiastic observers before regarding the question as settled either way.

It will be seen that the requirements for photographing different parts of the Corona are very different, and a particular plate—perhaps a whole instrument—is devoted to one part or

[1] One of the Indian newspapers, interpreting what was doubtless bad handwriting, spelt this word "coclostat," and "coclostat" the instrument was accordingly called for the rest of that occasion.

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another, neglecting the rest. Only one man, so far as I know, has attempted to photograph the whole Corona adequately on the same plate. Mr. Charles Burckhalter, an American amateur, has arranged an ingenious apparatus for giving a short exposure to the bright parts and a long exposure to the faint. He took it out to Japan in 1896, and was disappointed by clouds; he carried it to India in 1898, and obtained a partial success; and this year he has at last produced some excellent pictures showing prominences and outer Corona together on the same plate—a termination to a difficult enterprise on which he is to be warmly congratulated.

Thirdly, we know very imperfectly what the Corona is made of. The spectroscope is the usual instrument for informing us of the constitution of bodies, and however faint their light, if it is available for a sufficiently long time, we can get the information required: thus, we can photograph the spectra of faint stars and nebulæ, though the requisite exposure may last many hours. In the case of the Corona, we are limited to minutes or seconds, and it is accordingly only the brighter portions of which the spectroscope can tell us anything—viz., the inner Corona and the innermost or Chromosphere. The spectrum of the former is photographed by exposing a plate during the whole time of totality, that of the latter by exposing for a second or less just before totality begins and just after it is over, for the Chromosphere fits the sun very closely and is behind the moon during totality. The taking of these photographs just before and after totality is a new feature in eclipse work, added in the last few years. Mr. Shackleton took the first of them in 1896 in Nova Zembla (the historic photograph above mentioned). Other expeditions were prepared to take them in that year, but the clouds determined to let Mr. Shackleton have the sole credit. Since 1896 these photographs have been taken by several others, and the attention called to them has led to an even newer departure, the sending of an expedition to a place where the eclipse is only *just* total, and so sacrificing observations possible during totality in favour of

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these on the innermost Corona (the name is hardly settled yet; some call them photographs of "the flash," but there is good reason against this), which are then made under the best conditions.

Of these two sets of spectra, I can only speak most inadequately from hearsay, as I have done no work in this field; but I gather that they differ essentially from that of the Photosphere, from one another, and from themselves at different times; that though little can be done in the way of identifying the lines with those of terrestrial substances, there are certain stars which give similar spectra; and possibilities of classification are accordingly opened up. But clearly we need not hesitate to accumulate more observations for comparison.

Passing to the outer Corona, we have very little help from the spectroscope at all. Its light is probably the sun's light reflected from minute particles in suspension, perhaps repelled from the sun electrically. The evidence for this view is afforded by the polariscope; the light is seen to be polarised just as it would be on this supposition. But hitherto observations have been only *qualitative;* so that, though part of the light is undoubtedly reflected in this way, we have not known how much. A great part may be due to the glow of a gas or other agency. Part of the work recently done by Mr. Newall and myself has been undertaken with a view to measuring *quantitatively* this polarisation, and so determining how much of the light is reflected sunlight. The most definite possible conclusion is, of course, that it is *all* of this nature; and, so far as measures have yet been made, this conclusion seems not improbable; but a great deal still remains to be done before this result can be regarded as at all certain.

Such are a few of the problems we are trying to solve, and the difficulties in the way. The undoubted progress made recently is largely due to the fact that many of the same observers have been out to all these three eclipses, and so have been able to profit by experience. Not only is this the case with the official parties (sent out by the Joint Committee of the Royal and

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Royal Astronomical Societies or by American Observatories), but the enthusiasm of many individuals, especially among the members of the British Astronomical Association, has carried them three times to the central line. If only the long eclipse of next year (as long as the other three combined—six minutes) could be a little nearer home, a large army of observers would probably again take the field; but Sumatra, and even Mauritius, are rather too far away for many of those who could do good work, and they must perforce wait till 1905, when we shall again have a European eclipse. May the weather be again as propitious as it was last May!

H. H. Turner.

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ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE STAGE

EVERY now and again questions regarding the moral influence of the stage are raised and discussed; controversy of a discursive kind waxes warm around them; the mental atmosphere is darkened by the jests, rather than arguments, levelled at the would-be reformers. Then gradually the subject recedes into the background, the combatants become quiescent again, and things remain much as they were, until the next time. Unfortunately for those of us who believe that there is something to be said on the side of the protesters, these protests against the influence of the stage seem, in our days at any rate, always to be conducted in such a manner that the protesting, or moralist, party is identified with the stupid party; and the question is then dealt with by its opponents more on the ground of the absurdity of its champions than on its own merits.

Granting—which some people deny—that the influence of the stage is real and widely reaching, it yet seems hardly possible to imagine that it can be deliberately deflected in one direction or another for the purpose of educating, in the widest sense of the word. For while, on the one hand, the organisers of theatrical enterprise are not specially anxious to educate, on the other the champions of moral reform are not specially occupied, save in its moral aspect, with the stage. We are not here concerned with the attribution of praise or blame to either

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of these types of character. It is a platitude to say that, as a rule, the general trend of most people's activities is independent of their choice, and tends towards the channel of least resistance. The turn of mind which leads a man to associate with the stage —to become the proprietor, the manager of a theatre, the interpreter of the plays represented—is not at all congruous to the tendency of another man whose natural bent, just as clearly defined, is towards the study of moral and social problems. In attempting the solution of these, the latter becomes busy with the reform, the education, the elevation of his fellow-creatures. It is evident that a person whose primary objects are of this kind may become a moralist, a philanthropist, a teacher, but does not generally become the manager of a theatre. It is in the former capacity, perhaps, that he will have the more obvious opportunities of improving his fellow-creatures, if his excessive zeal does not lead him to set about it in the wrong way. But this, unluckily, it occasionally does. Any zealous propagandist of one particular view, any man with that single-minded devotion to one cause which makes the successful reformer, is probably bound to appear in the light of a bore to the people who do not happen to share his particular enthusiasm; and it is much to be regretted that the more recent advocates of theatrical reform should have been persons whose genuine absorption in one purpose should so have prevented them from seeing in their true proportion other issues of the questions raised that in the eyes of their adversaries they, and unhappily their opinions also, have become justifiable butts for ridicule.

An example of this was seen a short time since, when an ardent opponent of the stage, moved, we must recognise, by a quite genuine and honourable indignation, albeit based on hearsay, at certain passages in certain plays he had read about, made an urgent appeal for the reform of the stage to the House of Commons, a public body not very likely to respond to such an appeal, or even to be interested by it. For in this, as in other educational questions, it is unfortunately those called upon

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to decide officially on the matter who are the least likely to be affected by the decision. It is difficult for the class which legislates to see from the point of view of the class legislated for, without taking a great deal of trouble, or being moved by a special enthusiasm for the given subject. In this particular case, especially, is the subject a complicated one; for those for whom it is a question of legislating as being affected by the influence of the stage comprise not one class of persons, but practically all classes. To speak of the audience, without a more precise definition of terms, as though it were a homogeneous mass, with only one point of view, must make the discussion of influencing it fruitless. It is important to realise that to show the same thing to different categories of human beings means, in reality, showing as many different things. What, after all, is meant by being influenced by a play? It is, presumably, that one's standard of life and conduct may be more or less affected by it, may be confirmed, or modified, or readjusted; and since the standard of conduct, in detail at any rate, varies a good deal from one class of society to another, to say nothing of the further difference between one individual and another, it is evident that we cannot accurately speak of the manner in which one particular play influences the audience without defining which portion of the audience we mean. Let us consider the general public, filling the different parts of a house where a successful society play is being performed. The stalls, probably—putting aside the real theatre-lovers, experts of the stage—are occupied by men and women of the world, of more or less education, cultivation, and experience, whose attitude towards the play they have come to see is for the main part that of the undiscriminating reader who accepts anything sent him by the circulating library. They go to the play, as a rule, without inquiring into the merits of the piece they are going to see, often without knowing the names of the actors. For them an evening at a theatre is a welcome form of pictorial fiction, an opportunity of spending an hour or two away from their usual preoccupations, making them laugh (an incalculable

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boon—we must take into account that some people never laugh in their homes) or making them cry, without that pleasing wave of emotion reaching lower than the surface. When the stage presentment of life, society, conduct, diverges too widely from what on the whole they accept as customary, they smile indulgently and are the more amused; but they do not necessarily readjust their own code by what they have seen and heard. Yet we must face the fact that these are the persons, together with a yet larger section of the community who never go inside theatres at all, who form the majority of those called upon to decide whether the stage is or is not an educator and an influence.

But what of another portion of the public, those for whom the stage is the chief, if not the only form of fiction accessible, the only outlet for the imagination, the only conception of what happens in certain conditions of life in which they have no part? It is very difficult, if not impossible, for those who are not thrown into frequent and close intercourse with uneducated minds to estimate the enormous, insurmountable difference it makes to the judgment not to have opportunities of assimilating many forms of experience, approached under favourable conditions. I say this diffidently, in the face of our belief in the enormous spread of education and in its invariably leavening effect upon the masses; but the mere knowledge of reading, undirected by judgment or experience, is not necessarily education. We are constantly told that what we need is to raise the intellectual and moral standard of the audience. The education of to-day is endeavouring to do that, no doubt; but let the stage co-operate as well. It is difficult for the educated mind, trained to the keen-witted discrimination of circumstance, to realise the curiously blind way in which the uneducated grope through their lives, unconscious of the true proportion and bearing of the events which they encounter, whether in real life or in fiction. It is, therefore, more than difficult for the spectator of wide and many-sided experience to estimate justly the amount of influence exercised on the simpler

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mind by a piece which may not have affected himself at all. But it would seem to some of us to be hardly an open question whether or no the incidents represented should be dealt with in a way tending to give an impulse towards right rather than towards wrong. But how is this to be effected? The methods hitherto employed have not been very satisfactory. As a rule, when the question is discussed, those who attempt to deal with it do not seem to have clearly before them what is being aimed at. Small wonder, then, if their dealings are ineffectual. It has never yet been kept clearly in view which is the class being legislated for, nor has the question been dealt with from the point of view of that class only, uninfluenced by the personal tastes, idiosyncrasies, and preferences of the class called upon to legislate—uninfluenced especially by the antagonism which, by some fatal predestination, the methods of the theatrical reformer invariably appear to arouse in his hearers. There is something in the impact of the moralist's well-meaning attack which seems to shake from those whom he addresses a succession of scornful and abortive platitudes regarding the stage, of impromptu utterances which may delude themselves and others into believing they have emitted an opinion. Of this the debate I have mentioned is an example. True to the tradition of his kind, the latest champion of reform, Mr. Samuel Smith,

> Puisqu'il faut l'appeler par son nom,
> Capable d'enricher en un jour l'Achéron

by the foes whom his zeal is ready to encounter in mortal combat, said everything he could to damage his cause, and but little to recommend it. I believe that many of us who agree with him that the general moral standard of the stage is a question of great importance, and that the present plan of having one person, the Censor, as official arbiter of the plays produced in London, does not lead to very good results, must, after reading the debate (since reprinted, and circulated as a pamphlet), be deplorably conscious of being well-nigh converted

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from those views by the utterances of their most zealous supporter. For it is difficult to feel at one with a moralist who, never having been inside a theatre, announces that the drama is at a lower ebb than at any time since the Restoration; who makes the strange topsy-turvy assertion—a very rude one, besides—that "London will be like Paris, since a decadent drama and a decadent literature will produce a decadent nation"; I had always thought it was the decadent nation produced the decadent literature—quotes a motley collection of criticisms from critics of quite opposite opinions, and winds up with a high-flown peroration in which he attributes our early reverses in South Africa to the errors of our stage! It is difficult, no doubt, to recognise behind these utterances the justice of the cause they so grotesquely mask. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that most of Mr. Samuel Smith's hearers, nearly as unbiassed as himself by any practical knowledge of the subject under discussion, disqualified in another direction by being entirely indifferent to it, which he was not, and rendered incapable apparently of cool judgment by the derision aroused by his utterances, should, with some noteworthy exceptions, have failed to raise the debate into more dignified regions. The Home Secretary made a wise and temperate speech, in which he deprecated any measures being taken by the Government. He did not say definitely whether he himself concurred in the view put forth by the Lord Chamberlain in a conversation that had taken place between them, "that an expression in the House that certain things on the stage might be checked with advantage" might strengthen the Lord Chamberlain's hands. He did not think that the House was in a position to state that, in the words of the resolution, "there was a growing tendency to put a lower class of plays on the stage." In this many of us will agree with him; will feel inclined to doubt whether there are more bad plays at this moment than at any time within the last three hundred years, or fewer good ones, comparing necessarily not with the most brilliant periods of theatrical production, but

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taking the lean years with the fat years. The same cry has periodically been raised in this country ever since there was a stage at all. Time after time has the lamentation been heard that the plays of the day—whenever that day may have been—were worse than at any other time; that public morals would be affected, and the country would suffer. The words "bad" and "good" in this connection need, of course, to be defined; but if we assume for the moment that by "bad" plays improper plays, so called, are meant, there is no doubt that at many a preceding period there have been plays that shocked the spectators of their own time quite as much as any play produced in our day shocks us. For we must remember that this is a point which can be judged on contemporary evidence only, and of which the standard varies so much from one generation to another, that it is impossible, unless we take that varying point of view into account, to make an adequate comparison. A play which survives may, as a work of art, probably be correctly enough estimated by succeeding generations; but as an influence it can only be judged by its own. If, on the other hand, "bad" plays mean inadequate, dull, unsatisfactory plays, one has only to read any theatrical records to see how many of those there were at every time, which after they were produced were seen and heard of no more. As we look back along the road of time we see in perspective all the plays that have survived; but the same perspective prevents us from seeing that they are not always in reality close to one another, that there are great gaps between them, just as there are great gaps between the fine plays of our own day. We obviously do not see the others, for they have sunk out of sight.

To return to the debate. Mr. Birrell, who spoke towards the end of it, did not apparently share the view that any expression of opinion in that House regarding the stage could strengthen the hands of the authorities. He begged the House not to make itself ridiculous by pretending to be an authority on a subject of which it knew nothing, an appeal which was

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greeted by cheers from both sides. These are truly not favourable conditions under which to debate a subject which seems to many of us so important: that the assembly of legislators before whom it is brought should not only be ready to concur with such alacrity in the statement that they knew nothing of the subject they had been called upon to discuss, but should accept that ignorance as an inevitable condition of things which no one need be at the trouble of altering. This it is that really stands in the way of all improvement; the real obstacle opposed to every possible attempt at reform is the indifference of the majority of the educated public in this country towards the stage. In Germany and France, at the present day, when a new play is produced at a theatre of any standing, every one interested in any form of letters is interested also in that one: the people to be met with in general society are often ready to discuss it with more or less discrimination. But in England the critical vocabulary of the ordinary playgoing public—an index, presumably, to their critical faculty—is apt to be limited, not to say abortive. If you listen as you come out of a theatre to the expressions of opinion being exchanged round you on the play just seen, what do you hear?—from the younger generation of both sexes, if they are expressing approval, "ripping"; if condemnation, "rot." This last, it is true, may be subtly differentiated: the piece may be described as "rather rot" or "awful rot." Older people will say that it is "nice," or "amusing," or "sad," or object to it on the grounds that they would not have liked one of the characters as an inmate of their family circle. This is hardly criticism. But, unfortunately, many enlightened persons, even able to formulate their views on other forms of art and letters in apt and ingenious terms refuse to apply their powers of discrimination to the stage, of to-day, or to consider it seriously. It will certainly not help to raise its standard of merit that it should be entirely put aside by those whose minds have been trained to distinguish.

To whom, then, are we to appeal? Are we to come to the

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conclusion that any definite matured expression of public opinion in the matter of stage reform, any effective action based on it, is unattainable? It ought not to be, if we could approach the discussion of the subject adequately—that is to say, if it could be conducted by a body of persons with authority and knowledge, of wide experience and intercourse enough with different conditions of men to estimate and place its influence, and philanthropic enough to be willing to sacrifice time and trouble in order to direct that influence to the best advantage. And, if it were possible to have a discussion under conditions so favourable, we should then have deliberately to limit the field of debate, deliberately to close our eyes to the wide issues that would open before us on every side, in order to remain within the region of practical resources. The special points which to the stage-lover would be of absorbing interest would have to be eliminated, the contemplation and comparison of different dramatists, different periods, different methods, dismissed. We should have to consider the subject from one side only, and not blur and falsify our views, as we are apt to do, by trying to estimate a play as a work of art at the same time that we are considering its influence on morals; and all our energies should be bent towards finding out whether there are any practical steps that can be taken to ensure that the stage shall exercise a good influence instead of a bad one, either by preventing it from exercising the latter, or by increasing its opportunities of exercising the former. All the steps taken so far have been in the preventive direction, and in that line the would-be reformers of the stage have never displayed much fertility of invention. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the Privy Council, wishing to "appoint some persons to control the stage," appealed to two officials hardly to be considered as experts in such a connection: one was the Lord Mayor, the other the Archbishop of Canterbury. In our days we are but half as resourceful: we have not asked the Archbishop.

But must we take preventive measures only? Can we not

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take some active steps as well? Could it not, without affecting what we will call for purposes of description—I will not wait to define further—the really good plays of the day, be brought about that good sound plays of the kind which appeal specially to the less educated and less experienced portion of the audience should, in these days when theatres are springing up everywhere, be accessible at reasonable prices? The mind destitute of subtle appreciation is not necessarily appealed to by the thing which is great, but by the thing which is obvious. I venture to doubt the truth of the saying, that "a really good play"—any more than a really good book—"appeals to every one." What sort of a play is it, can it be, that will appeal alike to the man of letters, the scholar, the idler, the man who labours with his hands? I should doubt whether it exists, whether as a work of art it can exist. Let us, obviously, take "Hamlet" as an example of a play that is commonly supposed to fulfil these conditions. But, as I say this, I feel that to throw the great name of Shakespeare into the balance of an argument on the stage is apt entirely to destroy the equilibrium of the discussion; indeed, many of us would be more likely to try and think for ourselves if we had not that safe card, not to speak irreverently, with which to trump the opinion of our neighbour. It can hardly be called an argument to reply to such a one whose mind misgives him that we are not a dramatic nation, or who is not satisfied with the plays we produce to-day, "And yet we have one Shakespeare"—or, still more crushing, to say with quiet sarcasm, "It seems to me that I have heard of one Mr. Shakespeare, who is not altogether to be despised." However, since these statements are generally accepted as conclusive arguments, I feel that it is with feet planted on the solid rock that I instance Shakespeare, and say that I have seen over and over again that servants and other spectators of a like standard do not care to see Shakespeare, and choose rather, if given an alternative, something they find more easy to understand; for a play in which subtlety and profundity are united to action does not necessarily appeal to the uneducated mind so much as a play in which

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action and motive are simple to baldness. One of the speakers in the debate referred to the villain of Adelphi melodrama, and withered his honourable friend, Mr. Samuel Smith, by presuming that was the style of play he wished to see; whereat the other honourable members were like to split with merriment. But why? It is possible that in his proper place, speaking to that special audience the author intended him to reach, the Adelphi villain may be a more useful member of society than even a Member of Parliament. For an Adelphi drama is one in which the boundary of what we call "vice" and "virtue" is clearly marked: the virtue of the Adelphi hero leads to success and happiness, the vices of the villain to a fate which is a terrible warning. This is not the kind of play that does harm; quite the contrary.

To a small country town in Yorkshire with which I am acquainted, there comes at intervals a stock theatrical company, which performs, literally, in a barn, at infinitesimal prices. The plays produced, if not very nourishing to the more complex mind, are always sound and good, full of movement, full of interest to the audience before whom they are performed. Night after night that barn is full; night after night men and women, boys and girls, who might be loitering in the streets, or in public-houses, are imbibing this rough-and-ready code, are listening to plain and obvious maxims of conduct, are associating mean, cowardly, and criminal acts with pitiable results. No one who had been to that little theatre could doubt the good effect of the influence radiating from it. It would be well if such centres of influence were to be found all over the country, in the more considerable provincial towns as well as in the smaller ones, instead of the plays represented there being generally reproductions of London successes. In the larger country towns, in which most of the population are engaged in business, existence has the qualities of its defects; if in some of them there is no leisured class to be found, there is also no vicious and idle class, and no toleration of its spirit. To take through the provinces a play like the "Belle of New

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York," in which such a spirit is not only tolerated, but held up to admiration, in which the sympathies of the audience are enlisted for all that is base and detestable, in which the whole of existence is brought down to a lower level, and the demarcation of good and evil so blurred that nothing distinctive is left, is deliberately to spread a pernicious influence through the whole country. I cannot find words to express my detestation of such a play. I should like to throw away the very expressions I use in discussing it, lest they should bring it into connection with any other. To speak in the same breath of "The Gay Lord Quex"—I pray Mr. Pinero to forgive me for writing the two names on the same page—is but another proof of the entire want of apprehension, the colossal ignorance of the person who instanced them together in the House of Commons. For the grounds of possible objection to the two are absolutely different. It is true that there are some scenes in that brilliant and ingenious comedy which may be undesirable for those of limited years or limited experience to witness; but, at any rate, it is not on the side of vice that those scenes enlist our sympathy. Problem plays are an inevitable outcome of our problem time. By all means let us have social problems raised on the stage, let us see bad actions represented, and let us see good; but let us know which is which. The harm lies, not in seeing the bad action, but in calling it the good one.

It is a platitude to say that the stage reflects the life and conditions which surround it; and it is small wonder if the reflection we see on the stage of to-day is not a beautiful one. We must face the fact that the time we live in is an ugly time, which, like the frock-coats of our citizens, does not lend itself to being treated in marble; we must resign ourselves, however much we may regret it, to the conviction that our conditions of to-day do not resemble those under which the Greek drama flourished. There is nothing more fruitless than to appeal from the stage of one time to the stage of another. The undying Greek plays representing to a small community with a

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matchless perception of art the great stories that had formed their creeds and nurtured their race, were accepted by the spectators, taken for granted, understood. Our conditions are complicated by the blurring, killing effect of our overcrowded existence, of a period in which every social ordinance is being questioned and readjusted, in which the rapid change of the outward conditions of life necessitates a constant shifting and changing of moral standards. But whatever the aspect of the life and mind of a given moment, the drama remains the most vivid manifestation of that aspect; and we cannot afford to disregard the stage of our own time. Our leading thinkers, our philosophers of to-day, would do well to take the stage into account, as philosophers of former times have done, and accept it as their powerful ally, instead of turning their backs on it, dismissing its achievements, and dismissing, still more important, its possibilities. This article is not long enough, nor is the writer of it qualified, to enter upon the ever-living question of the ultimate object of art. But, even if that object be to give pleasure, it is difficult to believe that the art of the stage, at any rate, can avoid being didactic as well. Well for us if we receive from it counsels of aspiration rather than of low tolerance; if we are made to look upwards instead of down. I doubt whether we, any of us, trained or untrained, young or old, rich or poor, are so certain of ourselves that we could afford to become accustomed to representations which should insensibly deaden our standards of life, and hope, and possibility. We have a right to demand—we, the audience, with whom rests the ultimate verdict of the stage—that that which is offered to us should appeal to the good instincts in us and not to the bad; to demand that, as we have already said, our sympathies should be claimed by that which is noble and deserving and not by the reverse. It is, after all, not asking anything new or subversive, for this point of view has in reality always been that of the immense majority of mankind. Aristotle said, "the change of fortune presented must not be the spectacle of a perfectly good man brought

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from prosperity to adversity . . . for this simply shocks us. Nor again that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity . . . it neither satisfies the moral sense nor calls forth pity or fear."

I do not know that since then we have gone much further; in fact, there is no further to go.

FLORENCE BELL.

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ART BEFORE GIOTTO

The series of essays on Early Florentine Painting, of which this is the first, aims at being an interpretation of the results of recent researches into the history of art, considered from an æsthetic standpoint. The historian of art himself is bound to be somewhat of an archæologist; he is compelled to investigate the trivial records of the past with the same care as the greatest monuments, for he never knows in what forgotten lumber-room he may stumble on the key to the problems he seeks to solve. He must possess the enthusiasm, the patience, and the *flair* of a *chiffonier*. Such laborious researches leave him but little leisure, sometimes but little aptitude, to turn round and compute the exact value of his discoveries. And yet these are but the raw material out of which we can build up our æsthetic appreciation of the artists and the art of past times. And here an artist can perhaps assist the amateur to that intimate enjoyment of whatever is eternally beautiful which is the final justification of so much toil. The author therefore considers himself as a middleman between the art-historian and the amateur: he makes no claim to documentary research, and wherever new ideas are put forward, they are only such modifications of theories already promulgated as suggest themselves to an artist who has attempted to become intimate with the æsthetic principles of early Italian painting.

WITH Giotto begins a tradition of painting which, if we survey European art as a whole, we may fairly call the modern tradition. But miraculous as Giotto's art appears, its coming was neither unheralded nor unprepared: it arose out of an art which had lived for centuries as an obscure and parasitic growth upon the decayed remains of Greece and Rome. And, in order to understand the full significance of the change wrought by Giotto, it is necessary to gain some idea of this earlier tradition.

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The necessity is the greater in that, for most people, the centuries that intervene between the fall of Rome and the coming of Dante and Giotto are but dimly painted in that mental panorama of past history which makes so large a part of our total consciousness. Nor is this blank in our world-consciousness due so much to ignorance of the events of the period in question as to the want of any effective self-revelation in art or literature of the people of those times. So true is it that men's vague desires and dreams are not only more interesting but more durable than their actions. None the less, the art of the early Middle Ages, though it cannot make the same direct appeal to our emotions as either classical or modern art, is not without a peculiar and unique interest to the student of æsthetics.

In the first place, we see in it what was the effect on the artist of a complete change of religion and consequently of the mythological subject-matter of his art. In the second place, we see in it hints of an artistic development in a direction the reverse of that to which we are accustomed in studying either Græco-Roman or modern art—we see, that is, the process of passing from a naturalistic to an abstract and symbolical art, a gradual retracing of those steps through which Greek art had passed, and which were again to be traversed by modern art.

With regard to the first of these questions—the change from Paganism to Christianity—it is surprising to find how slight was the effect of this momentous alteration of feeling on the forms in which that new feeling was expressed.[1]

We must recognise, in fact, that, although under Christianity new influences found their way into European architecture and decorative design from Sassanian and Syrian sources, still, as regards the higher forms of artistic expression,

[1] The worship of Isis, at one time the rival of Christianity, in supplying the newly-felt demand for mystic teaching, did produce striking though temporary changes in Roman art; but whereas the religion of Isis inherited a well-formulated mode of giving outward expression to religious ideas, Christianity inherited from Judaism the prohibition of all sacred imagery.

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the treatment of the human figure and its surroundings, Christianity subsisted on the worn-out remnants of classical art till about twelve hundred years after its foundation as a religion; and we shall find in the work of Giotto's immediate precursors types that would not surprise us in a Pompeian wall decoration. In the same way Christianity constructed its ritual from Roman and Egyptian models, while even in the elaboration of its mythology the same tendency is seen, the legends of the saints being pressed wherever possible into the familiar moulds of Pagan gods and heroes.

But though Christianity supplied no new creative impulse to art, it may well have hastened the process of reversion from naturalism to symbolism. Perhaps this is more accurately described as the reversion from concrete to abstract symbolism, for the material of all art is symbolic. With pure imitation art has no concern; the only question is how far the symbol expresses the *appearances*, or how far it aims at conveying the *mental idea* of objects.

The art of Rome, then, at the beginning of the Christian era was extremely naturalistic: the imagery was no doubt rendered by means of a well-recognised formula, but one that encompassed a wider range of natural effects than even the Italians of the *cinquecento* afterwards attained to. The paintings of Pompeii show a strong though capricious sense of atmospheric perspective, a preoccupation with those subtle and transient colour effects which are the theme of modern impressionism, and a chiaroscuro which at times reminds us of Venetian painting of the early *cinquecento*. The decorative and calligraphic brush-work of these paintings and their composition often recall Japanese painting, but the Roman artists had inherited from Greece a truer sense of relief in modelling and a richer chiaroscuro. One of the most striking characteristics of this art is the way in which by an exaggeration of atmospheric perspective these artists got their figures to stand out in bold silhouette from the faint and sketchy landscape background. The paintings of the Catacombs show how this

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accomplished and essentially modern art, in which the complexity and variety of natural effects were evidently rendered, was reduced to the terms of archaic design; how a formula which still expressed, though in a negligent fashion, the knowledge of anatomy, chiaroscuro, and atmospheric perspective acquired by the painters of Greece was reduced to a formula capable of conveying only the most abstract and generalised ideas of natural objects. The Catacombs illustrate, in fact, the transition from an art of grown-up people to the elementary symbolism of a child's drawing. In this change much must be put down to the mere clumsiness and slovenliness of the early Christian artists, faults which were to a less extent shared by their pagan contemporaries. The artist who drew his knowledge of the figure from his predecessor's work found it continually more difficult to give the right shape to those shadows with which the decorative painters of Nero's time had so skilfully modelled their figures and silhouetted them from the background. Troubled in mind as to where the shadows must go to give proper relief, he lessened his embarrassment by suppressing the intermediate tones and reducing his scale to two or three strongly opposed tones of dark and light. But although the artist became more and more ignorant of what shapes he ought to give to the tones within the contour, he still retained (and in this he was helped by the tendency of his pagan predecessors to emphasise the silhouette) a definite, though always a more and more incorrect, notion of where the outline itself must go. Finally, as his troubles about the shapes and positions of his shadow tones increased, he found safety in letting them hug the coast line of his contour, until at last an archaic art of heavy, dark, and schematic outline replaced the system of decorative impressionism which the early Christian artists had inherited from Pagan times.

Nor can one doubt that Christianity, with its indifference to objects of sense, its insistence on the abstract idea, played a part in the hastening of this process, lessening the artist's interest in the mode of representation by demanding of him little more

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than hieroglyphics with sufficient likeness to real figures to recall to the worshipper's mind such and such divine and saintly personalities. An indication of this attitude is afforded by the fact that the Christian artists early began to represent consecutive events of a story in a single composition, regardless of the want of verisimilitude entailed by such a method.

The change to elementary symbolism which the paintings of the Catacombs illustrate can also be followed in the early Christian mosaics of Rome. As typical stages in the process one may take first the apse of S. Pudenziana, of about the year 400. Here the principles of classic art still obtain: the heads, though clumsy, are well proportioned, the draperies fall in placid, well-designed folds, the light and shade is consistent, while the figures stand out in a free space of air from the imposing semicircle of classical buildings which enclose the heavenly court. For the second stage we may take the mosaic of SS. Cosma e Damiano (520 A.D.). Here light and shade is reduced to a conventional patch of dark on the ground at one side of the figure: the lines of the drapery scarcely indicate the idea of solid relief. In drawing the faces the artist has found it impossible to represent the relief of the nose by light and shade, and has had recourse to a heavy outline on either side to mark it off from the face. By the ninth century the process is complete, and the mosaic of S. Marco shows a system of purely topographical linear records of the primary facts of the human figure. The process of eliminating the naturalistic content of artistic symbols is, however, more concisely shown by the coins of the Empire before and after Constantine.

In the coin of Constantine (Fig. 1) the classical tradition is followed. In modelling the eye in the die for the coin the artist found a symbol expressive of the eye in profile: the limitations of his medium prevented any direct imitation, but by an incision he was able to suggest the appearance of the pupil in profile. Already, it is true, he leans towards the circular form, which may be regarded as the normal symbol of a pupil considered separately.

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Fig. 1. Coin of Constantine. Fourth Century.

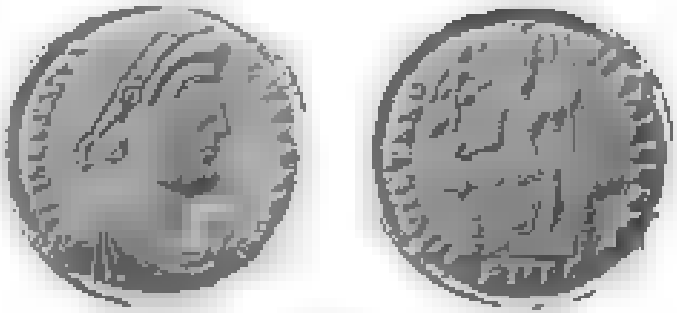

Fig. 2. Coin of Princess Adelaide, c. 1140.

Fig. 3. Madonna. Italian, Twelfth Century. Museo, Siena.

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In the coin of Priscus Attalus (Fig. 2), less than a hundred years later, this tendency has become much more marked. The artist no longer attempts to find symbols of the natural appearance; he thinks in abstract terms: to him a face is the sum of various concepts—brow, nose, mouth, chin, eye. When he comes to the eye, for instance, he adopts the symbol which would naturally be taken if an eye were to be represented by itself: the symbol derived from its most obvious aspect—that of the full face. This is exactly the elementary symbolism of a child's drawing. A child draws only in terms of concepts head, hands, feet, and the mutual relations of these are summarised by straight lines. This direct passage from the idea to its recognised normal symbol characterises most primitive art, and we have here a curious case of the abandonment of concrete in favour of abstract symbolism. The reverse of the coins illustrates the same process: in the coin of Constantine the lines and dots, which are all that the artist has at his disposal, still give indication of the appearance of a real draped figure, while in the coin of Attalus, where the sad figure of "invicta Roma æterna" makes its last pathetic appearance, the lines no longer symbolise the planes of real drapery, but are merely linear indications of the direction of the folds.

So far as the Western Empire alone is concerned, this process of reversion went on almost unchecked till the twelfth century, and produced at times works of almost barbaric crudity (Fig. 3). But the Eastern Empire had a very different history. There, without the distracting interruptions of Gothic and Lombard invasions, in the midst of a highly complex and civilised society, an art was cultivated which had precisely the same classical origins as that of Italy, and which followed the same direction of a reversion to elementary symbolism, but which followed it, not from mere indifference of incapacity, but with self-conscious zest and fervour. The artists of Byzantium accepted this denaturalised and schematic art as the formula most capable of conveying that perfervid and speculative dogmatism and that love of elaborate ceremonial which were salient characteristics

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of their civilisation. They too, like the Western artists, neglected Nature; but the history of Byzantine art is one of many proofs that the love of Nature and curiosity about natural forms are not the only things, are not even necessary things, to keep an art alive. A sufficient interest in the elaboration and perfection of technical methods, an enthusiasm for the display of manual dexterity, and finally a searching study of how to get the deepest imaginative coefficient out of a strictly limited artistic phraseology—these were the antiseptics that kept Byzantine art from going through the same stages of progressive decay as the art of the West, that kept it alive with a suspended animation through the darkest centuries of the Middle Ages, and enabled it to burst forth into new splendour under the Comnenian Emperors.

The first great works in which the Byzantine begins to differentiate itself from the common stock of debased classical tradition are the buildings and mosaics executed for Justinian at Ravenna. Here already in the architectural structure certain forms of Sassanian and Syrian origin unknown to the Roman builders make their appearance.

When we turn to the mosaics of S. Vitale and S. Apollinare Nuovo, we find the classical tradition still very strong. The well marked eye-sockets, the full, well-shaped eyes, deeply set and wide apart, are distinctively Græco-Roman traits. The drapery for ideal figures is still the toga, while the short, hard, cast shadows at the feet exactly recall the mosaics of Pompeii, and prove that the symbolism is not yet entirely denaturalised. In the drapery, too, a uniform idea of light and shade is apparent, though the oppositions of dark and light have almost lost their original significance of light and shadow masses. None the less, both faces and figures are here beginning to take on the peculiar characteristics of Byzantine art. The exaggerated length of the nose, the tendency to make it curve in at the tip, the length and thinness, the rigid hieratical poses of the figures, are all evidences of this. In later Byzantine works all these characteristics tend to become more pronounced, and, although

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no really new motive is imported, the accentuation of these points in time gave to Byzantine designs an appearance and a sentiment very distinct from that of the classical paintings from which they were derived.

After the Ravenna mosaics there comes a gap in the sequence of Byzantine monumental art—a gap due to the proscription of all sacred imagery by Leo the Isaurian in the eighth century. This action was, however, of greater political than artistic importance. It brought about the final separation of the Eastern and Western Churches, and gave rise to the temporal power of the Papacy; but though it drove the artists of Constantinople to take refuge in monasteries and to devote themselves to miniatures instead of mosaics, it did not change in any way the artist's attitude, except to make him a more fervent, and indeed a deeply interested, adherent of orthodoxy.

The controversy was not closed by Leo's death. Whenever, under pretext of a regency, a woman was in power, the images returned to their places; but the male descendants of Leo repeated the accusation that Christianity had made more gods than it had destroyed. The accusation, however damaging from a theological point of view, was at least a tribute to the way in which Christianity had adapted itself to the æsthetic needs of mankind; and, however pure Leo's motives may have been, it is impossible for us not to feel grateful to Gregory II., whose ill-mannered defiance of the Emperor gave the sanction of orthodoxy to a doctrine without which Italian art could never have come into being.

After the Iconoclastic controversy had subsided, there came about a most remarkable revival of painting and mosaic, due in part to a reaction after its long suppression, in part to the increased wealth and good government which the Empire enjoyed under the Macedonian Emperors. It is to this interesting period of renaissance, beginning at the end of the ninth century, that we owe the works by which Byzantine art is best known. Even then, however, the Byzantine artists remained bound by their rigorous adherence to precedent. It was as

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impossible as ever to them to break the sanctified spell of tradition and seek fresh material by the observation of nature. What they could do, however, was to have recourse to earlier and purer examples than those of their immediate predecessors. to return to the distant fountain-head of all early Christian art —to the art of Greece and Rome. And this study of ancient art may well have stirred, now and again, the imagination of some Byzantine artist to vague regrets for the lost pagan delight in life and nature, have made him feel an exile in the convention-ridden civilisation of his own time. Certainly such works as the well-known "David," in a MS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale (Fig. 4), suggest such a view, and one wonders at the ingenuity with which the monkish artist introduced into an illustration to the Book of Psalms so fresh a sense of Arcadian felicity. Here we have the inspiring muse, the genius of the mountain, and Echo herself—all the paraphernalia of Græco-Roman lyrical compositions. It matters little for our purpose that some of the figures may have been directly copied from classical originals, that the artist scarcely comprehended the beauty which fascinated him. The work remains as one of many striking proofs of the retrospective attitude of the artists of the Middle Ages.

Perhaps the best known monuments of this period, though they were executed when the Byzantine Renaissance was already in its decline, are the great mosaics of Palermo, Cefalu, and Monreale. Here no such lyrical feeling as gave rise to the "David" finds expression, but any one who has seen the history of the world as it is unrolled on the walls of Monreale in portentous and significant hieroglyphics, whose symbolism is neither artificial nor recondite, will admit that the later artists of Byzantium were not prevented either by the rigid conventions of their design nor by the limitations of their medium from expressing vividly their strange and lurid conception of the universe.

Of delight in the beauties of nature there is hardly a trace, there is no effort to observe or imitate, but these vast and

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Fig. 6. David inspired. Byzantine Manuscript. Tenth Century. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

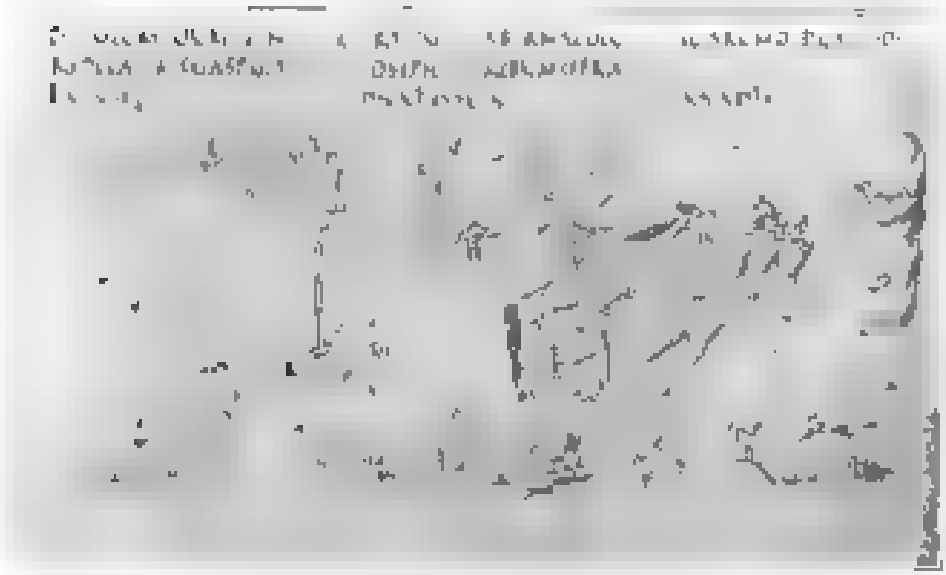

Fig. 7. Illustration of the Utrecht Psalter.

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Fig. [illegible] Byzantine Mosaic — Capella Palatina, Palermo

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Fig. 6 Caricature (Spare the Unarmed, Flaherty

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abstract symbols are nearer in spirit, than the humaner conception of later art, to the poetry of the Old Testament which they illustrate: they have the same power to trouble and oppress the imagination by the bare recital of monstrous and primeval events.

The mosaic reproduced here (Fig. 5) is from the earlier work in the Capella Palatina at Palermo, in which, though it lacks something of the peculiar impressiveness of the Monreale compositions, the chief characteristics of Byzantine art are well seen. The costume here is still classical, and the figure walking beside Christ holds his arm slung in his toga in precisely the fashion of the statue of Sophocles. It is true that all idea of the real structure of the body has disappeared, and with it almost all idea of the way drapery could really hang from the limbs: it is replaced by a system of decorative lines, which assert impossible and unreal forms with convincing dogmatism and unerring, though erroneous, precision. In some cases it would even appear as though folds which as they stand have no meaning whatever may be the result of copying fragments of classical drapery upside down (man to left). The same desire for complete definition has led to the division of the figure into imaginary segments, represented by a system of dots and dashes which have no appreciable relation to the musculature of the human figure. According to this system an articulation is regularly indicated by a couple of dots. Very characteristic too is the tendency to define form by concentric lines, leaving the most salient part as a ring or oval, like the heights of a mountain in a contour map. This was entirely absent from the Ravenna mosaics, and is the result of a growing interest in a decorative and *a priori* definition of form as opposed to naturalistic representation. Light and shade, which still remained in the Ravenna work, have by now entirely disappeared.

An instance of the marvellous technical skill of Byzantine artists of this period is afforded by the Calendario of the Opera del Duomo at Florence (Fig. 6). In these small tablets a series

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of biblical scenes are presented. The scale of the mosaics is so small that the individual tesseræ are almost microscopic, and yet every face has expression, every finger is articulated. But this work, which came to Florence at the end of the fourteenth century, and was highly prized by its Florentine possessors, has higher qualities than mere technique. It has in a high degree that sense of the impressiveness of sumptuous hieratic ritual which formed so conspicuous a part of public life at Constantinople, and which the Byzantine artists rendered with unique intensity.[1] But though he could impose by his innate feeling for ritual, the Byzantine artist had too faint a perception of humanity ever to be dramatic: his poses are the studied posturing of the hierophant, not the spontaneous gestures of vivid emotion. The sense of vivacity and spontaneity of movement was an essentially Western quality: the Italians had to go to the East for refinement and technical accomplishment, but they had in themselves an essential principle for lack of which the Byzantines could never get beyond a narrow and limited perfection.

These miniature mosaics afford an instance, too, of the rigidly fixed rules which governed the composition of biblical scenes, rules which profoundly affected early Italian art. From the beginning the Eastern Church had exercised a strict control over the artist's imagination. At the Council of Nicæa it had been definitely decided that "the composition of the figures is not the invention of the painters, but the law and tradition

[1] As an example of this important characteristic Gibbon's version of Liutprand's account of his reception by the Emperor Phocas is noteworthy: "When he approached the throne the birds of the golden tree began to warble their notes, which were accompanied by the roaring of the two lions of gold. With his companions Liutprand was compelled to bow and to fall prostrate, and thrice to touch the ground with his forehead. He arose, but in the short interval the throne had been hoisted from the floor to the ceiling, the Imperial figure appeared in new and more gorgeous apparel, and the interview was concluded in haughty and majestic silence." What wonder that the Byzantine artists succeeded, in spite of their limitations, in interpreting scenes of transcendental ceremonial.

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of the Catholic Church, and this purpose and tradition is not the part of the painter (for his is only the art), but is due to the ordination and disposition of our fathers."

And the compositions once settled on theological grounds by the fathers of the Church were never materially changed; generation after generation of artists continued to repeat them, making only slight alterations. Under such circumstances, no variation would survive unless it satisfied successive generations of artists; and by this process of æsthetic selection, continuing for centuries, the arrangement of the figures became continually more and more expressive of the idea. It was by a similar concentration of all the artists' powers on minute changes that the perfection of Greek temple architecture came about. Limitation is a necessary condition of artistic achievement; and who, in face of the inchoate and tentative compositions of modern art, does not long for another Nicene Council?

In any case it was of supreme importance to the Italians to inherit, as they did, this series of ready-made compositions. Duccio and Giotto constantly adhered to them, and right on into the sixteenth century the main lines then laid down directed and controlled the imagination of the great Italian masters.[1]

We must now return to the art of the Western Empire. Here, as in the East, we find that, whenever favourable social conditions allowed of an improvement in technique and attention to design, the artists went back to classical forms. Such a classic revival, abortive and imperfect, it is true, is seen in the works of the Carolingian and Ottonian period. A striking example of this is seen in the fact that even in eleventh-century paintings

[1] It is difficult to say precisely when and where the main outlines of these compositions, which are found with but slight variations throughout Europe, took on their traditional form, but the fact that in the Evangelary of Rossano, of Byzantine origin, some of them, notably the raising of Lazarus, are nearly complete, whereas in the later Cambridge Evangelary, of Western origin, the compositions resemble those of the first centuries of Christian art, points to the Eastern Empire and the sixth and seventh centuries as the time and place of their first elaboration.

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Christ and the Apostles are still represented at the Last Supper as reclining on couches in the Roman manner. But besides classic models, the artist of the West must have constantly had before him examples of the superior workmanship and refined design of Byzantine craftsmen. All through the Middle Ages Europe must have looked to Byzantium as the centre of a civilisation more effete, no doubt, but infinitely more perfect than any to be found elsewhere; and the Western craftsman looked upon Constantinople as the great storehouse of classic traditions in design and technical science, very much as Japan for centuries looked upon China.

Of this we have proof in the Byzantine origin of all mediæval treatises[1] on the technique of painting, and in the definite allusions to Constantinople in the treatise of the German monk Theophilus. In Italy especially we have documentary evidence of the importation of Byzantine works of art and of Byzantine artists whenever it was desired to decorate a building with unusual magnificence.

None the less the question of Byzantine influence on Western art is still the object of controversy, and no doubt the tendency to call all works of the Middle Ages in which a rigorously schematic design is apparent Byzantine has been carried too far. In many cases it is difficult to determine whether this system of schematic linear definition of form was developed by an independent evolution from the common stock of debased classic art working along parallel lines to the evolution of art in the Eastern Empire, or was due to external influence. But, even where Byzantine influence is most evident, there is always in Western art a tendency to vigorous action and expressive gesture in the figures, a vehemence and energy of movement which is the outcome of the cruder and robuster character of the Western nations. As an example of this, and also of the dependence of the West on Eastern traditions, we may take the celebrated Utrecht Psalter (Fig. 7). Here the

[1] See "Cennino Cennini," by Mrs. Herringham.

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Psalms are taken as the basis for the most extraordinary display of symbolical imagery it is possible to conceive. It is a revelation of what one imagines to have been the habitual sentiment of every contemplative soul in the midst of the social disorganisation of the dark ages. In most of these pen and ink drawings, executed with astonishing bravura, we find a similar composition: a rocky line of mountains stretches across the page, and groups of tiny figures in poses expressive of violent agitation suggest the turbulence and oppression of the wicked, while lonely figures on the mountain tops appeal with outstretched arms and bowed head to an imminent and menacing deity, who either listens to the cry of the oppressed or leaps from his seat of glory to deliver the sword of destruction to the ministers of his vengeance. Here again we have evidence of how the Middle Ages lived on the distorted remembrance of classical art. In composition, especially in the relation of figures to the landscape, this is based on that fascinating manner which came into fashion among the decorative painters of Nero's time. We have the same capricious treatment of tumbled rocks and hills, the same little temples and bridges half hidden by trees, the same fantastic fountains, and everywhere the same minute figures with the movement suggested by a few rapid indications. So strange and surprising is the likeness of this mediæval Psalter to Pompeiian boudoir decoration, that when one first opens it one imagines that the artist's intention is lyrical, that his illustrations are euphuistic conceits: gradually, however, one discovers that he is putting into these dainty *chinoiseries* a terrible significance of which his Roman originals had no conception. And what gives this fact a peculiar piquancy is that, wherever the original Psalter was produced (it is probably of Carolingian workmanship), it came to England in the tenth century, and there was used as a model by Anglo-Saxon artists. Two such copies, very inferior to this, exist, one in the British Museum and one at Cambridge, so that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had the Book of Psalms expounded to them by an imagery derived

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from the landscape art of the early Roman Empire, transmitted, one can hardly doubt in this case, through Byzantine sources. It is strange how long it took the new wine to burst the old bottles.

We have now arrived at some idea of the artistic forms which characterise the art of Europe and of the Eastern Empire up to the twelfth century: we have seen how the naturalistic art of pagan times was first changed into an art of elementary symbolism through incapacity and indifference, and how that elementary symbolism continued to be practised everywhere, in some parts with consummate technical ability and an intense though limited imaginative perception, in others with almost barbaric rudeness. Some twelfth-century Madonnas of Italian workmanship and the works of Margharitone of Arezzo, some of which are in the National Gallery, are good examples of how low European artists sank when they happened to escape Byzantine influence. Everywhere, then, at the beginning of the twelfth century we find the same schematic designs, the same rigid poses defined by harsh outlines and modelled by repeated contours; but in that century there was effected an extraordinary artistic revolution, the suddenness and universality of which suggests constant intercommunication between the artists of various countries. In the course of fifty years, as far as Northern Europe was concerned, the whole of that corrupt classic tradition was swept away and replaced by an entirely new art, in a sense the only really new and autochthonous art which Europe had seen since Greek art sprang in a similar way out of the decayed and crystallised traditions of older civilisations. And so like were the conditions, so like was the spirit with which the new nations of Europe looked upon life, that there are statues at Chartres and Rheims which might almost be mistaken for pre-Pheidian Attic sculpture.

And this new Gothic art was the first really Christian art. At last, nearly twelve hundred years after its foundation as a religion, the Christian ideal of character, the Christian view of

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life, was provided with an adequate artistic expression.[1] For, different as is the total effect of a Byzantine mosaic or an Anglo-Saxon miniature from a classical painting, we can trace either back step by step to its pagan original. At no point can we stop and say, Here the artist has seen some hint of beauty in nature which had never been seized before; at no point is there a new creative illuminating vision. But in Gothic or neo-Christian art a new ideal of character, a new sense of proportion, a new treatment of drapery, emerge.

It is in the Royal Domain of France that we find at once the earliest evidences and the highest achievements of this great revolution in the language of artistic expression. That France should thus give to Europe the great revelation of neo-Christian art was only natural, for it was in France that the ideals of mediæval life found their completest expression. France was not only the chief mover in the Crusades; it was the only nation that found in them the motive for an epic literature. The refinements of chivalry were essentially a French creation, and Paris was the centre of the scholastic learning of the time. Dante, Brunetto Latini, and Petrarch all came there to study. The whole of Italian poetry began by the imitation of French originals; and indeed it seemed at one time as though French might become the universal language of literary expression. We are, however, only concerned with the origins of Italian literature as a proof by analogy of the origins of Italian art; and indeed Dante's debt to Sordello will be found to be typical of the relation of Italy to France in art as well as in literature.

And the art which came into being in the Ile de France was

[1] If the word renaissance were used in its strict sense, it would be better to apply it to such a movement as this of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the result of mysterious forces immanent in the spirit of man, which at a given moment impel him to a new energy for life and a new beauty of expression, rather than to that passion for classical literature and thought which was in a sense only a by-product of the new activity, and which, if one dared to go against established custom, might be more aptly named the Reminiscence.

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perfectly expressive of the ideals of the time of Philippe Auguste and St. Louis. It was penetrated with the most passionate and tender religious feeling, infused with a peculiar sense of spiritual graciousness. But this, which by itself might have tended to sentimentality, was balanced by the influence of chivalry, which laid stress upon physical perfection, upon distinguished manners, and self-reliant athletic gestures.

If one compares a French illuminated manuscript of the early thirteenth century, such as the Psalter of Louis IX., with one of fifty years earlier, or one of the same date in England, where the old schematic linear design still lingered, the differences between the two manners become very evident.

The new manner is, in a sense, as stylistic as the older; there is scarcely any approach to imitative realism, but the decorative formula is not only far more beautiful in itself—it is more elastic. The system of gentle undulating curves which flow in unbroken sinuous lines from the head to the feet allows of a far greater truth to nature in the poses of the figures. But, most important of all, the repetitions of lines which the Byzantines loved have here given place to a feeling for planes, easily related to one another, so that the indications of real relief by light and shade have again become possible. Moreover, in the folds of the drapery there is a perception, instinctive as yet rather than scientific, of the possible effect of gravity on the stuffs of the garments. The folds, although conforming always to a preconceived rhythm, yet have the appearance of hanging from the points of support. But most important of all is the discovery of a new human type. For the first time since Greek times—at least, since the Antinous type was moulded on the portrait of a Bythinian—artists had created a consistent and harmonious type of face by an appeal to nature, by observing the men of their own time and country. For this type is clearly derived from a people of Germanic origin. It has their wavy blonde hair, their full prominent forehead; and, most distinctive characteristic of all, the eye-orbits, instead of being sharply cut in below the upper ridge, are filled by the superpalpebral fold.

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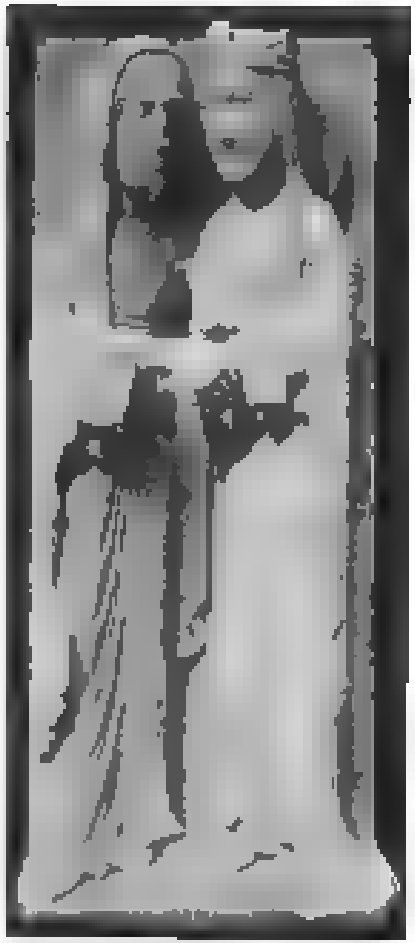

Fig. 8.—The Visitation.
Twelfth Century. Chartres.

Fig. 9.—The Visitation.
c. 1200. Chartres.

Fig. 10.—Thirteenth Century Sculpture.
Rheims.

But all these changes of form are, in fact, the outcome of a new ideal of character: at last the artist has found a type which will convey distinctly that gracious and self-respecting humility of bearing which was so essentially a Christian conception of character, and which classic art had never attempted, having never conceived of humility as other than a weakness. We have, then, in this new art evidences of a sudden increase in the feeling for pure sensuous charm and at the same time for spiritual grace. And it is this which gives to the finest work of the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries such a unique power that there is no conflict between sense and spirit, but out of a perfect union of the two each gains a rare intensity.

This change is illustrated here by sculptures from Chartres and Rheims in three stages. In the first "Visitation" (Fig. 8) the artist is still under the influence of that schematic design which has so long obtained; the type of the face, with its sharply-cut level eye-orbits, is still traceable to debased classic sources. In drapery and hair an abstract symbolism of lines instead of planes is still predominant, but in the expressions and the dramatic appropriateness of the poses there are already the signs of that new humanity of feeling which no Byzantine, however accomplished, ever attained to. It is a sure sign of the germination of a great art when, as here, the idea is conceived by the artist with such intensity of imaginative conviction that it can burst through the shell of ignorance and incapacity.

In the second "Visitation" (Fig. 9) the advance is already great: the modelling by successive contours is still evident, but it now only overlays a genuine modelling by means of planes whose relation is as yet but imperfectly grasped. The type still retains a suggestion of classical originals.

In the third example (Fig. 10), from Rheims, the change is complete. The type is purely neo-Christian; the drapery is made to explain the movement of the figure, which is rendered in broad planes, which are as instantly intelligible as they are melodious in rhythm.

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We have seen that throughout the Middle Ages every increase of social prosperity which brought with it keener intellectual and æsthetic perceptions was accompanied by a fresh return to classical models, and this great movement of Gothic art which determined the close of the debased classic traditions was no exception to the rule. For the sculptures of Chartres Cathedral were executed with the assistance of craftsmen from Provence, where a yet more precocious literary and artistic movement had already begun. And this movement, as far as art was concerned, was confined to a classical revival of the most striking nature. How perfectly the Provençal artists reproduced the architectural forms, the mouldings, and the sculptures of Roman art may be judged by the portal of St. Gilles reproduced here (Fig. 11).

In Italy, too, there were signs of an awakening, though a slower and a dreamier one than in France. And the dream that haunted her morning sleep was, as always for Italy, that of the greatness and splendour of ancient Rome. As early as the beginning of the eleventh century there had begun in Tuscany, in Florence especially, a tendency to revert to purer classical forms in architecture. Two great buildings remain in Florence to remind us that so long before it rose to municipal independence it was a centre of artistic enterprise and innovation. One is S. Miniato, begun in 1008. Any one who examines the large and simple disposition of masses of the façade and the exquisite precision of design of the mouldings will see that this is due to no mere vague remembrance of the classical tradition weakened by centuries of copying, such as one may find in a contemporary church like that at Bradford-on-Avon, but a conscious and purposeful return to the best examples of Roman art—a genuine proto-Renaissance. The other great monument of this movement is the Baptistery, the outside of which was one of the last works executed under the influence of this classic revival, so late indeed as the beginning of the thirteenth century. This work, done at a time when the French had thrown off all traces of classicism in their newly found art, is

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Fig. 41.—Doorway, St. Gilles

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so purely classical in proportion and design that one wonders that from such beginnings the Florentines did not at once proceed, in architecture at least, to the complete Renaissance of the fifteenth century. The cathedral just opposite is, however, sufficient proof of the subsequent victory even in Florence of French ideas.[1]

In other parts of Italy there are signs of a movement similar to that of Tuscany. The coins of Frederick II. show a distinct and successful return to Roman models. The contrast between these and the coins of the House of Anjou, who brought with them the French ideas of Gothic design, affords a striking instance of the way in which a classical revival everywhere preceded neo-Christian art. But perhaps the most important of all these indications of a new movement in Italy was the Roman school of mosaicists connected with the name of the Cosmati. Deriving their tradition from one of the periodical invasions of Byzantine craftsmen, they began in the thirteenth century to modify Byzantine forms by reference to the many classical mosaics which Rome still retained. A remarkable instance of this is seen in the apsidal mosaic of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome, executed by Jacopo Torriti, where, under the coronation of the Virgin, is represented a piece of water, with river deities, fishermen in boats, water-birds, fishes, and reeds—in short, the usual *staffage* of the romantic landscape decorators of the early Empire.

After what has been said, the significance of the work of Niccolo Pisano, who is usually considered as the first great Italian artist, will not be so difficult of apprehension, his emergence so mysterious, nor his art so self-contradictory as it

[1] What effect, if any, this Tuscan classic revival had on contemporary painting could be determined by reference to the one Florentine painting of the eleventh century which still remains. This is the painted crucifix, the head of which bent to S. Giovanni Gualberti in recognition of his piety in sparing the life of his enemy. On the evidence of Gualberti's friend and follower, we know that the crucifix to which the legend relates was deposited in S. Miniato; it is now in Sta. Trinita. Unfortunately it is almost impossible to obtain sight of it.

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usually appears. For Niccolo Pisano is credited in guide-books with being the herald of the Renaissance itself, while Ruskin with equal plausibility pointed to him as the first Gothic artist of Italy. In reality he was the culminating figure of that proto-Renaissance the traces of which we have found to be so widespread, and at the same time the first to import into Italy the new French idea.

That his imitation of classical sculpture was no mere personal whim or accidental discovery we might guess from the similar imitations on the part of the Provençal sculptors, but in Italy itself enough remains to indicate his indebtedness to his predecessors in the new taste for classic originals. In the cathedral at Siena is a sculpture by a Tuscan predecessor of Niccolo's, in which, in spite of clumsy proportions and feeble execution, the imitation of the antique is apparent in every detail. Niccolo Pisano was, however, the first Italian artist whose sense of the structure of the figure was keen enough to enable him to use his classical models, in the choice of which he was exceptionally fortunate, with real appreciation of their beauty. Indeed, he shows in the reliefs of the pulpit of the Pisan baptistery a sense of the pure plastic beauty of the figure, apart from its psychological expressiveness, such as very few artists even of the full Renaissance attained to, and which shows how profoundly he was imbued with the sentiment as well as the forms of classical sculpture. Certainly the Annunciation and Nativity (Fig. 12) were never rendered with so essentially Pagan an interpretation. The Virgin never received the divine message with such dignified self-possession as here, with a pose so little expressive of self-abasement or humility. Note especially the serene and easy movement of the right hand, a movement one might expect rather in Michaelangelo than in the first founder of a new art. The building in the background, in spite of its quatrefoil, is classical in its proportions and mouldings.

But when we turn from this to the pulpit at Pisa (Fig. 13), done only six years later (1266), we see that a most remarkable

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Fig. 12. — Panel of Pulpit, Baptistery, Pisa. — Niccolò Pisano, 1260.

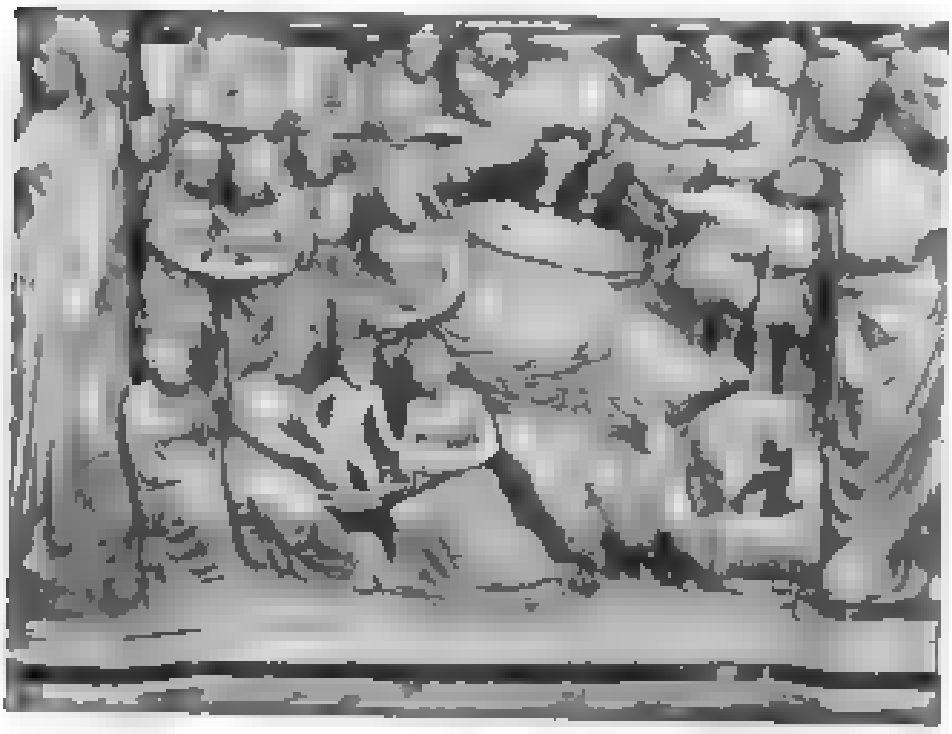

Fig. 13. — Panel of Pulpit in the Cathedral, Siena. — Niccolò Pisano, 1268.

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change has come over Niccolo's work. The Virgin no longer reclines with the Olympian self-possession of a Juno on her couch: vague mysterious yearnings trouble the repose of the features, and give to the figures an almost restless vitality; the Virgin and St. Elizabeth (the Visitation here replaces the Annunciation) gaze at each other with a new intensity; a whole new world of spiritual experiences has found expression. A measure of the change is given by a comparison of the right hand of the figure which encloses the panel to the left with the very similar pose of the Virgin's hand in the Annunciation of the Pisan pulpit. The mood conveyed by the gesture is totally distinct: instead of the serene and indifferent self-possession of the earlier work, this expresses a sentiment of tender and introspective humility.

How, then, are we to explain this remarkable change in Niccolo's work brought about in so short a period as six years? In 1260, when he executed the Pisan pulpit, Niccolo was no longer a young man: he was by then an accomplished and perfectly formed master; there was nothing inherent in his training or his temperament that would impel him to such a sudden and complete change of aim. The little chapel in the background of the Siena panel gives, I think, a clue to the explanation, for this building, with its sharply-pointed gables, its tiled roof, and pointed turrets, is an Italianised version of a French Gothic structure. In what way Niccolo thus came under French influences it is not possible to say. He may have actually travelled in France, he may have come across a French sculptor in Italy (at this time many French sculptors and architects were employed in the kingdom of Naples by the Angevin rulers), or he may have obtained his conception of the new art from the ivory reliefs for which the French artists were universally celebrated.

That this change was inaugurated by Niccolo himself and not by his son Giovanni, as is sometimes asserted, is evident from the fact that the Siennese pulpit was executed when Giovanni was only sixteen years old. None the less it is in the

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work of Giovanni that the neo-Christian ideals find their completest expression.

Even in his masterpiece, the pulpit of the Duomo at Pisa, one panel of which is reproduced here (Fig. 14), there are faint traces of that classical design and treatment which his father must have taught him. This is seen in the proportions and modelling of the dog in the left-hand bottom corner; but the sentiment of the whole composition is far more closely allied to contemporary French sculpture. Giovanni did not inherit his father's extreme sensitiveness to the pure beauty of the human figure—he was too entirely neo-Christian in his aims ever to cultivate that—he attained, to a degree unsurpassed even by Donatello and Michaelangelo, the power of making the body transparent to the spirit. No other sculptor knew how to select with such certainty or to render with such uncompromising directness those ridges and hollows of features or drapery by which the emotion which animates the figure is conveyed. Not even Giotto himself could surpass the passionate intensity with which Giovanni Pisano has here conceived the Adoration.

So far we have considered the various artistic antecedents of the great development of Italian painting in the thirteenth century. We shall find that all these influences are brought to a focus in the decoration of the Church of S. Francesco at Assisi, which may be considered as the cradle of Italian, above all of Florentine, painting.

But before proceeding to that subject it will be convenient to consider here very briefly the works of the early Siennese school. The presence in Siena of a number of Byzantine paintings, which have been there ever since the thirteenth century, suggests the probability that Siena, which arrived at municipal self-consciousness even before Florence, had called in the aid of Byzantine masters for the decoration of her churches. Before this importation of Byzantine masters Siennese art was of that crude, almost barbaric, type to which the early Christian classic style had by that time degenerated. One such work, a Madonna and Child, is in the Gallery at Siena,

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Photo Alinari, Florence

Fig. 21.—Panel of Pulpit of Duomo, Pisa. Giovanni Pisano. 1311

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where it affords a striking contrast to the accomplished productions of Eastern artists. In the works of Guido da Siena Byzantine influence already completely overshadows the original native tradition, but it is in the works of Duccio di Buoninsegno that it finds its most perfect expression.

In looking at Duccio's works for the first time we are startled by an extraordinary paradox. For in Duccio we have the first Italian painter of surpassing merit, and we expect to find in the work of a man who was older than Giotto the rude and vigorous vitality of a germinating art. We expect to see the struggle of genius with the untamed facts of nature, the keenness and freshness of youth overcoming, by sheer force of will and intensity of desire, the difficulties due to ignorance and inexperience. But when we look at Duccio's great altar-piece at Siena we find an artist who is fluent and accomplished, one who executes with certainty and ease everything he attempts. There is nothing here that is tentative or experimental. The fact is that Duccio's art is hundreds of years maturer, more staid and less naïve, than Giotto's. Certain types, it is true, that belong rather to the new French conceptions, find their way into the kneeling figures of his Maesta, but in the cycle of New Testament subjects on the back of the altar-piece he shows himself entirely subject to the Byzantine tradition; and the tradition thus adopted by him had been so thoroughly organised and exploited, the types had been so constantly refined on, so often distilled, as it were, by successive generations of artists, that there are some who feel in looking at his work that it is academic and over-ripe. He arouses in them the same feeling of staleness and cold accomplishment which they get from the works of the later Rafaelesque and Michaelangelesque designers. Certainly Duccio's work is a striking proof that artistic accomplishment and facility of execution have nothing to do with the extent of the artist's knowledge of natural forms. It depends rather on the artist's attitude—whether he is trying to compress fresh observations of nature into his formula, or whether he is concentrating his

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powers, as Duccio did, upon the perfect rendering of already well-ascertained facts.

In the Entry into Jerusalem (Fig. 15), one of the scenes on the back of Duccio's great altarpiece at Siena, this is borne out. For this was not finished till 1310. Duccio must by then have been an elderly man: he must already have seen examples of the new Italian ideals which first found expression at S. Francesco at Assisi; and yet how purely Byzantine he remains! He has modified the traditional Byzantine composition of the scene (*cf.* the Palermo mosaic) with great increase in verisimilitude; he has curved the road round so that a view of the town forms a background to the figures. Then again, by placing the spectator so that he looks on at the scene from a roadside garden, he adds a convincing detail, while the general movement of the crowd is extraordinarily vivid and in a sense true. In the town itself the buildings are modified into something resembling Italian Romanesque architecture; but in the types of the faces and movements of the figures Duccio is entirely conservative of the old tradition. The action of the Christ is almost identical with that in the Palermo mosaic, with the conventional gesture of command, the hand turned downwards and the fingers slightly crooked. Everywhere the gestures of the arms, with the elbow held close to the body and hands sticking out from the unstructural involutions of the draperies, show the perfunctory and rhetorical manner of the old tradition rather than any fresh observation of gesture as expressive of states of feeling.

In all the scenes of the altarpiece the same holds true. It is not in the dramatic vividness of the gesture and expression of individual figures, but in the silhouetting of the groups and their distribution in the panel, that Duccio's great imaginative power is felt. The swaying crowds beneath the vast outlines of the crosses in the crucifixion, the pathetic yearning implied in the mere outline of the group which stretches up to receive the dead body in the deposition, the retreating curves of the three Maries (Fig. 16), expressive of their amazement at the

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Photo. Lombardi, Siena

FIG. 13. Entry into Jerusalem. From the back of Altar piece, Opera del Duomo, Siena. Duccio di Buoninsegna, 1318

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Fig. 16.—The Maries at the Sepulchre. Duccio's Altar-piece, Siena

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supernatural apparition which they find so majestically and negligently poised on the edge of the sepulchre—these are the means by which Duccio makes his appeal to our imaginations, and not by any intimate understanding of the individual actors of his scenes. In his insistence on the awfulness of the supernatural vision at the sepulchre rather than on the human elements of the event he proclaims his sympathy with the Byzantine ideals, his distinctness from the new dramatic conceptions which the purer Italians had already begun to realise. Duccio was, in fact, a master of verisimilitude rather than of dramatic verity, a master of elegance rather than vitality. He was far more the finished product of the old Christian debased classic tradition as practised at Constantinople than the herald of that neo-Christian art, the emergence of which in painting will form the subject of the next essay.

ROGER E. FRY.

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"T. E. B."[1]

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN was born on May 5, 1830, at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where his father held the living of St. Matthew's. Sixty-five years later he wrote his last verses to aid a fund raised for a new St. Matthew's Church, and characteristically had to excuse himself in a letter penetrated with affection for the old plain edifice and its memories.

> I was baptized there; almost all whom I loved and revered were associated with its history. . . . "The only church in Douglas where the poor go"—I dare say that is literally true. But I believe it will continue to be so. . . . I postulate the continuity. . . .

I quote these words (and so leave them for a while) with a purpose, aware how trivial they may seem to the reader. But to those who had the privilege of knowing "Brown" that cannot be trivial which they feel to be characteristic and in some degree explicative of the man: and with this "I postulate the continuity" we touch accurately and simply for once a note which sang in many chords of the most vocal, not to say orchestral, nature it has ever been my lot to meet.

Let us record, and have done with, the few necessary incidents of what was by choice a *vita fallens* and "curiously devoid of incident." The boy was but two years old when the

[1] "Letters of Thomas Edward Brown," author of "Fo'c'sle Yarns." Edited with an Introductory Memoir by Sidney T. Irwin. Archibald Constable & Co. 1900.

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family removed to Kirk Braddan Vicarage, near Douglas; the sixth of ten children of a witty and sensible Scots mother and a father whose nobly humble idiosyncrasies continued in his son and are worthy to live longer in his description of them:

> To think of a *Parson* respecting men's vices even; not as vices, God forbid! but as parts of *them*, very likely all but inseparable from them; at any rate, *theirs*. Pitying with an eternal pity, but not exposing, not rebuking. My father would have considered he was "taking a liberty" if he had confronted the sinner with his sin. Doubtless he carried this too far. But don't suppose for a moment that the "weak brethren" thought he was conniving at their weakness. Not they—they saw the delicacy of his conduct. You don't think, do you? that these poor souls are incapable of appreciating delicacy. God only knows how far down into their depths of misery the sweetness of that delicacy descends. . . . He loved sincerity, truth, and modesty. It seemed as if he felt that, with these virtues, the others could not fail to be present.

Add to this that the Vicar of Kirk Braddan, though of no University, was a scholar in grain: was, for example, so fastidious about composition that he would make his son read some fragment of an English classic to him before answering an invitation! "To my father style was like the instinct of personal cleanliness." Again we touch notes which echoed through the life of his son—who worshipped continuity.

From a course of tuition divided between his father and the parish schoolmaster, Brown went, at fifteen and over, to King William's College, and became its show scholar; thence, by the efforts of well-meaning friends (but at the cost of much subsequent pain), to Christ Church, Oxford, as a servitor. He won his double first; but he has left on record an account of a servitor's position at Christ Church in the early fifties, and to Brown the spiritual humiliation can have been little less than one long dragging anguish. He had, of course, his intervals of high spirits; but (says Mr. Irwin), "there is no doubt he did not exaggerate what the position was to him. I have heard him refer to it over and over again with a dispassionate bitterness there was no mistaking." Dean Gaisford absolutely refused to nominate him, after his two first classes, to a fellowship, though all the resident Dons wished it. "A servitor never has

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been elected student—*ergo*, he never shall be." Brown admired Gaisford and always spoke kindly of him "in all his dealings with me." Yet the night after he won his double first was "one of the most intensely miserable I was ever called to endure." Relief, and of the right kind, came with his election as Fellow of Oriel in April 1854. In those days an Oriel Fellowship still kept and conveyed its peculiar distinction; and the brilliant young scholar had at length the ball at his feet.

"This is none of your empty honours," he wrote to his mother; "it gives me an income of about £300 per annum, as long as I choose to reside at Oxford, and about £220 in cash if I reside elsewhere. In addition to this it puts me in a highly commanding position for pupils, so that on the whole I have every reason to expect that (except perhaps the first year) I shall make between £500 and £600 altogether per annum. So you see, my dear mother, that your prayers have not been unanswered, and that God will bless the generation of those who humbly strive to serve Him. . . . I have not omitted to remark that the election took place on April 21, the anniversary of your birth and marriage."

How did he use his opportunity? "He never took kindly to the life of an Oxford fellow," thinks Dr. Fowler (an old schoolfellow of Brown's, now President of Corpus and Vice-Chancellor of the University). Mr. Irwin quotes another old friend, Archdeacon Moore, to much the same effect. Their explanations lack something of definiteness. After a few terms of private pupils Brown returned to the Island and there accepted the office of Vice-Principal of his old school. We can only be sure that his reasons were honourable and sufficed for him; we may include among them, if we choose, that *nostalgia* which haunted him all his days, until fate finally granted his wish and sent him back to his beloved Argos "for good."

In the following year (1857) he married his cousin, Miss Stowell, daughter of Dr. Stowell, of Ramsay; and soon after left King William's College to become "by some strange mischance" Head Master of the Crypt School, Gloucester. Of this "Gloucester episode"—as he called it—nothing needs to be recorded except that he hated the whole business and,

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incidentally, that one of his pupils was Mr. W. E. Henley—destined to gather into his *National Observer*, many years later, many blooms of Brown's last and not least memorable efflorescence in poesy.

From Gloucester he was summoned, in what I shall dare to call a fortunate day, by Mr. Percival (now Bishop of Hereford), who had recently been appointed to Clifton College, then a struggling new foundation, soon to be lifted by him into the ranks of the great Public Schools. Mr. Percival wanted a man to take the Modern Side; and, as fate orders these things, consulted the friend reserved by fate to be his own successor at Clifton—Mr. Wilson (now Archdeacon of Manchester). Mr. Wilson was an old King William's boy; knew Brown, and named him.

"Mr. Wilson having told me about him," writes the Bishop, "I made an appointment to see him in Oxford, and there, as chance would have it, I met him standing at the corner of St. Mary's Entry, in a somewhat Johnsonian attitude, four-square, his hands deep in his pockets to keep himself still, and looking decidedly *volcanic*. We very soon came to terms, and I left him there under promise to come to Clifton as my colleague at the beginning of the following Term; and needless to say, St. Mary's Entry has had an additional interest to me ever since. Sometimes I have wondered, and it would be worth a good deal to know, what thoughts were crossing through that richly-furnished teeming brain as he stood there by St. Mary's Church, with Oriel College in front of him, thoughts of his own struggles and triumphs, and of all the great souls that had passed to and fro over the pavement around him; and all set in the lurid background of the undergraduate life to which he had been condemned as a servitor at Christ Church."

Was he happy in his many years' work at Clifton? On the whole, and with some reservation, we may say "Yes"—"yes," although in the end he escaped from it gladly and enjoyed his escape. One side of him, no doubt, loathed formality and routine; he was, as he often proclaims himself, a nature-loving, somewhat intractable Celt; and if one may hint at a fault in him, it was that now and then he soon *tired*. A man so spendthrift of emotion is bound at times to knock on the bottom of his emotional coffers; and no doubt he was true *to a mood* when he wrote:

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I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill
My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod,
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!

Alert, I seek exactitude of rule,
I step and square my shoulders with the squad,
But there are blaeberries on old Barrule,
And Langness has its heather still—thank God!

—with the rest of the rebellious stanzas. We may go farther and allow that he played with the mood until he sometimes forgot on which side lay seriousness and on which side humour. Still it *was* a mood; and it was Brown, after all, who wrote "Planting":

Who would be planted chooseth not the soil
Or here or there,
Or loam or peat
Wherein he best may grow,
And bring forth guerdon of the planter's toil—
The lily is most fair,
But says not "I will only blow
Upon a southern land"; the cedar makes no coil
What rock shall owe
The springs that wash his feet;
The crocus cannot arbitrate the foil
That for his purple radiance is most meet—
Lord, even so
I ask one prayer,
The which if it be granted,
It skills not where
Thou plantest me, only I would be planted.

"You don't care for school-work [he writes to an Old Cliftonian] . . . I demur to your statement that when you take up schoolmastering your leisure for this kind of thing will be practically gone. Not at all. If you have the root of the matter in you the school-work will insist upon this kind of thing as a relief. My plan always was to recognise two lives as necessary—the one the outer Kapelistic life of drudgery, the other the inner and cherished life of the spirit. It is true that the one has a tendency to kill the other, but it must not, and you must see that it does not. . . . The pedagogic is needful for bread and butter, also for a certain form of joy; of the inner life you know what I think."

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These are wise words, and I believe they represent Brown more truly than utterances which only seem more genuine because less deliberate. He was as a housemaster excellent, with an excellence not achievable by men whose hearts are removed from their work; he awoke and enjoyed fervent friendships and the enthusiastic admiration of many youngsters; he must have known of these enthusiasms, and was not the man to condemn them; he had the abiding assurance of assisting in a kind of success which he certainly respected. He longed for the day of emancipation, to return to his Island; he was impatient; but I must decline to believe he was unhappy.

Indeed, his presence sufficiently denied it. How shall I describe him? A sturdy, thick-set figure, inclining to rotundity, yet athletic; a face extraordinarily mobile, bushy grey eyebrows, eyes at once deeply and radiantly human, yet holding the primitive faun in their coverts; a broad mouth made for broad natural laughter, hearty without loudness. "There are nice Rabelaisians, and there are nasty; but the latter are not Rabelaisians." "I have an idea," he claimed, "that my judgment within this area is infallible." And it was. All honest laughter he welcomed as a Godlike function.

> God sits upon His hill,
> And sees the shadows fly;
> And if he laughs at fools, why should He not?

And for that matter, why should not we? Though at this point his fine manners intervened, correcting, counselling moderation. "I am certain God made fools for us to enjoy, but there must be *an economy of joy* in the presence of a fool; you must not betray your enjoyment." Imagine all this overlaid with a certain portliness of bearing, suggestive of the high and dry Oxford scholar. Add something of the parsonic (he was ordained Deacon before leaving Oxford, but did not proceed to Priest's orders till near the end of his time at Clifton); add a simple natural piety which purged the parsonic of all "churchiness."

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> This silence and solitude are to me absolute food [he writes from the Clifton College Library on the morning of Christmas Day 1875], especially after all the row and worry at the end of Term. . . . Where are the men and women? Well, now look here, you'll not mention it again. They're all in church. See how good God is! See how He has placed these leitourgic traps in which people, especially disagreeable people, get caught—and lo! the universe for me!!! me—me. . . .

I have mentioned his fine manners, and with a certain right, since it once fell to me—a blundering innocent in the hands of fate—to put them to severest proof. A candidate for a scholarship at Clifton—awkward, and abominably conscious of it, and sensitive—I had been billeted on Brown's hospitality without his knowledge. The mistake (I cannot tell who was responsible) could not be covered out of sight; it was past all aid of kindly dissimulation by the time Brown returned to the house to find the unwelcome guest bathing in shame upon his doorstep. Can I say more than that he took me into the family circle—by no means an expansive one, or accustomed, as some are, to open gleefully to intruders—and for the inside of a week treated me with a consideration so quiet and pleasant, so easy yet attentive, that his dearest friend or most distinguished visitor could not have demanded more? A boy notes these things, and remembers. . . . "If I lose my manners," Mr. Irwin quotes him as saying once over some trivial forgetfulness, "what is to become of me!" He was shy, too, like the most of his countrymen—"jus' the shy"—but with a proud reserve as far removed as possible from sham humility—being all too sensible and far too little of a fool to blink his own eminence of mind, though willing on all right occasions to forget it. "Once," records Mr. Irwin, "when I remarked on the omission of his name in an article on 'Minor Poets,' in one of the magazines, he said, with a smile, 'Perhaps I am among the major!'" That smile had just sufficient irony—no more.

To this we may add a passion for music and a passion for external nature—external to the most of us, but so closely knit with his own that to be present at his ecstasies was like assisting

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a high priest of elemental mysteries reserved for him and beyond his power to impart. And yet we are beating about the bush and missing the essential man; for he was imprehensible. "Volcanic," the Bishop of Hereford calls him, and must go to the Bay of Naples to fetch home a simile.

> We can find plenty of beauty in the familiar northern scenes; but we miss the pent-up forces, the volcanic outbursts, the tropic glow, and all the surprising manifold and tender and sweet-scented outpourings of soil and sunshine, so spontaneous, so inexhaustibly rich, and with the heat of a great fire burning and palpitating underneath all the time.

Natures more masterfully commanding I have known: never one more remarkable. In the mere possession of him, rather than in his direct influence, all Cliftonians felt themselves rich. We were at least as proud of him as Etonians of the author of "Ionica." But no comparisons will serve. Falstaffian—with a bent of homely piety; Johnsonian—with a fiery Celtic heat and a passionate adoration of nature: all such epithets fail as soon as they are uttered. The man was at once absolute and Protean: entirely sincere, and yet a different being to each separate friend. "There was no getting to the end of Brown."

I have said that we—those of us, at any rate, who were not of Brown's House—were conscious of a rich and honourable possession in him, rather than of an active influence. Yet that influence must not be underrated. Clifton, as I first knew it, was already a great school, although less than twenty years old. But to a new-comer, even more impressive than its success among schools, or its aspirations, was a firmness of tradition which (I dare to say) would have been remarkable in a foundation of five times its age. It had already its type of boy; and having discovered it and how to produce it, fell something short of tolerance towards other types. For the very reason which allows me with decency to call the type an admirable one, I may be excused for adding that the tradition demanded some patience of those who could not easily manage to conform with it. But there the tradition stood, permanently rooted in a school not twenty years old. Is it fanciful to hold that Brown's

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passion for "continuity" had much to do with planting and confirming it? Mr. Irwin quotes for us a passage from one of his sermons to the school: "Suffer no chasm to interrupt this glorious tradition. . . . Continuous life . . . that is what we want—to feel the pulses of hearts that are now dust." Did this passage occur, I wonder, in the sermon of which I rather remember a fierce, hopeless, human protest against "change and decay?"—the voice ringing down on each plea, "What do the change-and-decay people say to *that?*"

"I postulate the continuity." Vain postulate it often seems, yet of all life Brown demanded it. Hear him as he speaks of his wife's death in a letter to a friend:

> "My dear fellow-sufferer, what is it after all? Why this sinking of the heart, this fainting, sorrowing of the spirit? There is no separation: life is continuous. All that was stable and good, good and therefore stable, in our union with the loved one, is unquestionably permanent, will endure for ever. It cannot be otherwise. . . . When love has done its full work, has wrought soul into soul so that every fibre has become part of the common life—*quis separabit?* Can you conceive yourself as existing at all without *her?* No, you can't; well, then, it follows that you don't, and never will."

I believe it to have been this passion for continuity that bound and kept him so absolute a Manxman, drawing his heart so persistently back to the island that there were times (one may almost fancy) when the prospect of living his life out to the end elsewhere seemed to him a treachery to his parents' dust. I believe this same passion drew him—master as he was of varied and vocal English—to clothe the bulk of his poetry in the Manx dialect, and thereby to miss his mark with the public, which inevitably mistook him for a rustic singer, a man of the people, imperfectly educated.

> I would not be forgotten in this land—

This line of another true poet of curiously similar temperament[1] has haunted me through the reading of Brown's letters. But Brown's was no merely selfish craving for continuity—to be remembered. By a fallacy of thought, perhaps, but by a very

[1] R. S. Hawker. "The Quest of the Sangreal."

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noble one, he transferred the ambition to those for whom he laboured. His own terror that Time might obliterate the moment,

> And all this personal dream be fled—

became for his countrymen a very spring of helpfulness. *Antiquam exquirite matrem:* he would do that which they, in poverty and the stress of earning daily bread, were careless to do: would explore for them the ancient springs of faith and custom.

> Dear countrymen, whate'er is left to us
> Of ancient heritage—
> Of manners, speech, of humours, polity,
> The limited horizon of our stage—
> Old love, hope, fear,
> All this I fain would fix upon the page;
> That so the coming age,
> Lost in the empire's mass,
> Yet haply longing for their fathers, here
> May see, as in a glass,
> What they held dear—
> May say, "'Twas thus and thus
> They lived"; and as the time-flood onward rolls
> Secure an anchor for their Keltic souls.

This was his task, and the public of course set him down for a rustic. "What ought I to do?" he demands. "Shall I put on my next title-page, 'Late Fellow of Oriel, etc.?' or am I always to abide under this ironic cloak of rusticity?" To be sure, on consideration (if the public ever found time to consider), the language and feeling of the poems were penetrated with scholarship. He entered his countrymen's hearts; but he also could, and did, stand outside and observe them with affectionate comprehending humour. Scholarship saved him, too—not always, but as a rule—from that emotional excess to which he knew himself most dangerously prone. He assigns it confidently to his Manx blood; but his mother was Scottish by descent, and from my experience of what the Lowland Scot can do in the way of pathos when he lets himself go, I take leave to doubt that the Manxman was wholly to blame. 'There

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can, however, be no doubt that the author of "The Doctor," of "Catherine Kinrade," of "Mater Dolorosa," described himself accurately as a "born sobber"; or that an acquired self-restraint saved him from a form of intemperance by which of late our literature has been somewhat too copiously afflicted.

To scholarship, too, imposed upon and penetrating a taste naturally catholic, we owe the rare flavour of the many literary judgments scattered about his letters. They have a taste of native earth, beautifully rarefied; to change the metaphor, they illuminate the page with a kind of lambent common-sense. For a few examples:

I have also read a causerie on Virgil and one on Theocritus. So many French *littérateurs* give me the idea that they don't go nearer the Greek authors than the Latin translations. . . . Sainte Beuve ["Nouveaux Lundis," vii. 1–52, on "The Greek Anthology"] is an enthusiastic champion for our side, but, oddly enough, he never strikes me as knowing much about the matter!

Your Latin verses [translating Cowley] I greatly enjoy. The dear old Abraham goes straight off into your beautiful lines. Of course he has not a scrap of modern *impedimenta*. You go through the Customs at the frontier with a whistle and a smile. You have *nothing to declare*. The blessed old man by your side is himself a Roman to begin with, and you pass together as cheerfully as possible. . . .

I have also been reading Karl Elze's "Essays on Shakespeare." He is not bad, but don't you resent the imperturbable confidence of men who, after attributing a play of Shakespeare's to two authors, proceed to suggest a third, urged thereto by some fatuous and self-sought exigency?

Did you ever try to write a Burns song? I mean, the equivalent in ordinary English of his Scotch. Can it be done? A Yorkshireman—could he do it? A Lancashire man (Waugh)? I hardly think so. The Ayrshire dialect has a *Schwung* and a confidence that no English county can pretend to. Our dialects are apologetic things, half-ashamed, half-insolent. Burns has no doubts, and for his audience unhesitatingly demands the universe. . . .

There is an ἦθος in Fitzgerald's letters which is so exquisitely idyllic as to be almost heavenly. He takes you with him, exactly accommodating his pace to yours, walks through meadows so tranquil, and yet abounding in the most delicate surprises. And these surprises seem so familiar, just as if they had originated with yourself. What delicious blending! What a perfect interweft of thought and diction! What a *sweet* companion!

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Lastly, let me quote a passage in which his thoughts return to Clifton, where it had been suggested that Greek should be omitted from the ordinary form-routine and taught in "sets," or separate classes.

> This is disturbing about Greek, "set" Greek. Yes, you would fill your school to overflowing, of course you would, so long as other places did not abandon the old lines. But it would be detestable treachery to the cause of education, of humanity. To me the *learning* of any blessed thing is a matter of little moment. Greek is not learned by nineteen-twentieths of our Public School boys. But it is a baptism into a cult, a faith, not more irrational than other faiths or cults; the baptism of a regeneration which releases us from I know not what original sin. And if a man does not see that, he is a fool, such a fool that I shouldn't wonder if he gravely asked me to explain what I meant by original sin in such a connection. . . .

So his thoughts reverted to the school he had left in 1892. In October, 1897, he returned to it on a visit. He was the guest of one of the house-masters, Mr. Tait, and on Friday evening, October 29, gave an address to the boys of the House. He had spoken for some minutes with brightness and vigour, when his voice grew thick and he was seen to stagger. He died in less than two hours.

Of the letters collected and now piously given to the world by Mr. Irwin, one of his closest friends, by far the greatest number belong to those last five years in the Island—the happiest, perhaps, of his life, certainly the happiest temperamentally. "Never the time and the place . . ." but at least Brown was more fortunate than most men. He realised his dream, and it did not disappoint him. He could not carry off his friends to share it (and it belongs to criticism of these volumes to say that he was exceptionally happy in his friends), but he could return and visit them or stay at home and write to them concerning the realisation, and be sure they understood. Therefore, although we desire more letters of the Clifton period—although twenty years are omitted, left blank to us—we can believe what we have to surpass what we miss. These volumes are not only fascinating: they confirm a fame which, although never wide, was always unquestioned within

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its range. There could be no possibility of doubt concerning Brown. He was absolute. He lived a fierce, shy, spiritual life; a wise man, keeping the child in his heart: he loved much and desired permanence in the love of his kind. "Diuturnity," says his great seventeenth-century namesake, "is a dream and folly of expectation. There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality." And yet, *proxit amâsse!*

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

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ON LOSS OF TIME

WHOEVER first used the expression, *Oceans of Time*, it was a good one; for there is nothing comparable to Time's vastness except the vasty deep of Space. Yet the converse, *Eternities of Space*, has never found its way into language. Which proves that words may be interchangeable one way and not the other—an inconvenient fact for makers of maxims.

How much time there was about the world in the days of the Patriarchs! They took as long over life as if they were trees. Ben Jonson says "a lily of a day" is a prettier thing than an oak. Perhaps our lives are "prettier" than Abraham's. But how their ages became them! The Fates were young then —they could well afford something over the pitiful threescore years and ten. A man was in his first youth at forty—in the prime of life at seventy or eighty. Presumably it is the invention of clocks that shortened time. As soon as men began to measure the immeasurable, it shrank like Balzac's *peau de chagrin*. It shrank, that is to say, in their estimation; for a minute now is as long as it was under the oaks of Mamre. "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," and nothing long or short neither. Because they thought there was less time, there was less time for them. The first clock was a great murderer and the father of a long line of murderers more destructive than Cain. The first steam-engine ran that clock hard.

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He Died of Catching the Train.

If tombstones ever told the truth, would not these words be inscribed on thousands of them? The suicidal atmosphere of a station poisons the very springs of existence. Who can resist the fancy of a race with time? To lose fifty years and win five minutes, must appeal to the gambling instincts of man.

But one will say, there is a pleasant annihilation of the sense of time, as in dreams, during a long railway journey. I am not concerned to deny it. Such an experience may prove agreeable—it may even (if not indulged in too often) conduce to longevity, if the journey be a journey through flat, plain land and the scenery minds its own business, running opposite the train close by and the same way in the distance. To pass through scenery which makes any other claim on the traveller's observation, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, is acute pain. "Stop! Stop!" cries the Will. And Reason answers, "Your life is not in danger, you will have to pay a fine not exceeding £40 if you ring the alarm bell."

Still, on a long railway journey, man is delivered from visitors, letters, telegrams. He is as free as if he were dead. Friends and foes are alike powerless to injure him. If he have but secured the proper book, he may taste the joys of literature as he never could in a house whereof a butler or a parlourmaid is an inhabitant. But then it must be a book that goes fast. Locke on "The Human Understanding" should not be taken, nor "The Bride of Lammermoor."

Books take their time, and readers know it. One of my acquaintance could not away with "Roderick Hudson" because it "went too slow," with "Phroso" because it "went too fast." He was a man who liked the "great *still* books" of a roomier age. How leisurely is the most bustling of Shakespeare's comedies beside the breathless modern farce! And it is the stage-manager—not Shakespeare—who lets the curtain fall

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when Hamlet dies. Shakespeare had plenty of time to tell us what happened afterwards.[1]

There is food for wonder in the reflection that the days which fly so fast for us in the rattle of grown-up life are but creeping for children. A child's day is forty-eight hours long at least. Who does not remember those long, slow days of the nursery—those torturing eternities of black night that divided them? Was it half-an-hour that I spent sailing to a desert island—weaving a rope-ladder up to my airy tent in a tree there—establishing a whole family? Was it half-an-hour that I spent with my head under the bed-clothes because of the lion couchant beneath the wash-hand stand? Reason says it was; but if Time be, as Kant declares, only a mode of Thought, who will not give Reason the lie?

The chief among the eight original Forest Lovers, when she spoke of Time, figured it to herself as a horse. If the rider were a girl about to be married, the horse would not go faster than a jog-trot. When a priest who did not know Latin, or a rich man who had never felt the pangs of gout bestrode him, he ambled. If a thief *en route* for the gallows were the equestrian, he galloped. If it were a lawyer in the Vacation, he stood still. Is it true that nothing except Fear will urge Time to his wildest pace? Then, in the last day of the man condemned, there is yet something enviable. But has not the metaphorical horse run away with the truth? "Oh, how delightful is Fear *in the open air!*" If the thief were literally riding for his life, time would fly (not a doubt of it), but between the four walls of a cell——? Mortal sickness is like imprisonment, and invalids find time hang heavy on their hands even when sentence has been pronounced.

The hour-glass makes us think of Time as if it were sand—the favourite hymn,

> Time, like an ever-rolling stream,

persuades us that it is water. Yet, by a river side, all con-

[1] There are signs of reaction from the stage-manager. Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Benson have revived Fortinbras.

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sciousness of Time departs. To watch flowing water is to be asleep with the eyes open, and to sleep, whether with open eyes or closed, is, in the only true meaning of the word, to *lose* time. Precious disadvantage! This is to be immortal. What have the gods to do with time? Yet men lament the loss—think they cannot afford it. And perhaps they are right.

There is a story told of Roger Bacon, the man who is responsible for all the damage wrought by gunpowder, to the effect that he learnt, after long study, that he would be able to surround England with a wall of brass if he could only make a brazen head first that would speak. Accordingly he invited a devil to help him and a friar named Bungey—ominous name for one engaged in such a delicate task!—and set to work. They made a splendid headpiece of sounding brass. They ascertained that within a month it would certainly speak, and night and day they watched beside it. But, after an uninterrupted vigil of three weeks, worn out with weariness, they fell asleep, having first ordered a servant, Miles, to watch, and to awake them if he heard anything.

Half-an-hour afterwards the head said: "Time is!"

But Miles thought it was not worth while to disturb his master for such a remark as that.

Half-an-hour later the head said: "Time was!"

But Miles thought it no stranger than before.

Yet half-an-hour and the head said: "Time's past!"

After which it fell, with a fearful crash. And to this day England has no wall of brass about her.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

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THE NILE

An Ode for the Inauguration of the Gordon College at Khartoum

OUT of the unknown South,
Through the dark lands of drouth,
Far wanders ancient Nile in slumber gliding:
Clear-mirrored in his dream
The deeds that haunt his stream
Flash out and fade like stars in midnight sliding.
Long since, before the life of man
Rose from among the lives that creep,
With Time's own tide began
That still mysterious sleep,
Only to cease when Time shall reach the eternal deep.

From out his vision vast
The early gods have passed,
They waned and perished with the faith that made them;
The long phantasmal line
Of Pharaohs crowned divine
Are dust among the dust that once obeyed them.
Their land is one mute burial mound
Save when across the drifted years
Some chant of hollow sound,
Some triumph blent with tears,
From Memnon's lips at dawn wakens the desert meres.

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O Nile, and can it be
No memory dwells with thee
  Of Grecian lore and the sweet Grecian singer?
The legions' iron tramp,
The Goths' wide-wandering camp,
  Had these no fame that by thy shore might linger?
Nay, then must all be lost indeed,
  Lost too the swift pursuing might
That cleft with passionate speed
  Aboukir's tranquil night,
  And shattered in mid-swoop the great world-eagle's flight.

Yet have there been on earth
Spirits of starry birth,
  Whose splendour rushed to no eternal setting:
They over all endure,
Their course through all is sure,
  The dark world's light is still of their begetting.
Though the long past forgotten lies,
  Nile! in thy dream remember him
Whose like no more shall rise
  Above our twilight's rim
  Until the immortal dawn shall make all glories dim.

For this man was not great
By gold or kingly state,
  Or the bright sword, or knowledge of earth's wonder;
But more than all his race
He saw life face to face
  And heard the still small voice above the thunder.
O river, while thy waters roll
  By yonder white deserted tomb,
There, where so clear a soul
  So shone through gathering doom,
  Thou and thy land shall keep the tale of lost Khartoum.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER I

A SUPPRESSED PASSAGE.

MR. JENKINSON NEELD was an elderly man of comfortable private means; he had chambers in Pall Mall, close to the Imperium Club, and his short stoutish figure, topped by a chubby spectacled face, might be seen entering that dignified establishment every day at lunch time, and also at the hour of dinner on the evenings when he had no invitation elsewhere. He had once practised at the Bar, and liked to explain that he had deserted his profession for the pursuit of literature. He did not, however, write on his own account; he edited. He would edit anything provided there was no great public demand for an edition of it. Regardless of present favour, he appealed to posterity—as gentlemen with private means are quite entitled to do. Perhaps he made rather high demands on posterity; but that was his business—and its. At any rate his taste was curious and his conscience acute. He was very minute and very scrupulous, very painstaking and very discreet, in the exercise of his duties. Posterity may perhaps like these qualities in an editor of memoirs and diaries; for such were Mr. Neeld's favourite subjects. Sometimes he fell into a sore struggle between curiosity and discretion,

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having impulses in himself which he forbore to attribute to posterity.

He was in just such a fix now—so he thought to himself—as he perused the manuscript before him. It was the Journal of his deceased friend Josiah Cholderton, sometime Member of Parliament (in the Liberal interest) for the borough of Baxton in Yorkshire, Commercial Delegate to the Congress of Munich in '64, and Inventor of the Hygroxeric Method of Dressing Wool. No wonder posterity was to be interested in Cholderton! Yet at times—and especially during his visits to the Continent—the diarist indulged himself in digressions about people he encountered, and these assumed now and then a character so personal, or divulged episodes so private, that the editor had recourse to his blue pencil and drew it with a sigh through pages which he had himself found no small relief from the severer record of Cholderton's services to the commerce of his country. Mr. Neeld sat now with blue pencil judicially poised, considering the following passage in his friend's recollections. The entry bore date Heidelberg 1875.

"At the widow's" (Mr. Cholderton is speaking of a certain Madame de Kries) "pleasant villa I became acquainted with a lady who made something of a sensation in her day, and whom I remember both for her own sake and because of a curious occurrence connected with her. A year and a half before (or thereabouts) Society had been startled by the elopement of Miss T. with Sir R. E. They were married, went to France, and lived together a month or two. Suddenly Sir R. went off alone; whose the fault was nobody knew, or at least it never came to my ears. The lady was not long left in solitude, and, when I met her, she passed as Mrs. F., wife of Captain F. The Captain seemed to me an ordinary good-looking reckless young fellow; but Mrs. F. was a more striking person. She was tall, graceful, and very fair, a beautiful woman (I might rather say girl) beyond question. Talk revealed her as an absolute child in a moral sense, with a child's infinite candour, a child's infinite deceit, a child's love of praise, a child's defiance

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of censure where approval would be too dearly earned. She was hardly a reasonable being, as we men of the world understand the term; she was however an exceedingly attractive creature. The natural feelings of a woman, at least, were strong in her, and she was fretting over the prospects of the baby who was soon to be born to her. Captain F. shared her anxiety. I understood their feelings even more fully (in any case the situation was distressing) when I learnt from Madame de Kries that in certain events (which happened later) the lady and her child after her would become persons of rank and importance.

Now comes the scene which has stamped itself on my memory. I was sitting in Madame de Kries' parlour with her and her daughter—an odd dark little thing, five or six years old. Suddenly Mrs. F. came in. She was in a state of agitation and excitement by no means healthy (I should suppose) for one in her condition. She held a letter in her hand and waved it in the air, crying, 'Sir R.'s dead, Sir R.'s dead! We can be married! Oh, we're in time, in time, in time!' Extraordinary as such exclamations may appear when the circumstances and my own presence are considered, I have repeated them *verbatim*. Then she sank down on the sofa, Madame de Kries kneeling by her, while the Imp (as I called the child, whom I disliked) stared at her open-eyed, wondering no doubt what the fuss was about. Directly after F. came in, almost as upset as Mrs. F., and the pair between them managed to explain to us that she had received a letter from Sir R.'s servant (with whom she had apparently maintained some communication), announcing that his master had, after two days' illness, died of heart complaint on June 6. 'Think of the difference it makes, the enormous difference!' she gasped, jumping up again and standing in the middle of the room. She was so full of this idea that she did not spare a thought to the dead man or to anything which might strike us as peculiar or distasteful in her own attitude and the way in which she received the news. 'We shall be married directly,' she continued with that strange absence of

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shame or pretence which always marked her, 'and then it'll be all right, and nobody 'll be able to say a word in the future.' She went on in this strain for a long while, until Madame de Kries at last insisted on her calming herself and proposed to accompany her to her own house. At this point I made my excuses and retired, the Imp following me to the door and asking me, as I went out, why people had to be married again when other people died; she was a child who needed wiser and firmer bringing-up than her mother gave her.

I did not myself see Captain and Mrs. F. again, as I left Heidelberg the next day, June 22. I learnt however from Madame de Kries that the wedding was hurried on and took place on the day following my departure; after this the pair went to Baden, and there, a fortnight later, the child—a boy—was born. I must confess that I was glad the young couple avoided the calamity they were in dread of, although I am not sure that I had a right to wish that they should escape the full consequences of their fault.

My feelings were abruptly changed when, on paying a flying visit to Madame de Kries a few months later, I heard the sequel of the story, told to me in the strictest confidence, and in violation, I fear, of the old lady's pledge of secrecy. (She was a sad gossip, a failing with which I have no sympathy.) Sir R. E. did not, in fact, die on the date reported. He fell into a collapse, mistaken for death by those about him and even by his medical attendant; after lying in this state for twenty-four hours he revived and lived nearly a week longer. A second letter, apprising Mrs. F. of this fact and announcing the correct date of his death as June 12, reached her at Baden on the 28th. By this time she was married, but the validity of her new union (solemnised on the 23rd) did not appear to be affected. Nothing more was done, and the boy was born, as I have stated, early in July. Only after this event, which naturally engrossed the parents' attention, did the mistake into which they had fallen come to be discovered. As a matter of form, and to avoid doubts in the future, Captain F. wrote for the official certificate

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of Sir R.'s death. When it came, it came as a thunderbolt. Sir R. had been residing in a small Russian town near the frontier; he was interested, I understood, in some business there. The servant to whom I have referred was an uneducated man and could not write; he had picked up a little French but spoke no Russian. Wishing to inform Mrs. F. of what had occurred, he had recourse to a professional letter-writer, who perhaps knew as little French, or almost as little, as himself, and was entirely ignorant of English. The servant gave the dates I have set down—June 6 in the first letter, the 12th in the second. The letter-writer put them down; and Mrs. F. read and immediately accepted them. It did not cross her mind or Captain F.'s that the dates used were the ordinary Russian dates—were in fact 'Old Style,' and consequently twelve days behind the reckoning of Germany or of England. They might have been put on inquiry by the long interval between the date of the death as it was given and the receipt of the news; in their excitement they paid no heed to it, and it did not occur either to Madame de Kries or to myself to raise the question. Indeed who thinks of the 'Old Style' at this period of the world's history? Besides I did not know at that time, and I do not think that Madame de Kries did, where the first letter came from; Mrs. F. said nothing about it. But when the certificate arrived—about the middle of July, as I understood—the mistake was clear; for a note in the official's hand translated the dates into New Style for the benefit of the foreigners to whom he was supplying the document. Sir R. E., first reported dead on June 6 Old Style, otherwise June 18 New Style, had actually died on the 12th Old Style, or 24th New Style.

I have always thought this one of the most perverse little incidents which I have met with in the course of my life, and I think it such still, when I consider how easily it might have done no harm, and how serious, and indeed irreparable, its actual consequences were. The mistake as to the date of death was the first source of confusion, since it caused Mrs. F.'s

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wedding to take place while her husband, Sir R., had still a day to live. But this error would not in itself have proved fatal, since there would still have been time to repeat the ceremony and make a valid marriage of it before the birth of the child. Here the misapprehension about the Old Style came in. Led to believe that, although Sir R. lived six days longer than was originally reported, yet none the less he died on June 12, the F.'s did not have the ceremony repeated. But he died, in fact, on the 24th as his wife reckoned time, and her wedding to Captain F. on the 23rd was an idle and useless form. When the discovery was made, the boy was born—and born out of lawful wedlock.

What did they do then? I was pardonably interested in the matter, and inquired of Madame de Kries. She was reticent, but I extracted from her the information that they were hurriedly married again. One could laugh if the matter had not been so terribly serious to them and to their boy. For by now those events had actually happened, and Mrs. F. was not indeed in possession of, but next in succession to a considerable estate and an ancient title. Marrying again could not mend the matter. What else they did to mend or try to mend it, Madame de Kries professed not to know. I myself do not know either. There is only one thing to say. They could not alter the date of the death; they could not alter the date of the wedding; perhaps it would seem rather more possible to alter the date of the birth. At any rate that is no business of mine. I have set the story down because it seemed a curious and interesting episode, but it is nothing to me who succeeds or ought to succeed to this or that title or estate. For my own part I am inclined to hope that the baby's prospects in life will not be wrecked by the absurd Russian habit of using the Old Style.

To return to serious questions, the customs-barrier between——"

Mr. Jenkinson Neeld laid down his friend's Journal and leant back in his chair.

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"Really!" he murmured to himself. "Really, really!"

Frowning in a perplexed fashion, he pushed the manuscript aside and twiddled the blue pencil between his fingers. The customs-barrier of which Josiah Cholderton was about to speak had no power to interest him. The story which he had read interested him a good deal; it was an odd little bit of human history, a disastrous turn of human fortunes. Besides Mr. Neeld knew his London. He shook his head at the Journal reprovingly, rose from his chair, went to his book-case, and took down a Peerage. A reminiscence was running in his head. He turned to the letter T (Ah, those hollowly discreet, painfully indiscreet initials of Josiah Cholderton's! Mysteries perhaps in Baxton, Yorks, but none in Pall Mall!) and searched the pages. This was the entry at which his finger stopped—or rather part of the entry, for the volume had more to say on the family than it is needful either to believe or to repeat:—

"Tristram of Blent—Adelaide Louisa Aimée, in her own right Baroness—23rd in descent, the barony descending to heirs general. Born 17 December 1853. Married first Sir Randolph Edge, Bart.—no issue. Secondly Captain Henry Vincent Fitzhubert (late Scots Guards), died 1877. Issue—one son (and heir) Hon. Henry Austen Fitzhubert Tristram, born 20th July 1875. The name of Tristram was assumed in lieu of Fitzhubert by Royal Licence 1884. Seat—Blent Hall, Devon——"

Here Mr. Neeld laid down the book. He had seen what he wanted, and had no further concern with the ancestry, the ramifications, the abodes or possessions of the Tristrams of Blent. To him who knew, the entry itself was expressive in what it said and in what it omitted; read in conjunction with Josiah Cholderton's Journal it was yet more eloquent. By itself it hinted a scandal—else why no dates for the marriages? With the Journal it said something more. For the 20th is not "early in July." Yet Mr. Neeld had never heard—! He shut the book hastily and put it back on the shelf. Returning to his desk, he took up the blue pencil. But on second thoughts this

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instrument did not content him. Scissors were to his hand; with them he carefully cut out from the manuscript the whole account of Mr. Cholderton's visit to Heidelberg (he would run no risks, and there was nothing important in it), dated it, marked it with the page to which it belonged in the Journal, and locked it away in a drawer.

He felt resentful towards his dead friend Josiah Cholderton. If there be a safe pastime, one warranted to lead a man into no trouble and to entangle him in no scandals, it would seem to lie in editing the Journal of a Member of Parliament, a Commercial Delegate, an Inventor of the Hygroxeric Method of Dressing Wool. Josiah Cholderton had—not quite for the first time—played him false. But never so badly as this before!

"Good gracious me!" he muttered. "The thing is nothing more nor less than an imputation on the legitimacy of the son and heir!"

That same afternoon he went over to the Imperium to vote at the election of members. It struck him as one of the small coincidences of life that among the candidates who faced the ballot was a Colonel Wilmot Edge, R.E.

"Any relation, I wonder?" mused Mr. Neeld, as he dropped in an affirmative ball. But it may be added, since not even the secrets of club ballots are to be held sacred, that he bestowed one of a different sort on a certain Mr. William Iver, who was described as a "Contractor," and whose name was familiar and conspicuous on the hoardings that screened new buildings in London, and was consequently objectionable to Mr. Neeld's fastidious mind.

"I don't often blackball," he remarked to Lord Southend as they were sitting down to whist, "but really don't you think the Imperium should maintain—er—a certain level?"

"Iver's a devilish rich fellow and not a bad fellow either," grunted my lord.

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CHAPTER II

MR. CHOLDERTON'S IMP.

"YES, madame, an elegant and spacious residence, Filton Park. The photo? Here it is, madame. And Notts is a very eligible county—socially speaking, remarkably eligible—I've sent several families to Notts. That photo, madame? Hatchley Manor, in Sussex. Yes, good position—a trifle low perhaps—I have heard complaints of—er—effluvium from the river—I'm anxious to give you perfect satisfaction, madame. It wouldn't pay me not to, I want you to come back, madame, another summer. I play for the break, if I may so put it—I beg your pardon! Yes, Birdcup is really a palatial residence—Hants, yes—a beautiful county. But between ourselves, madame, his lordship is a little hard to deal with. Dilapidations I refer to, yes—his lordship is exacting as to dilapidations. On the whole I should prefer to recommend Winterhurst—near Maidstone—a pleasant town Maidstone, and the clergy, I'm informed, extremely active and sympathetic."

"It's a very ugly house," remarked Madame Zabriska, throwing away the photograph of Winterhurst with a gesture of decided refusal.

Mr. Sloyd stroked his sleek hair and smiled deprecatingly.

"With residences as with—er—ladies beauty is only skin deep," said he. "A thoroughly modern residence, madame—hot and cold—south aspect." He stopped suddenly, perceiving that the queer dark little woman in the big chair was laughing at him. "I don't intend to convey," he resumed with dignity, "that the mansion is hot and cold, but the bath-rooms——"

"Oh, I know," she interrupted, her great black eyes still deriding him, while her thin face was screwed up into seriousness as she regarded Mr. Sloyd's blameless garments of springtime grey, his black and white tie, his hair so very sleek, his drooping moustache, and his pink cheeks. She had taken his measure as perfectly as the tailor himself, and was enjoying the counter-

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feit presentment of a real London dandy who came to her in the shape of a house-agent. "I don't want a big place," she explained in English with a foreign touch about it. "There's only myself and my uncle, Major Duplay—he'll be in directly, I expect—and we've no more money than we want, Mr. Sloyd."

Sloyd's eyes wandered round the large and handsome sitting-room in Berridge's Hotel where he found his client established.

"Oh, it doesn't matter for a few days," she added, detecting his idea and smiling again.

This explanation of her position had the effect of making Sloyd's manner rather less florid and his language less flowery.

"Among second-class but eminently genteel residences," he began, "I could confidently recommend——"

"Where's this?" she interrupted, picking up another photograph and regarding it with apparent liking. Looking at the foot, she read aloud, "Merrion Lodge, property of the Right Honourable Baroness Tristram of Blent." She looked up sharply at Sloyd.

"Ye-es, ye-es," said Sloyd, without much enthusiasm. "A very pretty neighbourhood—a few miles from Blentmouth—rising place, Blentmouth. And it's a cheap house—small, you see, and old-fashioned."

"Not hot and cold?" she asked with apparent innocence.

Sloyd smiled uncomfortably. "I could ascertain all that for you, madame."

He waited for her to speak again, but she had turned thoughtful as she sat fingering the photograph. Presently she smiled again and said, "Yes, find out about Merrion Lodge for me, Mr. Sloyd."

He began to gather up his pictures and papers.

"Is Baron Tristram alive?" she asked suddenly.

Sloyd recovered his air of superiority.

"Her ladyship is a peeress in her own right," he explained.

"She's not married then?"

"A widow, madame."

"And wasn't her husband Baron Tristram?"

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"Her husband would not have been Lord—excuse me, madame, we say Lord—Tristram of Blent. Her son will succeed to the title, of course. The family reside at Blent Hall, only a few hundred yards from Merrion Lodge, a picturesque mansion in the valley. The Lodge, you perceive, stands high."

"I don't understand the family arrangements," remarked Madame Zabriska, "but I daresay I shall learn it all if I go."

"If you had a peerage, madame——" he suggested, being himself rather vague about the mysteries of a barony by writ.

"I'll get one from the waiter presently. Good morning, Mr. Sloyd."

Sloyd was making his bow when the door opened and a man came in. He was tall, erect, and good-looking. Both air and manner were youthful, although perhaps with a trace of artifice; he would pass for thirty-five on a casual glance, but not after a longer one.

"My uncle, Major Duplay," said the little woman. "This is Mr. Sloyd, who's come about the house, uncle."

Duplay greeted the house-agent with grave courtesy and entered into conversation with him, while Madame Zabriska, relapsed again into an alert silence, watched the pair.

The last thing that Madame Zabriska—the style sat oddly on her child-like face and figure, but Mina Zabriska at the age of twenty-eight had been a widow three years—desired to do was harm; the thing she best loved to make was mischief. The essence of mischief lay for her—perhaps for everybody—in curiosity; it was to put people in the situations in which they least expected to find themselves and to observe how they comported themselves therein. As for hurting their interests or even their feelings—no; she was certain that she did not want that; was she not always terribly sorry when that happened, as it sometimes, and quite unaccountably, did? She would weep then—but for their misfortune, be it understood, not for any fault of hers. People did not always understand her; her mother had understood her perfectly and consequently had never interfered with her ways. Mina loved a mystification

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too, and especially to mystify uncle Duplay, who thought himself so clever—was clever indeed, as men went, she acknowledged generously; but men did not go far. It would be fun to choose Merrion Lodge for her summer home, first because her uncle would wonder why in the world she took it, and secondly because she had guessed that somebody might be surprised to see her there. So she laid her plan, even as she had played her tricks in the days when she was an odd little girl, and Mr. Cholderton, not liking her, had with some justice christened her the Imp.

Major Duplay bowed Mr. Sloyd to the door with the understanding that full details of Merrion Lodge were to be furnished in a day or two. Coming back to the hearth-rug he spoke to his niece in French, as was the custom with the pair when they were alone.

"And now, dear Mina," said he, "what has made you set your mind on what seems distinctly the least desirable of these houses?"

"It s the cheapest, I expect, and I want to economise."

"People always do as soon as they've got any money," reflected Duplay in a puzzled tone. "If you were on half-pay as I am, you'd never want to do it."

"Well, I've another reason." This was already saying more than she had meant to say.

"Which you don't mean to tell me?"

"Certainly not."

With a shrug he took out his cigarette-case and handed it to her.

"You and your secrets!" he exclaimed good-humouredly. "Really, Mina, I more than earn my keep by the pleasure I give you in not telling me things. And then you go and do it!"

"Shan't this time," said Mr. Cholderton's Imp, seeming not a day more than ten, in spite of her smoking cigarette and her smart costume.

"Luckily I'm not curious—and I can trust you to do nothing wrong."

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"Well, I suppose so," she agreed with scornful composure. "Did you ever hear mother speak of a Mrs. Fitzhubert?"

The Major smiled under his heavy moustache as he answered, "Never."

"Well, I have," said Mina with a world of significance. "I heard her first through the door," she added with a candid smile. "I was listening."

"You often were in those days."

"Oh, I am still—but on the inside of the door now. And she told me about it afterwards of her own accord. But it wouldn't interest you, uncle."

"Not in its present stage of revelation," he agreed with a little yawn.

"The funny old Englishman—you never saw him, did you?—Mr. Cholderton—he knew her. He rather admired her too. He was there when she rushed in and—— Never mind! I was there too—such a guy! I had corkscrew curls, you know, and a very short frock, and very long—other things. Oh, those frills!—And I suppose I really was the ugliest child ever born. Old Cholderton hated me—he'd have liked to box my ears, I know. But I think he was a little in love with Mrs. Fitzhubert. Oh, I've never asked for that Peerage!"

Major Duplay had resigned himself to a patient endurance of inadequate hints. His wits were not equal to putting together the pieces or conducting a sort of "missing word," or missing link, exercise to a triumphant issue. In time he would know all—supposing, that is, that there were really anything to know. Meanwhile he was not curious about other people's affairs; he minded his own business. Keeping young occupied much of his time; and then there was always the question of how it might prove possible to supplement the half-pay to which his years of service in the Swiss Army entitled him; it was scanty and but for his niece's hospitality really insufficient. He thought that he was a clever man, he had remained an honest man, and he saw no reason why Fortune should not some day make him a comfortable man; she had

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never done so yet, having sent him into the world as the fifth child of a Protestant pastor in a French-speaking canton and never having given him so much as a well-to-do relative (even Madame de Kries' villa was on a modest scale) until Mina married Adolf Zabriska and kept that gentleman's money although she had the misfortune to lose his company. His death seemed to Duplay at least no great calamity; that he had died childless did not appear to have disappointed Mina and was certainly no ground of complaint on her uncle's part.

Presumably Mr. Sloyd's inquiries elicited satisfactory information; perhaps Mina was not hard to please. At all events a week later she and the Major got out at Blentmouth station and found Sloyd himself waiting to drive with them to Merrion Lodge; he had insisted on seeing them installed; doubtless he was, as he put it, playing for the break again. He sat in the landau with his back to the horses and pointed out the features of interest on the road; his couple of days' stay in the neighbourhood seemed to have made him an old inhabitant.

"Five hundred population five years ago," he observed, waving his hand over Blentmouth in patronising encouragement. "Two thousand winter, three five summer months now —largely due to William Iver, Esquire, of Fairholme—we shall pass Fairholme directly—a wealthy gentleman who takes great interest in the development of the town."

It was all Greek to the Major, but he nodded politely. Mina was looking about her with keen eyes.

"That's Fairholme," Sloyd went on, as they came to a large and rather new house situated on the skirts of Blentmouth. "Observe the glass—those houses cost thousands of pounds—grows peaches all the year, they tell me. At this point, Madame Zabriska, we turn and pursue the road by the river." And so he ceased not to play guide-book till he landed them at the door of Merrion Lodge itself, after a slow crawl of a quarter of a mile uphill. Below them in the valley lay the little Blent, sparkling in the sunshine of a summer afternoon, and beyond the river, facing them on the opposite bank, no more perhaps

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than five hundred yards away, was Blent Hall. Mina ran to the parapet of the levelled terrace on which the lodge stood, and looked down. Blent Hall made three sides of a square of old red-brick masonry, with a tower in the centre; it faced the river, and broad gravel-walks and broader lawns of level close-shaven turf ran down to the water's edge.

"Among the minor seats of the nobility Blent is considered a very perfect example," she heard Sloyd say to the Major, who was unobtrusively but steadily urging him in the direction of the landau. She turned to bid him good-bye, and he came up to her, hat in hand.

"Thank you. I like the place," she said. "Do you—do you think we shall make acquaintance with the people at Blent Hall?"

"Her ladyship's in poor health, I hear, but I should imagine she would make an effort to call or at least send cards. Good-bye, madame."

Duplay succeeded in starting the zealous man on his homeward journey and then went into the house, Mina remaining still outside, engaged in the contemplation of her new surroundings, above all of Blent Hall, which was invested with a special interest for her eyes. It was the abode of Mrs. Fitzhubert.

With a little start she turned to find a young man standing just on the other side of the parapet; she had not noticed his approach till he had given a low cough to attract her attention. As he raised his hat her quick vision took him in as it were in a complete picture—the thin yet well-made body, the slight stoop in the shoulders, the high forehead bordered with thick dark hair growing in such a shape that the brow seemed to rise almost to a peak, a long nose, a sensitive mouth, a pointed chin, dark eyes with downward lids. The young man—she would have guessed him at twenty-two or three—had a complete composure of manner; somehow she felt herself in the presence of the lord of the soil—an absurd thing to feel, she told herself.

"Madame Zabriska? My mother, Lady Tristram, has sent

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me to bid you welcome in her name, but not to disturb you by coming in so soon after your journey. It is our tradition to welcome guests at the moment of their arrival."

He spoke rather slowly, in a pleasant voice, but with something in his air that puzzled Mina. It seemed like a sort of watchfulness—not a slyness (that would have fitted so badly with the rest of him), but perhaps one might say a wariness—whether directed against her or himself it was too soon for her even to conjecture.

Still rather startled, she forgot to express her thanks, and said simply:

"You're Mr. Fitzhubert Tristram?"

"Mr. Tristram," he corrected her; and she noticed now for the first time the slow-moving smile which soon became his leading characteristic in her thoughts. It took such a time to spread, it seemed to feel its way; but it was a success when it came. "I use my father's name only as a Christian name now. Tristram is my surname; that also, if I may repeat myself, is one of our traditions."

"What, to change your names? The men, I mean?" she asked, laughing a little.

"For anybody in the direct line to take the name of Tristram—so that in spite of the failure of male heirs from time to time the Tristrams of Blent should always be Tristrams, you know, and not Fitzhuberts, or Leighs, or Merrions——"

"Merrion?'

"My great-great—I forget how many greats—grandfather was a Merrion and——"

"Built this house?"

"Oh, no—a house where this stands. The old house was burnt down in '95."

"As recently as that?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"1795," he explained, "and this house was run up then."

Mina felt that there was here a touch of pride; with a more complete mastery of idiomatic English she might have called it "swagger." Nothing counted that was less than a century old,

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it seemed, and he spoke of a house of a hundred years' standing as she might of a wooden shanty. Decidedly he was conscious of his position—over-conscious.

"I'm glad it was run up in time for us to take it," she said, thinking she would try the effect of a little chaff.

The effect was nothing; Harry Tristram took no notice of the remark.

"I see," he observed, "from your calling me Fitzhubert that you've been looking up our recent history."

"Oh, just what there is in the Peerage." Her look was mischievous now, but she restrained herself from any hint of special knowledge. "I'll tell you as much of ours some day."

She broke into a laugh, and then, carried away by the beauty of the scene, the river and the stately peaceful old house by it, she stretched out her hands towards Blent Hall, exclaiming:

"But we haven't anything like that in our history!"

He turned to look with her, and stood in silence for a minute or two. Then he spoke softly:

"Yes, I love it," he said.

She glanced at him; his eyes were tender. Turning, he saw her glance. In a moment he seemed to veil his eyes and to try to excuse the sentimental tone of his remark by a matter-of-fact comment:

"But of course a man comes to like a place when he's been accustomed to think of it as his home for all his life past and to come."

"What would you do if you lost it?" she asked.

"I've no intention of losing it," he answered, laughing, but looking again from her and towards his home. "We've had it six hundred years; we shan't lose it now, I think."

"No, I suppose not." He was holding out his hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Tristram. May I come and thank your mother?"

"Oh, but she'll come here, if she's well enough."

"I'll save her the journey up the hill."

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He bowed in courteous acceptance of her offer as he shook hands.

"You see the foot-bridge over the river there? There's a gate at each end, but the gates are never locked, so you can reach us from the road that way if you're walking. If you want to drive, you must go a quarter of a mile higher up, just below the pool. Good-bye, Madame Zabriska."

Mina watched him all the way down the hill. He had made an impression on her—an intellectual impression, not a sentimental one. There was nothing of the boy about him, unless it were in that little flourish over the antiquity of his house and its surroundings; even that might be the usual thing—she had not seen enough of his class to judge. There was too that love of the place which he had shown. Lastly there was the odd air of wariness and watching; such it seemed to her, and it consented to seem nothing else.

"I wonder," she thought, "if he knows anything about Mrs. Fitzhubert—and I wonder if it would make any difference to him!" Memory carried her back in an instant to the moment when she, Mr. Cholderton's Imp, heard that beautiful woman cry, "Think of the difference it makes, the enormous difference!" She drew in her breath in a sudden gasp. An idea had flashed into her mind, showing her for the first time the chance of a situation which had never yet crossed her thoughts.

"Good gracious, is it possible that he couldn't keep it, or that his mother couldn't give it to him, all the same?"

CHAPTER III

ON GUARD.

HARRY TRISTRAM was just on twenty-three; to others, and to himself too perhaps (if a man himself can attain any clear view), he seemed older. Even the externals of his youth had differed

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from the common run. Sent to school like other boys, he had come home from Harrow one Easter for the usual short holiday. He had never returned; he had not gone to the University; he had been abroad a good deal, travelling and studying, but always in his mother's company. It was known that she was in bad health; it was assumed that either she was very exacting or he very devoted, since to separate him from her appeared impossible. Yet those who observed them together saw no imperiousness on her part and no excess of sentiment on his. Friendliness based on a thorough sympathy of mind was his attitude if his demeanour revealed it truly; while Lady Tristram was to her son as she was to all the world at this time, a creature of feelings now half cold and of moods that reflected palely the intense impulses of her youth. But a few years over forty, she grew faded and faint in mind, it seemed, as well as in body, and was no longer a merry comrade to the boy who never left her. Yet he did not wish to leave her. To her, indeed, he was not a boy, and nobody about the place regarded him as other than a man. He had been actually and effectively master of the house for years, just as he was master of his own doings, of his friendships, recreations, and pursuits. And he had managed all well, except that he was not thought to be very happy or to get much enjoyment from his life. That was just an idea he gave of himself, and gave involuntarily—in spite of taking his fair share in the amusements of the neighbourhood, and holding his own well in its sports and athletics. But he was considered cold and very reserved. Had Mina Zabriska remembered this use of "reserve," perhaps she would have employed the word instead of "wariness." Or perhaps, if his acquaintances had looked more keenly, they would have come over to Mina's side and found her term the more accurate. She spoke from a fresher and sharper impression of him.

His childhood at least had been happy, while Lady Tristram was still the bewilderingly delightful companion who had got into so much hot water and made so many people eager to get in after her. Joy lasted with her as long as health did, and her

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health began to fail only when her son approached fifteen. Another thing happened about then, which formed the prelude to the most vivid scene in the boy's life. Lady Tristram was not habitually a religious woman; that temper of mind was too abstract for her; she moved among emotions and images, and had small dealings with meditation or spiritual conceptions. But happening to be in a mood that laid her open to the influence, she heard in London one day a sermon preached by a young man famous at the time, a great searcher of fashionable hearts. She drove straight from the church (it was a Friday morning) to Paddington and took the first train home. Harry was there—back from school for his holiday—and she found him in the smoking-room, weighing a fish which he had caught in the pool that the Blent forms above the weir. There and then she fell on her knees on the floor and poured forth to him the story of that Odyssey of hers which had shocked London society and is touched upon in Mr. Cholderton's Journal. He listened; amazed, embarrassed, puzzled up to a point; a boy's normal awkwardness was raised to its highest pitch; he *did not* want to hear his mother call herself a wicked woman; and anyhow it was a long while ago, and he did not understand it all very well. The woman lifted her eyes and looked at him; she was caught by the luxury of confession, of humiliation; of offering her back to the whip. She told him he was not her heir—that he would not be Tristram of Blent. For a moment she laid her head on the floor at his feet. She heard no sound from him, and presently looked up at him again. His embarrassment had gone; he was standing rigidly still, his eyes gazing out towards the river, his forehead wrinkled in a frown. He was thinking. She went on kneeling there, saying no more, staring at her son. It was characteristic of her that she did not risk diminishing the effectiveness of the scene, or the tragedy of her avowal, by explaining the perverse accident owing to which her fault had entailed such an aggravation of evil. Harry learnt that later.

Later—and in a most different sort of interview. From the

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first Harry had no thought of surrender; his mother had none either as soon as she had forgotten her preacher. The discussion was resumed after a week (Lady Tristram had spent the interval in bed) on a business footing. She found in him the same carelessness of the world and its obligations that there was in herself, but found it carried to the point of scorn and allied to a tenacity of purpose and a keenness of vision which she had never owned. Not a reproach escaped him—less, she thought, from generosity than because he chose to concentrate his mind on something useful. It was no use lamenting the past; it might be possible to undo it for all practical purposes. The affair was never again referred to between them except as a factor recommending or dictating some course of action; its private side—its revelation of her and its effect (or what might have been its effect) on his feelings towards her—was never spoken of. Lady Tristram thought that the effect was nothing and the revelation not very surprising to her son. He accepted without argument her own view—that she had done nothing very strange but had fallen on very bad luck. But he told her at once that he was not going back to Harrow. She understood; she agreed to be watched, she abdicated her rule, she put everything in his hands and obeyed him.

Thus, at fifteen, Harry Tristram took up his burden and seemed to take up his manhood too. He never wavered; he always assumed that right and justice were on his side, that he was not merely justified in holding his place but bound in duty to keep it. Such practical steps as could be taken were taken. The confederates set no limit to their preparations against danger and their devices to avoid detection. If lies were necessary, they would lie; where falsification was wanted they falsified. There was no suspicion; not a hint of it had reached their ears. Things were so quiet that Lady Tristram often forgot the whole affair; her son watched always, his eyes keen for a sight, his ear down to the earth for a sound, of danger. No security relaxed his vigilance, but his vigilance became so habitual, so entered into him, that his mother ceased to notice

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it and it became a second nature to himself. That it might miss nothing, it was universal; the merest stranger came within its ken. He watched all mankind lest some one among men should be seeking to take his treasure from him. Mr. Cholderton's Imp had not used her eyes in vain; but Harry's neighbours, content to call him reserved, had no idea that there was anything in particular that he had to hide.

There was one little point which, except for his persuasion of his own rectitude, might have seemed to indicate an uneasy conscience, but was in fact only evidence of a natural dislike to having an unwelcome subject thrust under his notice. About a year after the disclosure Lady Tristram had a letter from Mr. Gainsborough. This gentleman had married her cousin, and the cousin, a woman of severe principles, had put an end to all acquaintance in consequence of the Odyssey. She was dead, and her husband proposed to renew friendly relations, saying that his daughter knew nothing of past differences and was anxious to see her kinsfolk. The letter was almost gushing, and Lady Tristram, left to herself, would have answered it in the same kind; for while she had pleased herself she bore no resentment against folk who had blamed her. Moreover Gainsborough was poor and somebody had told her that the girl was pleasant; she pitied poverty and liked being kind to pleasant people.

"Shall we invite them to stay for a week or two?" she had asked.

"Never," he said. "They shall never come here. I don't want to know them, I won't see them." His face was hard, angry, and even outraged at the notion.

His mother said no more. If the barony and Blent departed from Harry, on Lady Tristram's death they would go to Cecily Gainsborough. If Harry had his way, that girl should not even see his darling Blent. If distrust of his mother entered at all into his decision, if he feared any indiscreet talk from her, he gave no hint of it. It was enough that the girl had some odious pretensions which he could and would defeat but could

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not ignore—pretensions for his mind, in her own she had none.

The sun had sunk behind the tower, and Lady Tristram sat in a low chair by the river, enjoying the cool of the evening. The Blent murmured as it ran; the fishes were feeding; the midges were out to feed, but they did not bite Lady Tristram; they never did; the fact had always been a comfort to her, and may perhaps be allowed here to assume a mildly allegorical meaning; if the cool of the evening may do the same, it will serve very well to express the stage of life and of feeling to which no more than the beginning of middle age had brought her. It was rather absurd, but she did not want to do or feel very much more; and it seemed as though her wishes were to be respected. A certain distance from things marked her now; only Harry was near to her, only Harry's triumph was very important. She had outrun her vital income and mortgaged future years; if foreclosure threatened, she maintained her old power of taking no heed of disagreeable things, however imminent. She was still very handsome and wished to go on being that to the end; fortunately fragility had always been her style and always suited her.

Harry leant his elbow on a great stone vase which stood on a pedestal and held a miniature wilderness of flowers.

"I lunched at Fairholme," he was saying. "The paint's all wet still, of course, and the doors stick a bit, but I liked the family. He's genuine, she's homely, and Janie's a good girl. They were very civil."

"I suppose so."

"Not overwhelmed," he added, as though wishing to correct a wrong impression which yet might reasonably have arisen.

"I didn't mean that. I've met Mr. Iver, and he wasn't at all overwhelmed. Mrs. Iver was—out—when I called, and I was—out—when she called." Lady Tristram was visibly, although not ostentatiously, allowing for the prejudices of a moral middle-class.

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"Young Bob Broadley was there—you know who I mean? At Mingham Farm, up above the Pool."

"I know—a handsome young man."

"I forgot he was handsome. Of course you know him then! What a pity I'm not handsome, mother!"

"Oh, you've the air though," she observed contentedly. "Is he after Janie Iver?"

"So I imagine. I'm not sure that I'm not too. Have I any chance against Bob Broadley?"

She did not seem to take him seriously.

"They wouldn't look at Mr. Broadley." (She was pleasantly punctilious about all titles and courteous methods of reference or address.) "Janie Iver's a great heiress."

"And what about me?" he insisted, as he lit his pipe and sat down opposite her.

"You mean it, Harry?"

"There's no reason why I shouldn't marry, is there?"

"Why, you must marry, of course. But——"

"We can do the blue blood business enough for both."

"Yes, I didn't mean that."

"You mean—am I at all in love with her?"

"No, not quite. Oh, my dear Harry, I mean wouldn't you like to be in love a little with somebody? You could do it after you marry, of course, and you certainly will if you marry now, but it's not so—so comfortable." She looked at him with a sort of pity: her feeling was that he gave himself no holidays.

He sat silent a moment, seeming to consider some picture which her suggestion conjured up.

"No good waiting for that," was his conclusion. "Somehow if I married and had children, it would seem to make everything more settled." His great preoccupation was on him again. "We could do with some more money too," he added, "and, as I say, I'm inclined to like the girl."

"What's she like?"

"What you call a fine girl—tall—well made——"

"She'll be fat some day, I expect."

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"Straight features, broadish face, dark, rather heavy brows —you know the sort of thing."

"Oh, Harry, I hate all that."

"I don't; I rather like it." He was smoking meditatively, and jerked out what he had to say between the puffs. "I shouldn't like to mortgage Blent," he went on a moment later.

"Mortgage Blent? What for?"

He raised a hand to ask to be heard out. "But I should like to feel that I could at any moment lay my hand on a big lump of ready money—say fifty, or even a hundred, thousand pounds. I should like to be able to pull it out of my breeches' pocket and say, 'Take that and hold your tongue!'" He looked at her to see if she followed what was in his mind. "I think they'd take it," he ended. "I mean if things got as far as that, you know."

"You mean the Gainsboroughs?"

"Yes. Oh, anybody else would be cheaper than that. Fifty thousand would be better than a very doubtful case. But it would have to be done directly—before a word was heard about it. I should like to live with the cheque by me."

He spoke very simply, as another man might speak of being ready to meet an improvement-rate or an application from an impecunious brother.

"Don't you think it would be a good precaution?" he asked. Whether he meant the marriage, the cheque, or the lady, was immaterial; it came to the same thing.

"It's all very troublesome," Lady Tristram complained. "It really half spoils our lives, doesn't it, Harry? One always has to be worrying."

The smile whose movements had excited Mina Zabriska's interest made its appearance on Harry's face. He had never been annoyed at his mother's external attitude towards the result of her own doings, but he was often amused at it.

"Why do you smile?" she asked innocently.

"Well, worrying's a mild term," he explained evasively.

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"It's my work in the world, you know—or it seems as if it was going to be."

"You'd better think about it," Lady Tristram concluded, not wishing to think about it any more herself. "You wouldn't tell Mr. Iver anything about the difficulty, would you?" "The difficulty" had become her usual way of referring to their secret.

"Not a word. I'm not called upon to justify my position to Iver." No shadow of doubt softened the clearness of Harry's conviction on this point.

He rose, filled his pipe again, and began to walk up and down. He was at his old game, counting chances, one by one, every chance, trying to eliminate risks, one by one, every risk, so that at last he might take his ease and say without fear of contradiction, "Here sits Tristram of Blent." To be thus was—something; but to be safely thus was so much more that it did not seem to him a great thing to carry out the plan which he had suggested to Lady Tristram. To be sure *he* was not in love with anybody else, which makes a difference, though it is doubtful whether it would have made any to him. Had the question arisen at that moment he would have said that nothing could make any difference.

"Did you go up to the Lodge, Harry?" his mother called to him as one of his turns brought him near her.

"Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you. I did, and I found Madame Zabriska having a look at us from the terrace, so I had a little talk with her. I didn't see the uncle."

"What's she like?" This was a favourite question of Lady Tristram's.

Harry paused a moment, looking for a description.

"Well, if you can imagine one needle with two very large eyes, you'd get some idea of her. She's sharp, mother—mind and body. Pleasant enough though. She's coming to see you, so you needn't bother to go up." He added with an air of impatience, "She's been hunting in the Peerage."

"Of course she would; there's nothing in that."

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"No, I suppose not," he admitted almost reluctantly.

"I can't help thinking I've heard the name before—not Zabriska, but the uncle's."

"Duplay, isn't it? I never heard it."

"Well, I can't remember anything about it, but it sounds familiar. I'm confusing it with something else, I suppose. They look like being endurable, do they?"

"Oh, yes, as people go," he answered, resuming his walk.

If a determination to keep for yourself what according to your own conviction belongs by law to another makes a criminal intent—and that irrespective of the merits of the law—it would be hard to avoid classing Lady Tristram and her son as criminals in contemplation, if not yet in action. And so considered they afforded excellent specimens of two kinds of criminals which a study of assize courts reveals—the criminal who drifts and the criminal who plans; the former usually termed by counsel and judge "unhappy," the latter more sternly dubbed "dangerous." Lady Tristram had always drifted and was drifting still; Harry had begun to plan at fifteen and still was busy planning. One result of this difference was that whereas she was hardly touched or affected in character he had been immensely influenced. In her and to her the whole thing seemed almost accidental, a worry, as she put it, and not much more; with him it was the governing fact in life and had been the force most potent in moulding him. The trouble came into her head when something from outside put it there; it never left his brain. And she had no adequate conception of what it was to him. Even his scheme of marrying Janie Iver and his vivid little phrase about living with the cheque by him failed to bring it home to her. This very evening, as soon as he was out of sight, both he and his great question were out of the mind of the woman who had brought both him and it into existence. There are people who carry the doctrine of free-will so far in their own persons as to take the liberty of declining to allow causes to work on and in them what are logically, morally, and on every other ground

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conceivable, their necessary effects; reasoning from what they have done to what they must be, from what they have been responsible for to what they must feel, breaks down: they are arbitrary, unconditioned, themselves as it were accidental. With this comes a sort of innocence, sometimes attractive, sometimes uncommonly exasperating to the normal man.

So Lady Tristram went back to her novel, and Harry walked by the river, moodily meditating and busily scheming. Meanwhile Mina Zabriska had flown to the library at Merrion Lodge and, finding books that had belonged to a legal member of the family in days gone by, was engaged in studying the law relating to the succession to lands and titles in England. She did not make quick progress. Nevertheless in a day or two she had reached a point when she was bubbling over with curiosity and excitement; she felt that she could not go on sitting opposite Major Duplay at meals without giving him at least a hint or two of the wonderful state of things on which she had hit, and without asking him to consider the facts and to have a look at the books which were so puzzling and exercising her brain. Yet Harry Tristram, wary sentinel as he was, did not dream of any attack or scent any danger from the needle with two very large eyes, as he had called the lady at Merrion Lodge.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE EMPIRE AND MILITARISM

ON a former occasion we have endeavoured to point out how ill-founded is the apprehension that the idea of empire involves something essentially antagonistic to democracy and civil liberty. We sought to show how the fallacy seemed to be due to a loose habit of thought, which hastily judges every form of empire by the phenomena exhibited by empires of the Byzantine type. The truth is that the form and method of government are no inherent parts of the political idea which we now express by the word empire. In our own time the word connotes not a constitutional system, but an organism. The only common idea that is essentially inherent in the modern conception of empire is a world-wide group of states or quasi-states under one supreme government. The degree of individual liberty, the degree of autonomy in the parts, and all the details of constitutional organisation which distinguish one national government from another, are but the accidents and not the essentials of empire, just as they are the accidents and not the essentials of nations. It does not follow that because the later Roman Empire—from which some empires have sprung and upon which some empires have modelled themselves—was a semi-Oriental despotism, that all empires must tend in the same direction. In the case of empires which, like the British and the American, are fundamentally expansions of constitutional nations, no tendency

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towards an Oriental despotism has exhibited itself. The tendency hitherto has been rather in the opposite direction, and has resulted in the highest degree of local autonomy which any political organisation has yet developed. The apprehension then that Imperialism necessarily involves a loss of civil liberty would seem to be due to a failure to appreciate the fact that empires may be of many kinds; and to the same confusion of thought is probably due the cognate apprehension that Imperialism necessarily tends to militarism.

Still, so strong and deeply felt is this apprehension, that the cry of our anti-Imperialists against militarism and aggression is fast becoming one of those pernicious catchwords which do more than any false argument to obscure political issues. We have had too many of them in recent years to be ignorant of their dangerous effects. Where such phrases once enter reason flies out of the window, and it is incumbent upon every earnest man to do his best that the great Imperial questions with which we are now confronted should not be darkened by any similar cloud.

The great political fact of the world, to which the closing years of the century have floated us, is undoubtedly the increasing clearness and vigour of the movement which is grouping the peoples of the earth into a few great empires. So far as the study of the past will shed a beam for us into the future, it seems to reveal to us that the system of nations has had its day, and that a system of empires has begun. If this be so, we cannot escape the task of deciding what our attitude to that movement is to be. All parties must accept the fact and take their lines of relation, and, above all, they must take them with open eyes, so far as human reason will permit, and beware of phrases falsely axiomatic, that are not incontestably true.

Let us, then, try to consider how much of truth and how much of falsehood is contained in this insidious phrase, "militarism and aggression." In the first place, what does it

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mean? What is the danger men apprehend when they speak of militarism, of which aggression would appear to be the mere corollary? There are probably beneath it in many cases memories, more or less precise, of the Pretorian revolutions of the Roman Empire, of the ruin and oppression wrought by such empires as those of Louis XIV. and the first Napoleon, of the sacrifice of individual liberty which is entailed by the ideal of the Continental military empires of to-day. More particularly there is certainly an apprehension of a conception of government which gives the military forces an undue predominance in the State; which subordinates to their force and efficiency the interests of trade, of civil administration, and of individual freedom; which, in short, tends to regard the State as existing for the army, and not the army for the State. It is, in fact, an apprehension of a condition of things analogous to that which led to the political revolt against the Church at the time of the Reformation, and to that which the sectaries of Cromwell's army set up for their ideal when Monk finally broke it in pieces.

Now, without prejudging the question whether such a military type of government may not be the best devisable for certain civilised communities in certain positions and in certain stages of political development, it is certainly one that is acutely repugnant to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. Throughout modern English history this ineradicable antipathy to militarism has been one of its leading motives and one of the most fruitful causes of disaster. But such disasters Englishmen have again and again shown themselves willing to face and repair rather than give an inch to their paramount aversion. The sentiment has been universal. It has not been confined to any one party in the State. In the early days of our standing army it was the Tories who were the loudest to decry and the first to thwart the dreaded innovation, while, as for the rest, present-day Liberalism is so radically opposed to all that a military constitution means that many Liberals will be found to claim the anti-military attitude as the special attribute of their own

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party. If Imperialism were to show any real signs of tending to militarism, all parties would certainly throw it over without hesitation and without counting the cost, just as they have each sacrificed so much else to maintain their respective ideals of civil liberty. On this point political sentiment in England is as sensitive and vulnerable as ever it was to "Popery," and to brand a policy hastily and without trial as tending to militarism is therefore extremely dangerous, and should be resolutely avoided by all men who sincerely desire to see the country adopt a sober and sagacious course on a great issue.

If we wish to examine a question apart from the disturbing influences of party politics, we can approach it in two ways. We may test it by the ascertained principles of political science, and we may test it by what its actual history reveals. We have only to apply these tests to the notion that Imperialism necessarily means militarism to see at once how little ground is to be discovered for the current apprehension.

The almost uninterrupted progression from the small to the large unit, which is a cardinal feature of the development of political societies, will be found to have been accompanied almost from the outset by a correlative diminution in the constitutional importance of the military organisation. It is a simple question of the division of labour. In a purely tribal state of society, every citizen of full age is first of all a warrior. Self-preservation amongst hostile neighbours is the eternal preoccupation. The prosperity of the tribe depends entirely upon its military resources, and the structure of society is based inevitably on a military foundation. Everything is subordinated to the well-being of the warrior, and here we have militarism in its only pure state. After the slender needs of religion are satisfied, every one who is unworthy to be a warrior is a slave. The warrior is the citizen and the rest are his possessions. With every advance towards confederation, however, his position is sapped. As tribes unite, their military power necessarily increases in a higher ratio than their military

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necessities, and the eventual result is the discovery that a certain proportion of the male population are not required for military purposes and can be permitted to devote themselves to productive pursuits. The further the process of confederation advances the greater must become the relative importance of the non-military element. Nor does there seem to be any point in the progress of society at which this process ceases to operate. It may be seen as vigorously at work in the early stages of the present European system. So long as a petty chief relied on his own tenants for the preservation of his position, his preoccupation was always to maintain his military strength. Everything had to be sacrificed to that vital need. But so soon as he had brought himself to accept the protection of a superior lord by commendation, and became a member of a feudal principality instead of an independent chief, his military requirements were ascertained, and the balance of his strength could be freely devoted to production. His importance tended to be measured rather by his wealth than his military strength, and the inevitable result was the elevation of the productive element in the social scale. It was actually during the process of forming these feudal principalities that the towns and commercial classes began to make themselves felt as political powers. As the process continued the non-military element filled an ever-increasing place in the community, until, when the next stage commenced and the mediæval principalities began to cohere into nations, the men who were making history had come to rely for their success mainly upon the non-military element, the feudal system came to an end and the structure of the society was finally committed to a frankly civil basis. It is at this point that the army ceases to be, even in name, the framework of the community, and becomes a profession. The formation of standing armies of professional soldiers marks the final severance between the civil and the military sides of government, and the appearance of standing armies is the direct outcome of the final grouping of European communities into nations.

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Such are the broad phenomena relating to militarism which political science is able to detach from a study of the development of societies. In the one case where we are able by clear historical evidence to follow the development of a society from its infancy to its death, the same phenomena appear with incontestable vividness. Through the mist of legend we see the Roman state begin as a predatory tribe, where every man is a warrior. We see it next federating with others, and forthwith beginning to divide into a military and a non-military caste. We see the first step in the decay of militarism as the military caste becomes a patrician oligarchy, and supplants the chief. Then follows a contest between the quasi-military oligarchy and the non-military elements, during which, as the community continues to expand, the military caste has to make concession after concession to its pushing rival, until finally its superior position is only a memory. So strong was the tendency of the civil element to rise in the scale as the Roman State developed into a world-wide empire, that even the establishment of a military monarchy could not stop the flow. It is a common error to look upon the later Roman Empire as though it were an essentially military state, but in truth it was not so. The error is, no doubt, largely due to the way in which our attention has been disproportionately directed to the military revolutions to which it was a continual prey. But though these revolutions could change the head of the State, yet they could not change the structure of society. So far, indeed, did Rome continue to drift from militarism that by the time the death of Theodosius marked the beginning of her end no Roman citizen was liable to military service in the modern sense. There was hardly even a militia. In her absorption in civil pursuits Rome had come to rely as completely as Venice on mercenaries for her security, and when at the end of the fourth century the final movement of the barbarians began, it was only with great difficulty and large bounties that Stilicho, all-powerful as he was, could raise an army for the defence of Italy herself.

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Thus, neither in the abstract principles which seem to govern the expansion of political societies, nor in the actual history of the only concrete instance which is really comparable with the British Empire, can we discover any direct relation between the growth of an imperial commonwealth and the growth of militarism. Indeed, if the two cases of the British and the Roman Empires are closely enough analogous to justify us in arguing securely from the one to the other, our present danger is rather the atrophy of the military spirit, on which alone militarism can subsist, than its hypertrophy. Almost all observers are agreed in setting down the decay of militarism as the direct cause of the fall of the Western Empire. As with the incessant growth of the Roman territory the danger from foreign enemies receded farther and farther from the centre, the instinct of self-preservation was naturally dissolved in a habit of security that was never disturbed. It was an inevitable consequence of territorial expansion in days when communications were comparatively so slow that what was happening on the frontier was a matter almost of indifference at Rome. Probably at the present time this particular danger is less. Improved communications, and the rapidity with which intelligence is transmitted and spread, have morally reduced the size of our Empire to something much smaller and more closely knit than that of the Romans. A disaster or a danger on the remotest frontier speedily knocks at our door. The shock is felt with a living meaning, and the inmost cells of the organism are set tingling till the distant wound is healed. This consideration relieves us from any apprehension of the conditions of which Rome sickened. At present at least there is no indication of an unhealthy decay of the military spirit. Indeed, if we may judge by recent phenomena, it is not one whit less exuberant than it was three hundred years ago when the foundations of the Empire were dug. From these points of view, therefore, there seems to be as little reason to fear the decline of militarism as there is to fear its unhealthy growth.

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There is still a final test by which we may judge the question. What has been the actual effect of the growth of the British Empire on the condition of militarism? Can we discover any indications that the one has fostered the other? The answer may be a very confident negative. The most lamentable feature of our military history, from a soldier's point of view, is that, after every one of those great efforts that have successively added to the Empire, there has been a marked and immediate relapse into commercialism. The lessons of the war are forgotten. The splendid forces it has trained are suffered to melt away, the material it has brought to perfection is left to decay. The mass of the national energy flings itself eagerly into the task of reaping where the war has sown, of developing the new fields that it has opened, and every call upon the national resources which tends to restrict the freedom of commercial action is resented and opposed, and the military strength of the commonwealth is left in neglect. The fact is undeniable. Throughout the whole period during which the Empire has been built up, almost every war which eventually added to it large tracts of the earth found us in a state of complete unpreparedness. An instrument fitted for the work in hand had to be forged anew, almost from the beginning. With the first success militarism seemed once more to have seized hold of the country as completely as though it could never again be cast aside, and yet no sooner was peace signed than the whole process began again.

The meaning of the phenomenon is by no means clear. It would be rash to set it down to a mere reaction, to a levity of purpose which is universally admitted to be foreign to the Anglo-Saxon character. A more probable explanation is that it has its origin in something that is quite the reverse, in a certain steadfastness of purpose which is capable of reasserting itself the moment it is given free play. The rule would seem to be that where an Empire like the British has grown mainly in response to the outward thrust of commercial activity,

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where almost every new acquisition has been made in the name of commerce, every healthy expansion goes mainly to nourish the spirit that prompted it. Thus, though a war of Imperial expansion may, for the time, force the military spirit into a seeming predominance, yet its deeper and lasting effect will always be to swell the strength and influence of commercialism. But whether or not a law can be established, the fact is certain that hitherto the expansion of the British Empire has been accompanied step by step by a corresponding increase in the influence of commercialism, and we may assert with considerable confidence that this third test shows as little ground as the others for fearing that Imperialism has an inherent tendency to militarism.

But in asserting so much we must carefully guard ourselves against misinterpretation. The above considerations will not hold good for all Imperialism. They are only applicable in empires which have grown slowly in response to the long and continued pressure of internal forces. Where an empire is suddenly created by the genius of one man, like that of Charlemagne and of Napoleon, the case is quite different. Such empires inevitably imply militarism. It is their life-blood. They could not live a day without it, at least until a long period of rest and peace has suffered the non-military element to make itself felt and permitted the rapidly compounded whole to cool down into solidity. Many of the phenomena exhibited by the German Empire to-day are probably due to its being in this stage of development. But such empires have little more than their name in common with commercial commonwealths like the British. They are not formed by commercial pressure or directly for commercial ends. They are born of military necessity, and their aim is first military strength, and mainly to secure the military position of the paramount state. Militarism is the breath that gave them life. It is their cause and not their effect. And, as we have said, even upon these there seems to come a change in the course of settlement, a change which brings them nearer to our own

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type. The main political effect, now recognisable, of the successful formation of the German Empire is not the predominance of militarism. It is, rather, in accordance with the apparently universal law, the yearly increasing influence of the commercial element both upon its internal and external policy.

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ON NATIONAL CHARACTER

"IT is not English." All of us probably have at one time or another used the expression. When spoken of conduct it is intended, and is always received, as a strong condemnation: a judgment by reference to an acknowledged standard. The interesting point about this standard is that it is referred to as a standard not so much of ideal obligation as of custom: we are to act in a certain way not only because a good man would so act, but because a typical Englishman always does so act. There is here a double opening for inquiry: we may ask not only whether the typical Englishman is practically one with the good man, but an even more far-reaching question, whether there can still be said to be any such thing as a clearly-marked national character among the greater and more civilised peoples of Europe?

To take the latter question first: it is not a very startling discovery, but it is one which the insular and untravelled Englishman has been long in making, that human beings, at any rate when living under similar conditions, are a good deal more like than unlike to one another. For instance, with regard to our nearest neighbours, the French, we began by finding out after the Peace of 1815 that they do not as a nation habitually subsist upon a diet of frogs: we have gone far since then, and have long acknowledged their prose literature and their surgical science as worthy of our notice; but it was only last year that we received the final lesson of the Dreyfus affair.

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Common-sense, dogged patience, high moral courage and independence, deep love of justice: these qualities, which we had regarded almost as forming together our own national differentia, we saw displayed in many instances and on the highest possible plane. The intense and horrible gloom of the storm-cloud which then overhung France distracted our attention too long from the splendour of these fixed stars in her firmament, but we shall end by remembering the good when much of the evil is finally forgotten. It is thought and is beginning to be said by some who have a right to be heard, that a less pleasant change of traditional belief is being prepared for us by the Germans. Duty has been called the Englishman's god: we have repeated of our heroes that they "sought but Duty's iron crown": we have kept in our hearts the dying words of Nelson. And now we are told that in the German army, and even more in the German navy, officers and men alike are impelled by an unresting, everyday, habitual sense of duty not present in the same degree in our own services. Whether this state of things is actually so, or whether it will ever lead to a disaster for us, we need not here consider; the fact is at any rate becoming plain that the possession of a sense of duty is not a dividing line between our character and that of other nations.

The doubt thus raised in our minds as to the reality and permanence of national types is not in any way lessened if we turn from the general to the particulars, from the outside to the inside view of the same question. Of all the men, or classes of men, with whom we are acquainted, how many can be said, with any truth, to represent the typical Englishman? He would be a singularly unfortunate man who, living in this country and taking an ordinary share in its life, could not enumerate from his own experience many admirable types of character; but, if we could clear our minds of all traditional generalisations, can we be sure that the composite impression which we should form after careful reflection would in any marked degree resemble

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the Englishman in whom we have all believed so firmly and so instinctively?

If, then, the class of those who possess moral courage, sane judgment, love of fair play, and even our cherished "bull-dog tenacity" and sense of duty, is no longer limited to men of English birth, while on the other hand the qualities of actual Englishmen, when enumerated, do not seem to make up any distinctive character at all, are we to conclude that modern men, in becoming more complex and more civilised, have ceased to be fundamentally divided by their nationality and are distinguished only by the superficial differences of speech and manners?

Put in this form, the question invites an immediate negative. For ourselves we would even go further, and maintain that on the contrary an Englishman was never so much an Englishman as he is at the present day. To see that the type is a real and not an imaginary one, we have only to give our inquiry a wider sweep and look back upon the history of England and of Europe. After all possible concessions have been made to the other side, the fact remains that from the end of the thirteenth century to the end of the nineteenth the English people have, broadly speaking, acted as anyone, knowing them as we now know them, would have expected them to act: they have followed their leaders, loved their queens, faced their kings, fought their wars, endured their sieges, wrestled with their pastors, traded, worked, adventured and succeeded, in a curiously consistent way, and the way is distinctly on the whole a way of their own. Since Englishmen are more interested in a fight than in anything else, the instances most commonly given of this permanence of character have been taken from the battles and sieges, not altogether with advantage to our teachability in the methods of war; but equally good evidence may be found in the history of our political and religious life, and the freshest of all, perhaps, in that of our literary and artistic development. An original and acute critic has recently compared us with the Germans in this respect:

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A faith in the ordeal of strength, distrust of elaborate precaution, the union of a lionlike indolence with a rapidly calculated and successful daring, are just the characters to look for in men who have indeed had the winds and waves, with their long sleeps and reckless violence, for nursing mothers and nursing fathers.

Our art astonishes, by the suddenness or its developments and the desultoriness and lack of method with which it has been in general pursued. We have had our Elizabethan drama, and minor burst of foison, but what we have had always with us is singularly aimless and somnolent. But to an inland Continental people nothing comes; what they want, they must go and fetch. They cannot indolently ride across the waves; and if they may, at times, glide down some majestic river, all the labour of towpath and lock must be resorted to in order to reascend, not to mention mail and blackmail by the way. It is such things that form the temper of a race; that school foresight, industry, and application.[1]

This writer helps us not only with an instance, but also with an *a priori* argument of great force. Human beings may tend to become more like other human beings under similar circumstances; but the circumstances of life among the principal nations of the world have been and still are so widely various, that if environment has any influence on the organism, the divergence of national types is a foregone conclusion. And if it is objected by anyone reading the passage above quoted, that even inland Germany, for instance, has acquired fleets of battleships and merchantmen, and has mastered, as we are told, the whole art of seamanship, so that that characteristic difference between the two countries no longer exists, we reply that there remains all the difference still between the long-descended and legitimate sons and the children of adoption, however worthy in themselves the latter may be. If half the population of Germany turned sailor, we should still be the more truly maritime people of the two. The Russian navy is older than the German, but Russia remains an empire of landsmen; even France, with her immense seaboard and her roll of illustrious captains, is still as far as ever from being an island: her vast plains and landward frontiers forbid the magic of the sea to

[1] "Altdorfer." By T. Sturge Moore. Unicorn Press. 1900.

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work upon her. Her literature has produced a Loti and a Hugo, but for all their power we cannot think of either writer as being a sea-born citizen. The sea gives a mood to the one, and machinery to the other; life and natural breathing to neither of them. On the other hand, there are two or three small and almost fragmentary scenes in Shakespeare which are nearly sufficient by themselves to prove our title: the more so because they are evidence given without knowledge or intention.

After the historical and the *a priori* arguments comes another, no less forcible and probably more fruitful. The true type of any nation is to be found not only in their common actions or outward characteristics, but even more certainly in their common ideals. There is a sense in which the life of every man is a failure; none that ever offered in sincerity the prayer, "Make us all we would be," has lived to feel it fully answered. In the face of this defeat, finally and inevitably waiting for us all, man strengthens himself by the recollection that he is greater than his actions. If he is just he also remembers to judge his fellows by the same light, knowing that *being* almost always loses when it must be translated into *doing*, and that of human nature, as of other secrets of divine wisdom, the half has not been told us. If, then, the individual is not truly or fully represented by his actions, but rather by his ideals or aspirations, this is still more the case with nations, made up as they are of many more numerous and more inconsistent parts, each capable to a certain extent of independent action. A national type, in fact, is not an inherited tendency to exhibit fair hair and blue eyes, to attain five feet or six, to be jealous, deceitful, grasping, or cold-blooded; it is a sort of spiritual greatest common measure, a family likeness of the conscience, a brotherhood of hope. Looking at our own people from this standpoint, we see in their history an unbroken succession of common admirations, directed towards heroes not always closely resembling each other, but none of whom exhibited as his chief or fundamental characteristic any quality

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incompatible with what his countrymen would have to be their national type.

If this is so, it is evident that we cannot and ought not to see ourselves as others see us. Nevertheless there may be times when an unusually wide-spread or outspoken opinion about us is prevalent, and when it might be useful, either for our own comfort or for the amendment of our ways, to compare this opinion with our character as we know it in secret. The present is undoubtedly such a time, and our only difficulty is to select among our many critics the ones who seem to be most serious and best qualified. We have ourselves exercised some self-restraint in our choice of the following passages, and have passed by many exquisite blossoms which our dialectic might have more easily mown down. But these are plants of considerable growth, and must be either rods for our chastisement or staves for us to walk with.

Mr. Michael Davitt says of us in a recent magazine:

> The national characteristic of the English is a domineering disposition. Conceited by nature, masterful by the consciousness of power, and made proud through long records of conquest, they are convinced that they are unequalled among ruling peoples, and that they are destined to become the greatest world-power of the earth. Unscrupulous to the last degree as a nation, in bending weaker races to their rule and interests, they are, as individuals, in the ordinary relations of life, conciliatory in social intercourse, tolerant in feeling, and gifted with more than an average share of the good-fellowship of enlightened humanity.
>
> Christian by profession only, materialistic in practice, agnostic in creed, the English have reduced God to a Scriptural entity of plaster-of-Paris disposition that can be manipulated as required in order to impart Divine sanction to Imperial missions in Asia and Africa. Providence, in fact, has been annexed to the British Empire, and this is why it has grown so great and powerful in the hands of the Chosen People of the Gentiles. Godless themselves, they are persuaded, nevertheless, that the world will become more "Godly," be better and happier, the more their Godless rule is spread by wars, conquests, capital, Bibles, missionaries, and gin, and all the other things that follow in the footsteps of English commercial civilisation round the world.

M. Victor Bérard, in his book "L'Angleterre et L'Im-

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périalisme," divides us into two nations: a North-western and a South-eastern one. Of the former he says:

Sa population, tout urbaine, est bariolée de races et de cultes. Tous les vaincus et tous les *outlaws* des siècles antérieurs, Gallois, Écossais, Irlandais, Danois et Saxons, y ont mêlé leur sang. Chacun d'eux, dans le Bible, s'est taillé une religion à sa mesure. . . . Mais ce peuple si divers s'est fait un idéal commun et, surtout, des habitudes communes. Sa pensée indépendante et sa morale puritaine lui ont donné la réflexion, le flegme, le calcul, la maîtrise de soi, et la sobriété presque austère. Amaigri et affiné, il s'est lentement "entraîné" vers un but librement choisi, et ce but est la conquête du bonheur matériel par le libre développement, physique et mental, des individus et de la communauté. Depuis un siècle, poursuivant cette course au bonheur, il est toujours arrivé le premier.

Of the latter, more picturesquely:

Dans les plaines de l'est, la vieille Angleterre verte garde à Londres sa capitale, mais elle vit surtout à la campagne, disperseé à travers champs ou groupée dans ses vieilles petites villes et dans ses fermes. Autour de ses châteaux, elle maintient ses énormes *estates* (propriétés). Autour de ses clochers gothiques, de ses évêques et de ses universités, elle maintient l'orthodoxie officielle de son Église établie. Sa race unifiée et surnourrie perpétue le type de John Bull à l'encolure de taureau, âme violente et corps sanguin, au poing toujours tendue vers l'expansion brutale, au ventre toujours prêt pour l'absorption énorme, gros et gras homme engraissant toujours, toujours crévant de colères tyranniques ou d'apoplectiques ripailles.

To the voice from the Continent and the voice from our own country (if Mr. Davitt will pardon us the phrase) we will add the voice from America. Mr. Richard Harding Davis has contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* a paper entitled "Pretoria in War-time," which contains the following sentences:

The British officers, in their contempt for their captors, behaved in a most unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and, for their own good, a most foolish manner. They drew offensive caricatures of the Boers . . . and were rude and "cheeky" to the Boer officials, boasting of what their fellow-soldiers would do to them when they took Pretoria. Their chief offence, however, was in speaking to, and shouting at, the ladies and young girls who walked past the schoolhouse. . . . Some people say that the young girls walked by for the express purpose of being spoken to; and a few undoubtedly did. . . . But on the other hand, any number of older women, both Boer and English, have told me

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that they found it quite impossible to pass the school-house on account of the insulting remarks the officers on the verandah threw to one another concerning them, or made directly to them. At last the officers grew so offensive that . . . they were removed from their comfortable quarters and sent to the camp. . . .

It was a great surprise to me. I had thought the English officer would remain an officer under any circumstances. When one has refused to fight further with a rifle, it is not becoming to continue to fight with the tongue, nor to insult the men from whom you have begged for mercy. It is not, as Englishmen say, "playing the game." It is not "cricket." . . . Some day we shall wake up to the fact that the Englishman, in spite of his universal reputation to the contrary, is not a good sportsman, because he is not a good loser. As Captain Hanks said when someone asked him what he thought of the Englishman as a sportsman, "He is the cheerfulest winner I ever met."

. . . What I liked best about them was their genuine and keen interest in the welfare of the Tommies of their several commands, who were imprisoned at Waterval. "Is it true they're sleeping on the ground?" they whispered. "Do you know if they have decent medicines?" "Do they get their money?" "Won't you go and see them, and tell us how they are?"

It was good to find that most of them suffered for their men even more keenly, because unselfishly, than for themselves.

We have no doubt as to the feelings with which Englishmen have read, or will read, these passages. Over the utterance of Mr. Davitt they will ponder quietly: they will say "This is not true; it could not be true altogether; there may be something in it; at any rate it sounds dispassionate and fairly intended." Over that of M. Bérard they will laugh good-humouredly: it is a witty and up-to-date example of the old principle, "Give a Bull a thick neck and hang him." But over the third paragraph they will be silent; the blood will flame in the face and rush back clamouring to the heart. If he lived in days of trial by battle, nothing but a gift of immortality could save Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Happily we are agreed—in brutal domineering England at least—that it is better to answer charges of this kind than to fight about them. Have we an answer ready?

Certainly we have; there are here all the materials for "a good defence." It is not our purpose to elaborate it now, but

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it may be outlined for the use of those who care to plead. First, there is the issue on the facts: Mr. Davis in particular should note that his charges have been publicly and entirely denied. Secondly, there is the question of prejudice to be gone into: Mr. Davitt and M. Bérard are declared enemies of England; Mr. Davis was the friend of our enemies, and his article contains some undeniable inaccuracies on matters which we have not mentioned. Thirdly, all three of these witnesses admit points in our favour which are strikingly inconsistent with their main contention. On the whole, it would be hard to imagine a more promising case for cross-examination and rebutting evidence.

But this answer, however complete and logical it might be made, is of a kind which is seldom profitable to the defendant or convincing to his adversary. It is, moreover, in any event, not the right answer for us to make: it is not English. If we have not misjudged the temper and the underlying character of our countrymen, the true tenor of their reply will be this: "It is not probable, or historically true, that we are a godless, tyrannical, unsportsmanlike, or unchivalrous people. Is it likely that we should be godless who have for over a thousand years owed our living and our safety to the sea? Or tyrannical, who have fought more battles for liberty than all the rest of mankind together? Unsportsmanlike, to whom the world owes all that it knows of sport? Or unchivalrous, when we have given our women a higher place and power than any race on record? As for our history, of which the acts you bring against us would form an infinitesimal part, we know it, and we know ourselves, and this is what we say. Prove what you can against individuals, against whole classes even; for whatever you can prove we shall urge no excuse or palliation. We are on your side; we hate the faults you hate, and at least as deeply, since we have been hating them far longer. We welcome your correction with a humility none the less sincere because it is not abject, but rooted in a fearless pride. But it is for us, and not for you, to say whether these things are typical of us, part

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of our ideals, consistent with our aspirations. In the face of conscience, that last judgment before which all men and nations perpetually stand, we say that they are not; we undertake that, as far as in us lies, they shall never be. And there, gentlemen, we must bid you good-bye, for we have work to do."

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CECIL RHODES

NO man certainly has written his name in larger characters across the history of the last twenty years than has the founder of the State of Rhodesia. We are enabled, by the present excellently edited collection of his speeches, to take a general view of his aims, actions, and character.[1] Looked at in relation to the art of oratory, they are at the opposite pole to speeches of the grand or classic style, to the eloquence of Burke or, in their different ways, that of the two Pitts. Mr. Gladstone was the last survivor of this school in England. It has been succeeded by a colloquial style, which has been yet further democratised in Colonial Parliaments. Mr. Rhodes in his speeches, as Rudyard Kipling in poetry, uses the language of the street. His speeches, moroever, are evidently delivered with the least possible amount of preparation. If there is a bygone English speaker whom he resembles, it is Oliver Cromwell. There is the same rough, homely language, the same awkwardness, the same chaotic structure, the same force of character struggling to express itself through an imperfect medium. There are the same long divagations from the main theme into personal reminiscences and extraneous topics. The boldness, frankness, and almost cynical scorn for polite circumlocution recall the oratory of another great man of action—Prince Bismarck. This complete absence of art

[1] "Cecil Rhodes: His Political Life and Speeches: 1881–1900." By "Vindex." London: Chapman & Hall. 1900.

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gives one all the more confidence in the speeches as revelations of character.

Mr. Rhodes once said: "I have found out one thing, and that is, if you have an idea, and it is a good idea, if you will only stick to it, you will come out all right." His life has been occupied in the chase of three main ideas. The first was that of the amalgamation of the rival diamond interests at Kimberley, with a view to maintaining an artificial price by regulating the supply of this luxury. He effected this after a long struggle, culminating in a private war of the modern financial kind waged against the late Barney Barnato. "It was this great work," wrote Lord Randolph Churchill, "accomplished in the teeth of unheard-of difficulties and almost insurmountable opposition, representing the conciliation and unification of almost innumerable jarring and conflicting interests, which revealed to South Africa that it possessed a public man of the first order." This victory was achieved in 1888, and Mr. Rhodes then had leisure and wealth to devote to the realisation of his second dominant idea, formed in his early youth. It was, in his own words, "the seizure of the interior." Some twenty-two years ago, at Kimberley, moving his hand over the map from Cape Town to Egypt, he said, "All that English, that's my dream." In practice the incarnation of the dream was limited by European treaties, and the establishment in Mid Africa of the Congo Free State and German territory, so that, as things stand, a railroad cannot pass from Cape Town to Cairo entirely over British territory. But Cecil Rhodes went forward as far as he could, and did succeed in marking red a vast territory reaching up to Lake Tanganyika. He obtained the grant of the Chartered Company in 1889, and used the diamond mines' revenues to establish his sway in Mashonaland in 1890. In the same year he became Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, and stood at the highest point, so far, of his fortunes.

"Having read," he said, "the history of other countries, I saw that expansion is everything, and that the world's surface

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being limited, the great object of present humanity should be to take as much of the world as it possibly could." Every section of European humanity would, he believed, see and act upon this truth, and, as an Englishman, it was his business to forestall the foreigner. Whether or not it is in fact true that "expansion is everything," and whether, as the old Romans found, increase in bulk may not involve after a certain point diminution in intrinsic strength, yet remains to be seen. No doubt the advent of the Germans in Africa drove on the English to take effective possession.

The third dominant idea of Cecil Rhodes, now of most interest, was that of the federal union of all the South African colonies and republics under the Imperial Crown. In one speech he said:

> I have often stated it, but if you were to go up in a balloon, how ridiculous it would appear to you to see all these divided states, divided tariffs, divided peoples; the Almighty made them one, and it is our work also to unite them.

And again, in another speech:

> One thing I am quite clear about, that we human atoms may divide this country, but Nature does not and the Almighty does not; and whether you reside here or at Durban, Johannesburg, or the newly formed State of Rhodesia, the interests are the same, the language is the same, those who form the States are the same, connected in family, thought, and domestic relations, and any one who tries to separate them in thought, dealing, and connection is attempting an impossibility.

It is, perhaps, rather a delicate argument for an Englishman to use, because for three thousand miles Canada is divided from the United States by a frontier as artificial as that which separated the Dutch Republics from the British Colonies, and yet the argument is effective and powerful. The "United States of South Africa" is an idea so natural that it was bound in the end to realise itself. Some of the Dutch, no doubt, in Cape Colony as well as in the Republics, dreamt of an independent United States, after the American model, but Rhodes, and most of those of British origin, insisted upon the Imperial

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keystone to the arch. "I know myself," he said at Kimberley in 1890, "I am not prepared at any time to forfeit my flag. . . . If I forfeit my flag, what have I left? If you take away my flag, you take away everything." Once he was tempted by a certain Mr. Borckenhagen, who offered him, as it were, the kingdom of South Africa, if he would but lead South Africa to independence. He replied: "No; you take me either for a rogue or a fool. I would be a rogue to forfeit all my history and my traditions, and I would be a fool, because I would be hated by my own countrymen and mistrusted by yours."

Mr. Rhodes long thought that the unification of South Africa might be gradually effected by the preliminary unification of tariffs, railways, native legislation, and so forth. The overwhelming English immigration into the Transvaal goldfields must, he believed, lead by a pacific process, in no long time, to complete political federal union. There has undoubtedly been a deep, though very unequal, division of opinion in England as to the policy which led to the war of 1899-1900. But the important division is not as to the ultimate end in view —namely, the federal union of South Africa under the British crown, but as to the means of achieving it. Some have thought, wrongly perhaps, that, with more patience and forbearance, the end might have been attained without the cost, and misery, and bitter memories involved in a war. Mr. Rhodes said in January 1894, with reference to the question of federal union with the Transvaal: "When you ask for immediate movement in this matter, I think of the words of Sir Bartle Frere, 'You must never hurry anything. You must go step by step in accordance with the feeling of the people as a whole.'" Mr. Rhodes was, perhaps, conscious that he had himself deviated from this wise principle when, in a speech made at the beginning of the fateful year 1899, he said: "The only awkward thing is the progress of Time. We do get older, and become a little hurried in our ideas because of that terrible Time."

If there was a chance of pacifically achieving the desired admission of the Transvaal English to a fair share in political

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power, with a view to the ultimate federal union of South Africa, it lay in bringing to bear on that side the feeling and influence of the Dutch majority at the Cape and in the Orange State; and if any man could have brought this to pass, it was Cecil Rhodes. He said himself that he had never met a man whom it was not as easy to deal with as to fight. He had a larger power of imagination—the faculty of placing himself in the position of, and so understanding, an antagonist—than have most men. He could understand and even sympathise with his great African rival, President Kruger, of whom he said in 1888:

> I regard him as one of the most remarkable men in South Africa, who has been singularly unfortunate. When I remember that Paul Kruger had not a sixpence in his treasury, when his object was to extend his country over the whole northern interior; when I see him sitting in Pretoria with Bechuanaland gone, and other lands around him gone from his grasp; and, last of all, when he, with his whole idea of a pastoral Republic, finds that idea vanishing, and that he is likely to have to deal with a hundred thousand diggers, who must be entirely out of sympathy and touch with him, I pity the man. When I see a man starting and continuing with one object, and utterly failing in that object, I cannot help pitying him. I know very well that he has been willing to sacrifice anything to gain that object of his. If you think of it, it has been a most remarkable thing that, not content with recovering his own country, he wished to obtain the whole interior. His intention was to obtain the whole interior for a population of his own, and he has been defeated in his object.

And on another occasion Mr. Rhodes said: "I have always felt that if I had been in President Kruger's position I should have looked upon the Chartered territory as my possession."

As late as 1898 Mr. Rhodes said that the true means of solving the Transvaal difficulty was for him and Mr. Kruger to "meet and arrange matters peaceably by mutual concessions." So it would have been, had he not disqualified himself to act as pacificator by his share in the Johannesburg Revolution of 1895. Morally, no doubt, the English in the Transvaal were entitled to attempt a political revolution, if they chose to take the risk, though the English make bad conspirators; nor, if friends from outside tried to ride in and help them, need we be excessively scandalised. It was truly said that the affair had a

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real, if rather squalid, resemblance to the Revolution of 1688, "glorious" because so successful. But that Cecil Rhodes, the trusted Prime Minister of the Cape Dutch, should have played the leading part, was certainly, as he himself confessed, at the least a great political blunder. He forfeited his power of leading the general opinion of South Africa, Dutch and English, towards a pacific solution and eventual federal union.

One is glad to pass from this bad business to more pleasing aspects of Mr. Rhodes. Early in his career a Dutch elector refused to vote for him, partly because he was so young, but chiefly because he was "so damnably like an Englishman." Not a polite way of putting it, but Mr. Rhodes may well have taken it for an unwilling compliment. He does sum up qualities which have made the English so leading and successful a race. Energy, determination, frankness, fortitude, kindness to the weak, common sense, invincible good humour, incapacity for nursing resentment, dislike for ostentation and exaggerated speech, vision into essential facts unblinded by the glamour of phrases, sincerity with oneself, power of learning by experience —all these are English qualities; and because Mr. Rhodes possessed them in a high degree, he became a leader among Englishmen. Courage of every kind is his in large measure. It was finely exemplified when, at the end of the fierce Matabele campaign, he rode, unarmed and almost alone, to hold a peace conference with the barbarian chiefs, amid swarms of armed and ambushed savages. It was proof of courage also when he took the risk of capture by the Boers at Kimberley, since he was, in their eyes, the chief cause of the war. He has also the moral courage of being able to confess errors. In a speech of 1898 he said:

> I must say to you that one has had great trouble during the last two years, most probably, as every one might say, owing to my own faults, but with a high object. The methods have been worthy of condemnation; but, gentlemen, remember this: you all have your trials, you all have your troubles, and then you become better men. I don't falter. I have not faltered in my greater thoughts—the union of the country.

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Every profession has its own qualities and defects and standard of morality. A soldier, a civil servant, is moulded by his calling into an instrument of public service. Even a naturally selfish man can hardly help in these professions placing disinterested before interested ends. He acquires a second nature. His mind is formed to regard every matter in its relation to the interests of the commonwealth. In commerce and finance the immediate end in view is different. Not public interest is the dominant motive, but private, or, at largest, the interest of one joint stock company. It is a mark of genius in Cecil Rhodes that, trained as his youth was in the pursuit of wealth, he has never allowed wealth, as an end in itself, to dominate his mind. He rose superior to the spirit of his avocation. At the close of the financial war waged by him and his ally, Mr. Beit, against Barnato, the three diamond chiefs met to arrange terms of amalgamation. To the amazement of the purely money-hunting Barnato, Mr. Rhodes required the insertion of a provision enabling the future monopolists to advance money for the purpose of northward territorial expansion—the "seizure of the Interior." Mr. Rhodes said, according to his account of the transaction in one of his later speeches, "'I want the power to go to the Zambesi, to spend your money made out of the diamonds, to take a country and form an empire.' It was very unusual. Can you fancy a more ridiculous thing than that the diamond mines should be made to create a territory? But I was obstinate, and sat there till four o'clock in the morning." At last Barnato gave way, saying: "Some people have a fancy for this thing, and some for that thing, but you have a fancy for making an empire. Well, I suppose we must give it to you." To achieve this result Mr. Rhodes had to make some concessions himself, not altogether to the satisfaction of his old shareholders. One of them pathetically wrote to him: "I hear you have settled the Kimberley Central on a basis of two De Beers shares for one Central. May God forgive you, but I never can." We may hope, with some confidence, that

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Mr. Rhodes will be pardoned, for this sin at least, in the Court of Heaven.

It was, no doubt, the courage, sincerity, and idealism of a certain kind of Mr. Rhodes that won him the greatest honour of his life—the favourable regard of the noblest and purest-minded Englishman of his time. When General Gordon was for a short time, in 1882, employed in the settlement of Basutoland, he met Cecil Rhodes, then aged about thirty, had much conversation with him, and asked him to stay and work there with him. Mr. Rhodes refused; he said that his work lay at Kimberley. Gordon said: "There are very few men in this world to whom I would make such an offer—very few men, I can tell you; but of course you will have your own way." On another occasion Gordon said: "You always contradict me. You think you are always right, and everyone else wrong."

Two years later, Gordon, when he was on his last journey to Khartoum, wired to Cecil Rhodes to ask him to come and assist him in the work. It is proof of the steadiness and determination with which Rhodes followed his own star, that he was able to resist an appeal to share in the most desperate and heroic enterprise of our age. He had it in him to refuse the call to honour and danger in order to devote himself to the immediate task of defeating Barney Barnato, consolidating the diamond interests, and acquiring a great fortune, supported through this somewhat sordid business by his hope of extending the Empire in South Africa. Not every man has force of will sufficient to withstand the call of a hero.

So the two men went their diverse ways. Gordon, his to death and immortal life; Rhodes, his to wealth and premiership, and the Chartered Company and the Matabele War, and the making of railways and telegraphs, and the Jameson Raid and the siege of Kimberley—and—to what may follow. It is not even recorded that he declined the call in a sorrowful spirit, like the young man in the Gospel who had great possessions.

Once, in Basutoland, Rhodes asked Gordon whether it was

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true that he had refused to accept a roomful of gold offered to him by the Chinese Emperor after the suppression of the Tai Ping rebellion. It was so, Gordon said, and he asked Cecil Rhodes whether he would have accepted it. "I would have taken it," replied Rhodes, "and as many more roomfuls as they would give me. It is of no use having big ideas if you have not the cash to carry them out." Mr. Rhodes has told this story in a triumphant, self-satisfied tone in more than one of his later speeches, apparently unconscious of any superior nobility in Gordon's idea that work should be done for the sake of God and men, not for reward (larger than the means of simple subsistence), even if the personal gain is to be used to carry out "big ideas." Gordon wrote to his sister in 1883, "There is death in the seeking of high posts on this earth for the purpose of what the world calls doing great things." The story marks the gulf which existed between the two men (despite the attraction which Gordon felt towards Rhodes), or, rather, the gulf between the two worlds in which the two men lived and moved. "Vindex," who edits these speeches, speaks very erroneously of Gordon and Rhodes as "the two Imperialists." The word describes Rhodes; it is much too small for Gordon. Gordon held himself to be primarily a servant, not of the Empire, but of God, though that "Commander-in-Chief," as he liked to call Him, might use him on service connected with the British Empire, or the Chinese Empire, or the Egyptian Khediviate.

"Vindex" observes that Mr. Rhodes's "devotion to the Mother country is in a sense his religion." Patriotism is indeed a religion, if religion, in its widest sense, means a conception, or devotion to an object, which binds men together, and kindles enthusiasm, and makes them act. It was the real religion of old Rome, whose citizens, under whatever forms their deity might hide, adored the Genius of Rome. It is a power which raises men above their narrower selves. It inspires devotion and self-sacrifice. It may be the supreme and final religion of a man, or it may hold a subordinate place in his

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heart, as it did with the early Christians of the Roman Empire. It was not the supreme or essential religion of Gordon, any more than it was that of St. Paul. If Cecil Rhodes's religion, his whole religion, is "devotion to his Mother country,"[1] Gordon's was the union of his own will with the will of God. He wrote, "God's indwelling is all in all, the great secret." At Khartoum, in 1884, he wrote, "My resource is in constant prayer to accept His will in all things, that He may be glorified, these people blessed, and I humbled to the dust." He wrote from Mauritius in 1881:

> I went to the Cathedral. . . . The text was, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And yet, when and to that degree one realises that kingdom, so the "all things" appear worthless. We are, as it were, in a faery land, a land of magic. If we are subdued by its things, we reach not the higher land; but if we refuse them, then we enter it.

Think, again, of Mr. Rhodes's "It is of no use having big ideas if you have not the cash to carry them out." To a soul tempered like Gordon's no ideas connected with merely earthly greatness could appear to be "big." He looked upon the events of this world merely as machinery for trying and moulding souls; and in this sense, as he once said, the troubles of a maid-servant over broken china were as important as those of Mr. Gladstone over Ireland. He wrote in 1883:

> I have great comfort in thinking that our Lord rules every petty and great event of life, both on a large and a small scale. Therefore He governs the Soudan now through A, B, and C as much as He did when I was there, and neither I, nor A, B, and C, have or had anything to do with the government as far as others were concerned. With respect to the motives of our actions it is another matter; *they are the permanent residues, the things unseen.* This comforts me, for I feel that their welfare, and the course of events that takes place, are being conducted by the same hand, whether I am there or not.

One might quote a hundred passages to the same effect from one of the most wonderful and beautiful little books in

[1] Extension of civilisation, according to British ideas, is a part of this religion. In one speech Mr. Rhodes said, "I believe that is the best description of religion—to work for the betterment of the human beings who surround us."

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the world, Gordon's "Letters to his Sister." They may be summed up in the words of Gordon's favourite writer, Thomas à Kempis:

> Diu parvus erit, et infra jacebit, qui aliquid magnum æstimat, nisi solum, unum, immensum, æternum bonum. Et quidquid Deus non est, nihil est, et pro nihilo computari debet.
>
> [He will long be small, and will lie low, who deems anything great, save only the one, immense, eternal good. And whatsoever is not God is nothing, and ought to be accounted nothing.]

We believe that Mr. Rhodes is himself an instrument of the Divine Will. But it is a testimony to the eternal sense in the hearts of men of that which transcends all greatness connected with the kingdoms of the world that, although his fellow-countrymen look upon Cecil Rhodes as a national implement so useful that his faults and errors have, on the whole, been condoned, they feel that the life and death of Gordon belong to an infinitely higher sphere, and are a nobler gift, not to themselves only, but to mankind. Rhodes has extended the frontiers of the British Empire; Gordon those of the Kingdom of Heaven.

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EUROPE, CHINA, AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

EUROPE, at the opening of the twentieth century, has entered upon an epoch of social and international crises which recall events of a hundred years ago. China, by the insurrection of the "Boxers" and the general anti-foreign movement, has provoked a tempest the disastrous consequences of which cannot yet be foreseen. The Hague Conference, held in response to an august and generous invitation, proclaimed universal peace and cordial friendship between the nations; but the Transvaal War and the China embroglio followed immediately upon the proclamation at the Hague of the great principles of peace and of arbitration. The regrettable coincidence of these unhappy events in South Africa and in China has perplexed many minds and has influenced, to an important extent, the public opinion of the civilised world. The greater and more sincere the hopes inspired by the work of the Conference, the more disconsolate and unhappy are the friends of international peace. The general opinion of the civilised world cannot understand how it should be possible immediately after the close of the Peace Conference for war to break out between England and the Transvaal. It is unable to explain how, in spite of this Conference which concluded a convention for the peaceful settlement of international disputes, the Anglo-Boer war should have begun without the slightest application having been made of the valuable provision for the

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peaceful settlement of disputes by means of mediation or arbitration.

And further, when the struggle in South Africa is still unfinished, there breaks out in the Far East a new war in which are engaged, on one side, the principal European Powers with the United States of America, and on the other side the Empire of China. Whilst all these Powers, without a single exception, have signed the arbitration convention, people remark that it seems never to have occurred to them to make use of this means of avoiding the conflict they are engaged in, although the Hague Conference specially declared arbitration to be the most rational, as well as the most just, method of avoiding international war.

Yet again, public opinion demands: What is the use of convoking an international congress if its decisions are to remain a dead letter? Why arouse noble hopes in the hearts of the civilised nations, when certain disappointment is so near? Why promise the peaceful regulation of international disputes if war is, after all, inevitable and likely to occur at any moment? Lastly, men ask: In what can we believe, if, from a European throne we hear, at one moment, words of love and peace, and at another moment, exhortations to vengeance and to war?

These questions, which daily occupy the minds of the civilised world, are natural and excusable: they are entirely legitimate and cannot be avoided. They show, in an irrefutable manner, how the affairs of each modern nation are interwoven with those of other nations, and how great is the desire of the Powers to preserve the peace of the world and to live in harmony one with the other.

I must, however, here observe that all this doubt and disappointment is due to an entire misunderstanding concerning the Conference at the Hague. In the first place, this Conference had nothing to do with the conflict between England and the Transvaal, and could have nothing to do with it unless the scope of the resolutions had been essentially enlarged. Every international agreement has obligatory force upon the

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contracting parties only; and the resolutions of an international conference are only binding on those Powers who have taken part in it. The Transvaal did not take any part in the deliberations of the Hague Conference, not having received an invitation to do so. On this account it is quite natural that the Transvaal should have no legal claim to profit by the resolutions of this international assembly.

Further, the Transvaal was not even able to sign the arbitration convention. The adhesion of any Power not participating in the Conference had to be agreed to by *all* the participating Powers, and there is no doubt that England would have refused to accept the adhesion of the Transvaal, had she wished to sign this convention. But, in any case, this adhesion could not take place—thanks to the war declared against England by the Transvaal three months after the close of the Conference.

Under these circumstances, all reproaches against the Hague Conference because of the South African war are without foundation. You may sympathise as heartily as you please with the Boers, you may sincerely regret that the two parties to the conflict did not adopt the principle of arbitration to decide their quarrel. But it is absolutely beside the point to doubt the practical bearing of the resolutions of the Peace Conference merely because they were not applied in the conflict between Great Britain and the Transvaal. The application of the resolutions of the Hague Conference to this conflict was impossible, not only owing to the political situation, but owing to the fact that the Transvaal could not participate in the Conference or be a signatory to the international conventions. We may regret that this was the case, but we must bow before positive and irrefutable facts.

The situation of China is totally different. It is curious to note that no one specifically demands the application of the resolutions of the Hague Conference to the conflict with the Celestial Empire. On the one hand, we do not recognise a state of international war in the military operations against the

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Boxers and the Imperial Chinese army; on the other hand, we refuse to apply to the struggle the principles sanctioned by the Hague Conference: arbitration would appear to be absolutely excluded from this conflict by a universal consensus of opinion.

This may seem the more strange inasmuch as China took part in the Hague Conference, her representative voting in all the decisions, and, finally, signing the convention of arbitration without the least reservation. Under these conditions one is justified in asking: Why not recognise the right of China to ask for arbitration between herself and the Powers encamped on Chinese soil? Why not take advantage of the participation of China in the transactions at the Hague, in order to settle amicably the dispute between China on the one hand and the European Powers and the United States of America on the other?

But up to the present moment, as far as we know, no one has deemed it possible to propose arbitration in order to settle the Chinese trouble. People have accused the Hague Conference of having afforded grounds for fresh disappointment arising from events in the Far East, and have in consequence made light of the conventions signed at the Hague. No one, however, has seriously demanded the application of arbitration to this conflict.

This fact is fully explained by the altogether special character of the Chinese conflict—an insurrection complicated by the participation of the legal Government itself. It is only in China that a revolution could receive Government sanction.

And this fact is the best illustration of the prevailing opinion of the Chinese and China. It is truly inconceivable how much is read relating to this country, and how little is known about it. It is remarkable with what injustice it is often judged. We admit that it is very difficult to understand and to judge the Chinese nation, its national aspirations, its customs and its institutions. We ourselves do not pretend to understand the Chinese better than do others, and we have always in our mind what the celebrated geographer Elisée

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Reclus said, after studying exhaustively all the literature concerning the Chinese for his "Universal Geography." "No one," said he, "neither M. de Richthofn, nor Sir R. Hart, nor any missionary, after having passed a lifetime in China, is able to say 'I know the Chinese.'" The whole nature, the customs and the character of the Chinaman are so entirely different from those of a European or an American, that it is impossible to regard him from the point of view of the civilised and Christian world.

The fundamental principles of justice and of right remain, however, the same in regard to every nation in the whole universe. These principles *should* be found equally applicable to the Chinese, who, in any case, form a great and independent nation of 430,000,000 human beings. Quite so; and yet any one who is acquainted with the record of international relations with China will, in all justice, be deeply troubled at the remembrance of the dealings of the civilised Powers with this ancient country. No means of procuring commercial advantages, no occasion of obtaining influence at Pekin, were allowed to pass provided success could be insured. This success was proclaimed *urbi et orbi*, in a manner which seems almost incomprehensible when we remember that it was obtained from the wealth of China herself. Circumstances have changed a great deal since 1872, when China was compelled to open more of her ports, for "all life is a movement," as Leonardi da Vinci said. But there are still in existence two quite different standards: one for the civilised nations of Christendom and the other for China.

In proof of this emphatic observation we are able to give a striking illustration. A well-known German traveller and writer, in a recent number of a Berlin Review, dealt with the present crisis in China, in which country he had been. He explains the insurrection of the Chinese population against the foreigner by the unanimous desire of the Chinese that "China should belong to Chinamen." He states the object of this insurrection as being the entire wiping out of China of foreigners who compose a state within a state. Lastly, he asks:

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Is it possible that any European state would permit her best ports to pass into the hands of the Chinese, her commerce to be under the control of the Chinese, her rivers to be sailed by Chinese ships (enjoying privileges not allowed to her own vessels), the whole of her provinces to be possessed and administered by the Chinese, her railways to be constructed and worked by Chinese, and lastly, that the Chinese legation and her consuls should officially protect all the rights and immunities of their Chinese subjects? No European or civilised state would ever tolerate such a condition of things in its territory.

The logical conclusion drawn from his premisses is this: The Chinese have an incontestable right to alter the intolerable situation created by foreigners in their country. This is evident. But no! The German writer continues, in the same breath, as follows: It will not be possible to pay regard to the sentiments of the Chinese people when the European Powers shall have compelled them to sign the peace they dictate. The whole of China must be opened to the foreigner; all towns, ports, and provinces must be made accessible to his untrammelled enterprise—in short, China must be "developed" (*sic*), if necessary, even by force of arms, the bombardment of ports, and by war!

This way of solving the Chinese question is, unfortunately, the one most popular in Europe. But we take the liberty of not concurring in it, either in its main object or in its details. We cannot recognise any right whatever belonging to the Christian nations of imposing upon the Chinese an unscrupulous exploitation of their natural riches; we are unable to concede to Protestant and Catholic missionaries the right of propaganda at the expense of the strength of the Chinese State; we recognise absolutely no legal title justifying the systematic poisoning of the Chinese by opium, the importation of which is imposed by force upon China; lastly, we express in all sincerity our conviction that the Chinese have the same right to insist that "China should belong to Chinamen" as the Russians or English that their country should belong to them.

In virtue of international treaties imposed upon them, the Chinese have been compelled to grant foreigners such privileges as do not exist in any other non-Christian country in the world.

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But there is no treaty in existence in virtue of which we could abolish the Chinese State and nation. They are there to-day, and there is not the least chance of abolishing by a stroke of the pen a nation which is possessed of an advanced culture of forty centuries' growth, and which constitutes a third part of the whole human race.

Therefore I maintain that the civilised Powers, in settling their account with China, should not endeavour either to increase the privileges of their countrymen in China, or favour, by the exaction of new immunities, the propagation of the Christian religion among the Chinese, or undermine the authority and the prestige of the Chinese Government, or increase in the hearts of the Chinese people their hatred and animosity against all foreigners. If the Powers, at present acting in concert upon Chinese soil, allow themselves to be carried away by requests from traders or missionaries to extort new privileges from the Chinese, and if they force the Government at Pekin—under pretext of obtaining satisfaction for the murders and crimes it has committed—to abdicate its sovereign rights, any treaties of peace with China will only serve as armistices. After a short lapse of time, new troubles, murders, and crimes would be committed in China against the foreigners, and more bloody wars would be inevitable.

If, during this period of forced repose, China conscientiously prepared herself for the future struggle, if she created a well organised army, the new conflagration would be still more prolonged and more dangerous for the Christian nations. Theirs would be the responsibility of paving the way for this formidable struggle with a nation of 430,000,000 men: a responsibility on the part of the Governments of the civilised world to the generations yet unborn.

In any case, Russia, whose frontier marches for 6250 miles with that of China, would not hesitate: the Russian nation desires to continue the relations of good neighbourliness and peace with China which have lasted for centuries, and does not wish to always have to be on the *qui vive* with an awkward

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and angry neighbour. By upholding, even in this war, the interests of peace with China, Russia certainly acted in the spirit of the Hague Conference, which aimed at guaranteeing the interests of peace not only in the present but also in the future.

For Europe and the civilised world the critical moment has come in which its future relations with China must be settled. If Europe is anxious to prevent explosions of hate on the part of the Chinese, she will respect their immutable right to a national and independent existence. In this case Europe will guarantee a calm and peaceful future, and in doing this she will be acting in the spirit of the Peace Conference.

If, on the contrary, Europe gives way to her hatred against the Chinese, and uses her victories to extort from their Government new concessions, both unjust and offensive, this great nation will in the future continue to constitute an incalculable danger to the peace of the world.

F. DE MARTENS,

Privy Councillor to H.I.M. the Emperor of Russia.

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THE TRANS-SIBERIAN-MANCHURIAN RAILWAY

THERE is nothing more sensational in modern history than the scheme, long simmering but only actively inaugurated in May 1891, of running a steel band through the heart of Asia, and so effecting a direct communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific through two continents. The grandeur of this great undertaking cannot be denied, and all honour must be given to those who, in the face of manifold difficulties, began the work whose completion is now in sight.

Anything in the shape of a general description of Siberia or of the line and its history is outside the scope of this article, but a few words are necessary in introducing the subject. The sketch-maps show clearly the direction and state of progress of the line, whose present termini are respectively Cheliabinsk on the west and Vladivostok and Port Arthur on the east. The railway is at present connected with the European system by a somewhat circuitous route *viâ* Moscow, but a projected line will eventually connect Cheliabinsk direct with St. Petersburg and the Baltic, while already there are lines northwards to Ekaterinburg-Tiumen and to Perm-Viatka-Kotlass (Archangel), and another is to give connection later with Tsaritsin and the Black Sea.

The condition of the Trans-Siberian at present, so far as progress in construction is concerned, is as follows: The line is open for *regular* traffic between Cheliabinsk and Lake

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Baikal, and between Khabarovsk and Vladivostok, while it is open for *provisional* traffic from Lake Baikal to Stretensk on the Amur. On the Manchurian lines the southern portion from Port Arthur to north of Mukden is open provisionally, and will be completed, it is expected, to Vladivostok this year, while the balance is being vigorously pushed forward, and will, it is anticipated, be finished by 1902. Various branch feeding lines north and south of the main one are building or projected. The section from Baikal to Missovaya, round the southern shore of the lake, is not being proceeded with, further studies being necessary in view of the very serious difficulties to be encountered, and the present route is across the lake, a distance of 60 versts, by train-ferry, for which a huge ice-breaker is employed during the winter season.

The vast extent of the country through which the Trans-Siberian Railway passes may be judged from the fact that it is one and a half times the size of Europe. It may be divided into three zones. The extreme north is level frost-bound marsh-land; next comes a belt of virgin forest; then a broad zone, some 850 miles in width, of cultivable land favourable to the development of agriculture and colonisation. The climate in this zone is better on the whole than that of European Russia. The winters are severe, and the summers short and hot, but the air is healthy, the soil fertile, and the crops mature so rapidly as to yield rich harvests during the very short summer. Through this region runs the great Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway. Its last section is laid through a country unrivalled, in Russia at least, for beauty, salubrity, and fertility—Manchuria, until recently a part of the Chinese Empire.

The idea of linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by an iron road seemed so chimerical at first that little notice was taken of it in this country, but at last, when the line, though incomplete, is already revolutionising the territory through which it passes, and communication can be made by rail and river combined from end to end, we have awakened to the

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facts of the situation. A few Britons have gone over the line and recorded their impressions, and two opposing theories have grown up amongst them as to the value and effectiveness of the line.

It is an incontrovertible fact that by this overland line one can travel from Russia, and even from Western Europe, to the uttermost limits of Russia on the Pacific in half the time, and at considerably less than half the cost, of the old oversea route *vid* the Suez Canal; that is, as affairs actually stand at present. The completion of the line will reduce the time and cost very greatly. This bridging of distance is not an advantage only to Moscow, for the European capitals—Paris, Berlin, London—by its means are brought so much the nearer to the Far East.

About this fact and its patent advantages there can be no two opinions, and the whole of Europe is under an obligation to Russia for the opening of this great international highway. But now come many cavillers, who say that, though it is undoubtedly a great work, it has been carried out in such a manner as to render it of very little use; that its construction is both bad and ruinously expensive; that it will never pay dividends; and that it is unlikely to be of any particular use to Russia from a commercial or strategical point of view.

I do not think these criticisms will cut Russia to the heart. She does not play to the gallery of Europe; she knows what she wants and usually gets it, though her way of doing so may be unlike ours under similar circumstances.

When Russia determined to make this line, and to incur the necessary expense—£40,000,000 for the line as originally planned, now increased to something over £70,000,000—she had certain definite aims, and these were modified and enlarged as time went on. Her chief object was not to be able, as many people seem to imagine, to pour so many thousand men across Asia every day. That was not the aim and end of this strategical railway. She flung the line, in advance of the settlers, across Siberia as rapidly as possible—with

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incredible rapidity—on much the same principle that lines have been pushed across great sections of the United States. And her action was justified. As soon as the line could stand traffic at all it was crowded, settlers poured in, and townships sprang up on every side. Large districts were portioned out, irrigation and draining on a large scale were begun, and along the route, before so desolate, life and energy came into being. One of the greatest difficulties of the Trans-Siberian Railway solved itself, and is still in process of solution, as it goes along. The line has no longer, except in a few tracts, to run through empty desert.

This settling up and development of Siberia was one of the main objects, no doubt, of the railway, and, so far, has been a brilliant success, while with the provision of feeder lines now in course of construction the movement will spread deeper, and the belt of humanity will no longer be confined to the narrow fringes of the steel road. To illustrate this point compare these figures:

Immigration to Siberia in 1893 . .	61,435
" " " 1899 . .	233,981

In these seven years nearly 19,000,000 acres of State lands have been transformed into immigration lots, and of this five-sevenths are in occupation already, while since 1887 more than 1,000,000 men have entered Siberia. During this year the immigration has been on a scale hitherto unparalleled; in May last 10,000 immigrants were waiting for transport at Cheliabinsk (the European terminus), and it must be remembered that large numbers are being monthly transferred by steamer from Odessa to Vladivostok. It is, moreover, not only Siberia that Russia has recently desired to settle up; in Manchuria she has acquired rights best enforced by effective occupation in the shape of a "Chinese" railway, and the stream of Russian immigration has begun to flow into that fertile province. These are not unworthy results for a "strategical railway" scarce nine years old.

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Of course, a number of the immigrants do not settle. Many are restless, roving spirits—ne'er-do-weels, fugitives, *et hoc genus omne*—not true colonists in any sense of the word. But this winnowing process is inevitable in all new countries, and by no means peculiar to Siberia. It is not, however, as M. Leroy Beaulieu observes, men who are the most urgent need in Siberia to-day, but a more progressive and enlightened spirit, and this must be introduced by foreigners. In opening a new country the question of communications is all-important, and Russia may congratulate herself on having already provided for that. The rest will follow, sooner or later, according as the authorities are wise or foolish in their regulations. Progress will probably be slower than in Anglo-Saxon *terres nouvelles*, because of peculiarities in the Muscovite character, which are touched on elsewhere.

To take now the chief objections raised by those who deny the effectiveness and possibilities of the line. In the first place, we are told that the line is badly laid in places, that the rails are too light, that it is not properly ballasted, and that there are many other engineering defects. I am fully aware of the defects, and may refer any one who would like full details of these shortcomings to my description of the line in "The 'Overland' to China," but, serious as they are, the great object, as I have pointed out, was to get the line through, and they have not at present prevented the railway from carrying enormous numbers of passengers and a great deal of freight. Let the following figures, which refer to the Western and Central sections, tell their own tale:

	Passengers (including immigrants).	Goods. Pouds.
For three months in 1895 . .	211,000 ...	3,560,000
„ „ 1899 . .	1,075,000 ...	40,759,000

Meanwhile a large proportion of the line is being relaid, ballasted, protected, and improved. Extra sums have been voted for this purpose, and the work, which must go on continuously, will certainly not be brought up to anything like the

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European standard of excellence for several years. To build a line in this way undoubtedly costs much more than to construct it slowly and well, but Russia doubtless weighed the advantages of the two systems; and if results in Siberia and the Far East are any criterion, she has acted wisely. It may be, as critics say, four or five years before the whole line is in first-class condition, but meanwhile the communication by rail or river is already open, and the perfected railway line will find a population ready to take the fullest advantage of it. The Canadian-Pacific, it may here be mentioned, is still in process of perfecting, though its effectiveness has been admitted for years. In the United States, too, lines are made permanent in the same way. A second point, upon which the detractors of the railway—usually British, for it is unfortunately one of our national habits, due to our lack of imagination, to find fault with anything novel or surprising—frequently fall back, is the extreme discomfort of travelling by this route. "Never again," says the brave man who has undergone those tortures, "will I forsake my comfortable P. and O.!" and he adds, with a fine assumption that every one is as fortunately (or unfortunately) circumstanced as himself, that no one in their senses would submit to the inconvenience and hardships of such a railway journey.

Before such an indictment the writer, who has travelled in most quarters of the globe, and crossed the railway before it reached anything like its present pitch of comfort, is dumb; but for fear any one should be led to imagine the trains to be mere cattle-trucks, as would not be unnatural when such complaints are made, it may be well to quote the description of a responsible British official in Russia: "*Trains de luxe*," he says, "leave Moscow every Saturday evening, provided with sleeping, restaurant, library, and bath cars; with, on the Siberian sections, church and gymnasium cars in addition—probably the most luxurious trains in existence." And already, this fast train proving insufficient, another is to be run weekly after this month between Moscow and Irkutsk on Lake Baikal, the

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present terminus, and possibly on to Stretensk. The ordinary trains, it is true, are not as comfortable as those of Western Europe, but the accommodation first class is decent; the stations are good and clean, the buffets give substantial, if not very appetising, meals, and the Russian peasant who travels third is not accustomed to luxuries, while he appreciates the extraordinary lowness of the fares arranged to meet his narrow means. Time is not money to him. When the line is complete he will be able to travel from Moscow to Vladivostok or Port Arthur—not by fast trains, of course, but within a reasonable time—for the abnormally low sum of £3 15*s*.

Few people probably would make this journey absolutely as a pleasure trip. The irksome confinement in a train, and the monotony of a great section of the country passed through, are undoubtedly unpleasant. But, on the contrary, the climatic conditions are far less trying than those not infrequently involved by the steamer journey. There is no season during which the traveller is inconvenienced by extreme heat or cold, and no Red Sea to be crossed. The writer went through in nearly the hottest part of the year, when the dust was certainly objectionable, but no worse than that of the Canadian-Pacific on the prairies east of the Rockies, and not so bad as on the Trans-Indian lines. The heat is not excessive, and never deadly, as in the Red Sea, and the movement keeps up a certain breeze. In the winter the trains are thoroughly heated, too much perhaps, more to the taste of the American than the British traveller. The air of the Siberian steppes is magnificent, exhilarating, and tonic. At present, no doubt, with the incomplete condition of the railway and the abnormally large movement eastwards, the trains are crowded and the service disorganised, and until the Far Eastern crisis is over will continue to be so. The exigencies of the situation cannot be governed by such details as comfort. Many of the troops are being sent by sea to such places as Port Arthur and Vladivostok, but this does not signify that the Trans-Siberian has failed in its object. It is not quite ready yet, but even incomplete it has been able to transport

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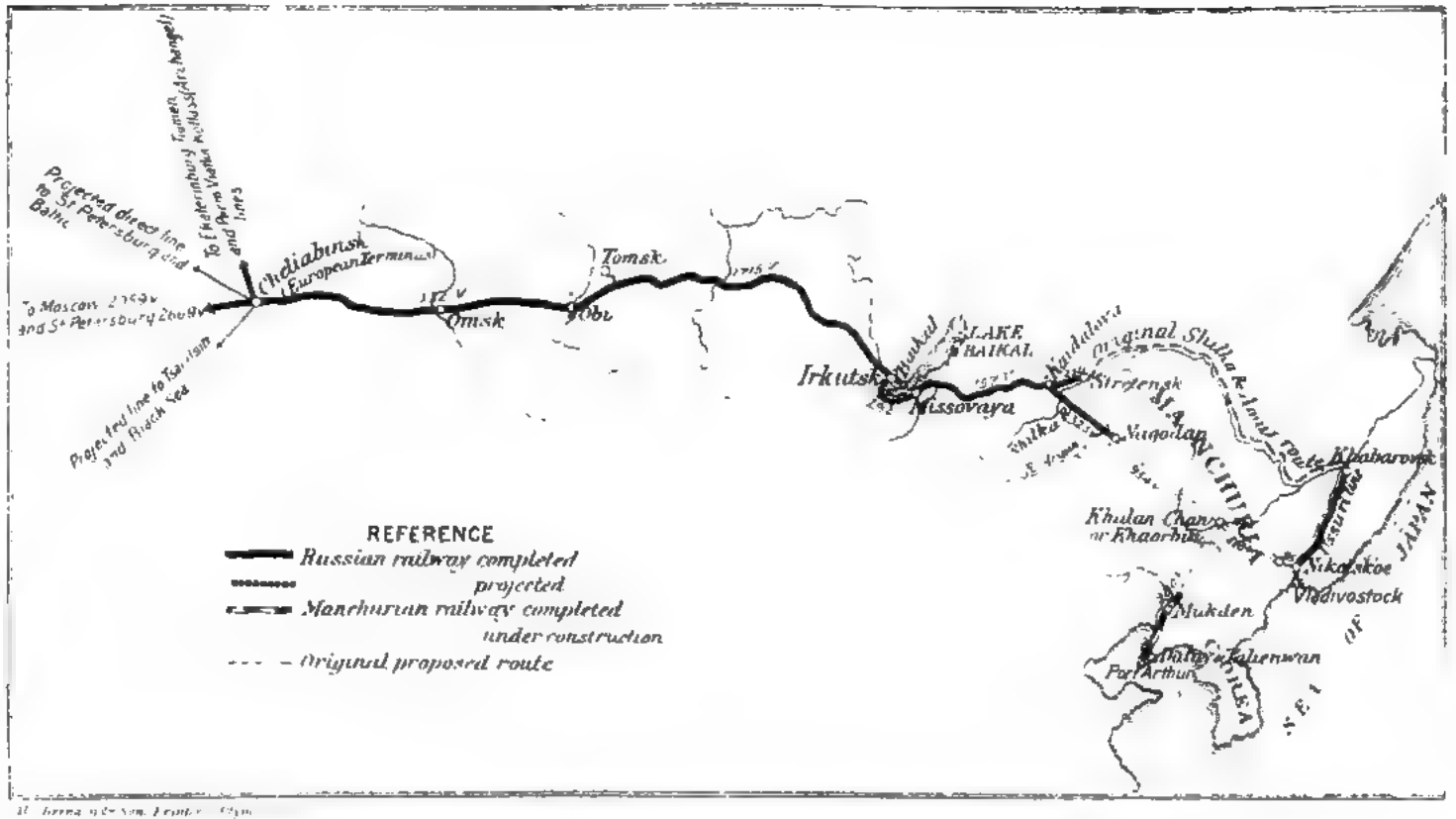

SKETCH MAP OF RUSSIAN AND MANCHURIAN RAILWAYS COMPLETED AND IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

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large numbers of men and officers (the staff especially) necessary for organisation of the forces in the Far East. For some time past every seat in the *trains de luxe* from Moscow has been engaged for officers, and to the convenience of transporting them quickly must be added the advantage of doing so entirely unobserved. Russian officers are not asked whether they can stand the discomforts of the journey.

As for the actual speed of transit, there is a slight misunderstanding caused by the reports of travellers coming from East to West, who compare the length of their journey with that usually quoted by the Russian railway authorities, who give the time from West to East. They forget that on the unfinished Manchurian side they must travel up a river as far as Stretensk, against the current, which naturally takes longer than coming from West to East, down the river. The actual speed of transit on the railway has already been considerably increased. When the writer passed over from Moscow to Irkutsk—then the terminus—the journey took ten and a half days, which already last winter had been reduced to eight and a half days. At present the rate of progress is about:

London to Moscow	3 days
Moscow to Stretensk	11½ „
Stretensk (down Amur) to Khabarovsk .	6 „
Khabarovsk to Vladivostok . . .	1 „
Total	21½ „

When the Manchurian gap is filled up—and had it not been for recent disturbances the section between Port Arthur and Vladivostok would have been working this autumn—the journey will be reduced by five days to Vladivostok and by four to Port Arthur. This is a calculation based on the speed already attained (14 miles for fast trains), and not on what will be done when the line is perfected; when the journey from Moscow to the Pacific will take but eleven or twelve days, and to Shanghai fifteen or sixteen. The journey from London to the Far East by the rival routes will then be as follows:

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	To Yokohama. Days.	To Shanghai. Days.
Viâ Siberian Railway . . .	18 ...	18 or 19
„ Suez Canal	34 ...	28
„ America	25 ...	31

Although primarily a political railway, there is no doubt that Russia hopes much from her new line as a commercial undertaking. It is impossible here to enter into such a technical account of trade with the Far East as would afford an approximate estimate of this side of the possibilities of the Trans-Siberian, for the data are not at present available. It must be largely a matter of faith. It is certain, however, that the old caravan trade will be entirely superseded, and that a very considerable through traffic will be done in tea, silk, and other light products of the East, especially those perishable, or which must be delivered within a certain time; while in years to come, Siberia, as one of the largest grain-producing countries of the world, may do a large, though perhaps not a remunerative, export trade with the Far East, even now importing foodstuffs in increasing quantities from over seas. Already there is a very considerable market for various manufactures in the newly-settled country, and this market is rapidly developing, according to the testimony of the Germans. Russia is not a free-trade country, and the railway with its abnormally low rates will have discriminating tariffs to support its foreign business, while providing a cheap route for internal trade. The Russians, too, lay stress on the avoidance of the heavy Suez Canal dues and of the necessary maritime insurance. The tea trade with China is increasing, almost all China tea now going to Russia, while Britain not only supplies herself but a large part of Europe, including Russia, more and more with Ceylon and Indian teas—an argument often used by Russians to prove the community of their interests with those of the Chinese and the diversity of ours from the latter.

As far as trade, however, is concerned, the railway will probably not be a paying concern for a long time, and certainly

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will not be able to fulfil its brilliant possibilities until it is not only finished but in great measure relaid. Eventually, no doubt, there will be a double line of rails, but before that is accomplished numbers of small feeder lines, of which mention has already been made, will run from it. In Manchuria Russia has the right by treaty with this country to extend her railways from the main Manchurian system, "in a south-westerly direction"—namely, through the north of China. These branch lines will have a very important effect politically and commercially, and without them the main line would never succeed in many of its objects.

The Russians probably consider the settling up of Siberia as a sufficient return for their outlay without any great immediate commercial return; for it must be remembered that Siberia is no barren desert, but is full of natural resources. Gold, silver, iron, coal, lead, precious stones, naphtha—these are only some of the riches she holds in store. Siberia, even at present, with a surface merely scratched, ranks as fourth of the gold-producing countries of the world. Many men who have prospected there claim that it will one day "rival the Rand." The yearly export already exceeds £5,000,000 sterling per annum. At present the absurd regulations and State supervision are deterrents to gold-mining, and scientific methods have hitherto been impossible without proper machinery and appliances, nor could fuel be had at the places where it was needed. Communications will alter all this, and, apart from the minerals, there are vast virgin forests in Siberia; there are enormous areas of virgin soil; there are rivers full of fish—all waiting for the coming of the master. It is impossible, in reading the statistics already given, to deny the benefits conferred upon Siberia by the railway in opening up the country, and upon Russia in providing an outlet for a teeming population for whom the poor soil and miserable conditions of life in their native country renders existence in Old Russia at once wretched and unproductive. The most captious critic, realising the facts, and reading in official reports

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for himself, if he will, how villages are springing up, towns have increased miraculously, markets are stimulated, trade is beginning, and the hum of life is heard all along the line, will grant that already the Trans-Siberian, however badly laid, however costly in construction, has conferred inestimable benefits on the nation to which it owes its being.

As to the share the rest of the world will have in these benefits, that depends largely on themselves. Germany has not been slow to seize opportunities, and the German language is the international medium for commercial transactions in Siberia, as in Russia, while many of the best and most intelligent settlers, as was noticed in "The Overland to China," are Germans or of German descent. A German trade paper circulates in all Siberian as well as European-Russian towns, printed as a rule daily, and in the German language. Advertising in Russian by catalogues and otherwise is largely employed by German manufacturers, and with successful results. The best teachers, artisans, and skilled workmen are Teutons. The writer in his journey met innumerable commercial travellers and agents of German nationality, but only one firm of British traders, a few British and American prospectors, and half-a-dozen English engineers employed on the ice-breaker at Lake Baikal. There is no paper in Russia printed in English, and the language is practically only available at the Russian ports. In Siberia it is unknown except among the Germans. The French are not in evidence at all. In view of the extreme cheapness of railway travelling in Siberia, it seems a pity that more cannot be done to stimulate British trade with the new territory, where our machinery, manufactured goods, hardware and so forth, are much in demand.

An even wider field of usefulness is opened by the bringing of China, Japan, and other Far Eastern territories into direct communication with European Russia and Europe generally. It is impossible to predict how far-reaching the effects may be, but that they are bound to be both wide and deep cannot

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be doubted. The barriers between East and West will be bridged, and the more so that the Power which has accomplished this, and emerged on the Pacific, is herself semi-Oriental. This will largely contribute to the breaking down of the race prejudices and divisions between the Russians and the people whose next-door neighbours they have become. And it must be recollected that Russia has come across Asia, not in a thin line, with very imperfect communications, as is often represented; not merely by means of a "single line railway," but solid, with a belt of country settled up as she came. Before the line was laid the tribes of Central Asia to the west had been subdued, and Russia, having no time to lose, did her work of subjugation thoroughly. The line does not run through a country inhabited by hostile tribes: on the north lies the vast ice-bound empire only partly settled with men of Muscovite blood; on the south—from west to east—lies first Central Asia, subdued and to a great measure content, and then the Chinese Empire—no longer merely Mongolia, but now China Proper with the cerebral point of the Empire, the capital—almost within reach. What is the significance of the latter?

The significance is so great, that, without it, it is hardly possible that Russia would have built the line, as she has done, altogether regardless of cost. The development of Siberia, the linking of West to East (in the neighbourhood of the Amur), important as they are, are insignificant factors in the case in comparison to what Russia gains by a direct touch on China. This touch—through a White Man's country too—she has gained by an extension of the original line; and by further extensions, by feeders, by branches, she will spread her net farther and farther until she can control the northern part of the Chinese Empire as she already does Manchuria.

The strategic value of the railway does not depend for its success, as many seem to think, on the mere moving of large bodies of troops to the Far East; as we have said before, that is a matter Russia can accomplish if she needs, not, perhaps, at

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the rate of 2000 per day, but with sufficient speed. Her methods, however, are more subtle. Russia will not fight so long as she can get what she wants by diplomacy, and her project at present is the *utilisation* of the greater part of the resources of China, not necessarily a territorial conquest or acquisition.

Perhaps the most impressive and important of all the changes wrought by the Trans-Siberian-Manchurian line, even in its present incomplete condition, is that it has placed within Russia's grasp what she has sighed for so long—ice-free ports, an open sea, and an immense stretch of the Chinese littoral. True, she was already established at Vladivostok before the commencement of the railway, but the gradual development of the line led to the occupation of Port Arthur and Talienwan, and what is practically the acquisition of the magnificent coast of Manchuria and the control of that province. Without direct communication through the hinterland and a stiffening of Cossacks and settlers, these ports would be of little avail to Russia, but now they lie, not isolated, but as the outposts of her own unbroken dominions. Russia sees herself to-day no longer land-locked, but an ocean power. With a maritime population to draw on, with a fine coast, open ports and facilities for inland trade, a vast difference has come over the spirit of Russia's dream. In the dockyards of the United States and Europe ships are being built, and with the development of Siberia and Manchuria large supplies of coal will be for the first time available. A fleet of fifteen large vessels, the "Volunteer Fleet," is employed at present between Odessa and the Far East, and supplements the work done by the railway, and a scheme is already afoot to establish lines of steamers between Vladivostok, Port Arthur, and all other important points in the Far East.

The Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway, to sum up, is part of a policy of anticipation. To be prepared for future developments, and to give, whenever possible, a helping hand towards shaping those developments in the way most convenient to

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herself—these are points in Russian policy admirably illustrated by this particular case.

Serious critics imbued with the fear of a "Yellow Peril" have suggested that, when communication is complete and direct, hordes of Chinese will pour into Siberia instead of the Russians filtering into China. A certain amount of such colonisation would be an excellent thing for Russia, and there is no chance of its becoming a difficulty. The Chinese have not sufficient idea of organisation, and are without leaders. Russia—half Asiatic herself—knows how to deal with them, and will not commit the blunder of being either too lenient or of dragooning them too heavily. That the Chinese are easily governed is shown by the way in which they have borne the usurpation of the Manchus and their tyranny for two-and-a-half centuries.

Another minor objection, aroused by my description of social life in Siberia, has been made to the Trans-Siberian as a civiliser. What can be done, it is asked, by people so indolent, untruthful, and addicted to *vodka* as these Siberians? Better have a virgin country than one peopled by such. But we must remember that immigration to Siberia began under most unfavourable circumstances. The country, the "cesspool of Russia," had a very bad name, and conditions of life were indescribably arduous. There are still—though the convict system has been greatly improved since the railway came along—in all the towns a certain number of convicts whose period of actual restriction to one spot is over, and the convict immigration has left traces, though the number has been too small to have any permanent effect on the population, while the conditions of their lives and the not unnatural dislike of the peasants to ally themselves with those under a cloud precluded any considerable increase in their numbers. The majority of those who with surprising quickness have flocked thither, and settled up many of the towns and villages, were men who had a desire to leave their own country for reasons not always creditable. The poorest and lowest and most miserable of the

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people—and the Russian *moujik* is of the lowest stratum of peasantry in the world—were also glad to stream towards a land where they would find relief from the monotony of semi-starvation and the thraldom of life on a Russian estate.

As the conditions of life improve, as the railway becomes efficient, education will become more accessible, avenues to success be opened, and a stimulus given to work and ambition. All these will tend to raise first the standard of life and then the standard of living in Siberia, and to elevate the characters and bring out the latent powers of the men who are Russia's pioneers. This will not happen soon, nor is it likely that the Siberians will altogether lose the defects of their qualities, but there is no reason to doubt that they will yield and respond to the influences which have gradually accomplished the civilisation of so much of the world. At present Russia is a very young nation, and her people have not behind them generations of education and self-government. On the contrary, they were loosed but yesterday from the bonds of the blackest ignorance and slavery. The Siberian colonist is but one step from that benighted *moujik*, and while still in this crude raw state he is often brought face to face with some of the facts of a civilisation almost effete in its elaboration. The moral result is like the Siberian custom of wearing a dress-coat on all occasions of ceremony, regardless whether the shirt beneath be clean or indeed whether there be any shirt at all; or like his house, which may be gaudy and splendid, but at the same time dirty and uncomfortable.

The whole affair—the new country, the freedom incidental to a new country, the many resources, their political importance—has come upon them very suddenly. The Russian nation has developed with the same amazing rapidity. Such mushroom growths are not always stable, and in this lies the danger for Russia. She has, as it were, leapt from point to point, and must fill in the gaps if she is to stand firmly. At present, however, we can only wonder at her energy and admire her foresight and steadiness of aim.

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Before quitting this subject I must draw attention to the manner in which the Russian Government have advertised their line, adopting, with the imitative faculty of the true Oriental, methods wholly opposed to Russian precedent, and worthy of the most pushing American. At the Paris Exhibition a section may be seen occupied by the *train de luxe* which will eventually run through from Paris to Vladivostok, and pamphlets are distributed, printed in every language conceivable, while excellent handbooks and guides are to be had in Russian, French, and one at all events in English—probably also in German. The work of popularising and making the line familiar has been carried on with great energy, in France especially, where legions of articles have appeared in papers, reviews, and magazines.

Altogether, Russia has made a gigantic effort, and, in the opinion of the writer, that effort has already been crowned with success far exceeding the hopes of the initiators of the scheme, while it is impossible to exaggerate the possibilities of the railway when it is at length completed, strengthened, and put in first-class order. Before we are all much older we shall be watching the realisation of those possibilities, with envy maybe, but not without admiration.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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NATIONAL DEFENCE

EVENTS are not in the habit of waiting upon the convenience of mankind. It is idle therefore to complain that the settlement in South Africa should loom so large just at the time when our attention is urgently needed in other directions. In the result, however, it seems only too probable that the question of national defence will wholly fail to receive the attention it demands. It is, in truth, of paramount importance, and will not brook delay. Even though we proceed with the utmost energy and despatch to set our house in order, who shall say that we may not find ourselves still unprepared in face of a situation, the gravity and danger of which will make our difficulties in South Africa sink into insignificance?

We stand, as Lord Rosebery has said, at the parting of the ways. The necessity of abandoning the old way must be obvious to the nation, unless it is smitten with a fatal blindness. The campaign in South Africa has furnished an object lesson of extraordinary force and significance. Compelled to take up arms against the South African Republics, collectively capable of putting fifty or sixty thousand armed peasants in the field, we are reduced, notwithstanding the generous assistance of our colonies and the voluntary service of patriotic civilians, to such a state of military weakness at home, that our only army of defence, hastily collected at Aldershot, has been pronounced by the Commander-in-Chief unfit to take the field. There is obviously something radically wrong about a system which has

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led to such a result. In the meantime our fleet, in addition to the duties imposed by the war, has had further calls made upon it by the sudden and unexpected upheaval in China. The position is sufficiently grave to occasion anxiety in the minds of reasonable men not addicted to panic and with no desire to be alarmists. To risk the recurrence of such a situation by apathetic indifference to the warning it conveys, would be criminal. Imperialism clearly demands the maintenance of a force commensurate with the obligations which it accepts. That this requirement as yet remains unsatisfied has been made plain. How our shortcomings in this respect may be made good it is now proposed to consider. The enthusiasm displayed by the people over the incidents of the war afford good reason to hope that their willing co-operation in any reasonable scheme of national defence may be secured. At the same time, though Mafeking nights and Ladysmith celebrations are all very well as displays of popular patriotism, they go no way at all in the direction of national defence; and we must not forget that the repeated exhibition of emotion unaccompanied by practical effort has a detrimental effect upon the character of individuals and nations alike. Assuming, then, that the nation is prepared to meet the demands occasioned by the adoption of an Imperial policy, how can we best repair the deficiencies which recent experiences have exposed?

In the first place, it is essential to have a clear idea of what the weak spot in our armour really is. We have been told on high authority that it consists in the insufficiency of our army, and consequently that the matter can be set right by the simple, albeit costly, device of adding to the battalions of regulars and militia. I submit that this is entirely to misapprehend the lesson furnished us. What has in fact been shown is that neither the regular army nor the militia can safely be relied upon as a second line of defence at all. What would have been the result, had we in fact on the outbreak of hostilities possessed twenty or thirty thousand more trained troops? Would our military force at home be one whit

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stronger than at present? Is it not plain that it would not? The additional trained troops would have been despatched out of hand to South Africa, and the only difference would have been that the hasty levies which have been raised would not have been raised in such large numbers. The truth is that any force, the first duty of which lies in the defence of the Empire at large, can never be relied upon for the purposes of home defence at all, for the simple reason that the danger of invasion is greatest when such a force is out of the country and altogether beyond recall. To rely, therefore, for the defence of our own country upon troops which are liable to be called upon for Imperial service is to rely upon a weapon which is almost certain to be out of reach when we most want it. We must make up our minds either to rely exclusively upon the fleet for the protection of our homes or to take the matter into our own hands. Behind the regular forces must stand the nation, organised for self-defence, if permanent security is to be obtained.

This object may be attained in several ways. The first and most obvious course is to follow the example of our neighbours and to require a period of military service from every citizen. This, we have been told, is contrary to the genius of the English people. Deplorable words to be used by any influential person; for, if the maintenance of the Empire demands universal service, this high-sounding phrase merely serves to cover the ignoble refusal, by men professing Imperialism, to accept the primary obligations of Empire. The phrase is open to another objection: that it is senseless. It might as well be said that to pay taxes is contrary to the genius of the English people.

The genius of the English people apart, what are the objections alleged against universal service? It is sometimes denounced as militarism, but if militarism consist in the training of the citizen for the accomplishment of his primary duty—the defence of his own country—to what objection is it open? So defined, the name seems void of offence. Then it is said that

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compulsory military service must unduly handicap industry. Our industrial difficulties, however, do not arise from insufficiency of labour, but from the tendency to produce in excess of the means of disposal. It is not likely, therefore, that the necessary subtraction from the ranks of labour would hamper production in any sensible degree, particularly as increased efficiency might be expected to compensate largely for diminution in quantity. Experience strongly confirms these conclusions. We have been accustomed to hear that English commerce would have nothing to fear from German competition, so long as the "blood-tax" and "crushing military burden" was maintained in Germany. Yet, under this crushing military burden, German industry has advanced with leaps and bounds, not only to the astonishment, but to the grave anxiety, of the happy country which, surrounded by its silver streak, has been able to neglect the first duty of citizenship—national defence—and to devote its whole energy to production. It would seem that, as the sons in the fable, diligently searching for the hidden treasure bequeathed to them, found an unlooked-for return in the increased fertility of their field, so the Germans, patriotically accepting the duty of military training, have reaped their reward, not only in the security of their empire, but in the vigour and efficiency of the manhood of their nation. There are doubtless grave defects in the German system, but surely nothing but blindness or prejudice can obscure the fact that the training given to the youth of Germany has resulted in marked advantage to the country. Nor, apart from our unintelligent habit of imitation in military matters, is there any reason why the causes which give rise to reasonable objection to the German system need be repeated here. Few probably would contend that, in order to make an Englishman an effective soldier, he must devote the whole of his time and attention to drill for a period of three years. If the true end of social life were sufficiently realised—namely, the development of the individual physically and mentally—the overwhelming advantage to the nation offered by a system of military combined with technical training

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could hardly be overlooked. Rescued at the most critical period of his life from the stuffy office and the unhealthy trade, where the seeds of consumption are sown in the immature, and proper physical development rendered impossible, given the benefit of open-air life, while acquiring habits of punctuality and application, the English lad of twenty would be turned out into the world healthy, vigorous, self-controlled, and skilled. The nation, in seeking for security, would have found regeneration.

The gravity of this side of the question—the physical condition of the people—hardly seems to be realised. For a century past we have drawn upon the energy of the race as if it were inexhaustible, heedless of the fact that that energy was the outcome of conditions of life which have long ceased to exist. Reverse the conditions, and the opposite result may be relied upon. This is evidenced by the symptoms of physical degeneration around us. A delusive idea exists that cricket and football provide in this country a means of physical training superior to the drill and gymnastics prevailing abroad. As a matter of fact, the great majority of our lads between the ages of sixteen and twenty play neither cricket nor football. They have not the chance. The comparative merit of the two systems, therefore, does not enter into the question.

In Switzerland, a democracy from which we have much to learn, physical training receives the closest attention, although the conditions of life are far more healthy than with us; and every effort is made to train the men to arms, although the international position of Switzerland is far less disquieting than that of our own country. In England we are apt to regard the very limited number of first-rate specimens of manly vigour drawn from the well-to-do classes as typical of the physical condition of the people. No notion could be more ill-founded, and it is much to be feared that, having regard to the decrease in the number of children in the families of the better class, the physical condition of what is statistically known as the "mean Englishman" is on the decline.

But apart from the indirect benefits calculated to result from

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the careful training which any well-considered scheme of general military service would involve, in themselves sufficient to justify its adoption, the direct advantage would be enormous. It would mean the assumption by England of her proper place as head of the nations. The policy of pin-pricks and tail-twisting now so diverting would speedily lose its fascination, and a greater step would have been taken towards the preservation of universal peace than ever has been or could be attained by all the efforts of all the peace societies in the world. Nothing short of this will suffice to impress upon our neighbours a due and abiding sense of our strength and security, but it may be admitted that practical security could be obtained by less far-reaching methods, on the condition that our naval supremacy is inflexibly maintained. An expedient most obvious and easily adopted lies ready to our hand—the constitutional resort to the militia ballot. Once determined on raising an adequate militia force by ballot, the only exemption to be on account of service in the regular army or the volunteers, and the whole of the youth of the better class will be driven into the ranks of the volunteers, where they ought to have been long ago. Without some such pressure no permanent increase in the number of the volunteers can be looked for. Spasmodic expansion in times of excitement there always has been and probably always will be, but this form of patriotism is open to the objection that in any real crisis it would almost inevitably be too late. There is a dislike with us to playing at soldiers, and volunteers themselves are quite conscious that, although they may be first-class fighting men, they will in times of peace always appear to disadvantage in comparison with regular troops: a comparison into which they are forced. There is also a dislike to uniform even when it is attractive, a dislike which is accentuated with regard to the habiliments of the volunteer. The writer, himself an ex-volunteer, ceased to feel any pride in his uniform after it had led to his being mistaken for an escaped convict on Dartmoor during the manœuvres many years ago. Finally,

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the volunteer exposes himself to the caustic humour of his friends, possibly aroused by an unacknowledged but uncomfortable feeling of duty neglected on the part of the humourist. It may be predicted, however, that most well-to-do young men would consider immunity from service in the ranks of the militia cheap at the cost of any amount of volunteering when they could choose their companions to a considerable extent. It follows that under such a sanction any degree of efficiency might be exacted from the volunteers which might be deemed essential.

There is another suggestion, the value of which depends upon the credit still attaching to certain military dogmas to which we have long reverently bowed. These are to the effect that drill and discipline are everything, marksmanship nothing, and that "men with rifles," however brave and intelligent, must incontinently vanish before the face of "trained troops" like smoke before the wind. The spectacle of South African peasants without drill, without discipline, with the loosest possible organisation, long holding their own against superior numbers, has, to say the least, given a rude shock to these notions. One may even have the temerity to doubt whether in regard to modern warfare there ever was much substance in them. Drill, it is to be observed, has two objects. First, instruction in the simple evolutions necessary nowadays. These ought to be taught at school and could be learnt by any intelligent man in a week. Secondly, the subordination of inclination to habit, so that the natural tendency to run away may be counteracted by the acquired habit of cohesion. That such a result may be achieved is shown by the valuable military service obtained from men recruited from tribes or peoples, the individuals composing which are the opposite of courageous. It is obvious, however, that you can never drill civilians sufficiently to make them automatic machines, and any drill directed to that purpose is entirely thrown away. After all, drill and discipline are but substitutes for courage and intelligence, and the advantages are by no means all on the side of the former.

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In South Africa disaster has repeatedly occurred from the too faithful repetition of lessons taught by years of drill and discipline at home, nor have we been altogether denied the opportunity of observing the sterilising influence of routine upon the brain. So far as the maintenance of order and good behaviour is concerned, a sufficient equivalent for discipline is to be found in the voluntary subordination which a common cause and urgent necessity may be relied upon to produce. Such subordination is of the nature of Englishmen, and is exhibited whenever occasion requires. In the face of invasion it would be shown at least as readily in the battlefield, and in the camp, as in the cricket or football field in times of peace.

In order to enable men to take part in the defence of their country there is, however, one indispensable condition: they must possess rifles and know how to use them. This condition is unhappily unfulfilled with us. How can we remedy the defect? Individual effort has already led the way by the formation of rifle clubs and the encouragement of marksmanship. But a movement of this kind is too partial in its operation and too uncertain in its duration to meet the necessities of the case. If left to individual action its tendency will inevitably be to flicker and die out. The difficulties, however, in the way of extending the practice of rifle shooting to the nation at large are not really formidable if the matter be approached with conviction and determination. The divisions created for the purposes of local government furnish us with the necessary means of organisation. Every parish council might be required to keep a register of the men between the ages determined upon, say from seventeen to thirty, not serving or having served in the regular or auxiliary forces. A return of this register should be made to the district council, and by the district to the county council. Each parish council should be required to provide a Morris-tube range and an armoury for the rifles, each district council the use of a long range within the district. Every man on the register should be required to produce yearly for a certain number of years a

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certificate of efficiency at the range. The men from each parish should select their commanders from among themselves, or any resident in the parish; while these might themselves elect a commander for the district. The only uniform required would be a bandolier and a cap or hat bearing a distinctive number or badge. The different commands should be mustered once or oftener in the year by a military officer, either in the separate parishes, in the district, or in the county. The places selected should be, in turn, all the defensible positions in the county, and the commanders should have pointed out to them how such positions ought to be entrenched and held. A large and increasing number of the men would be cyclists and could muster on their cycles; a considerable number of mounted men would attend if mounted men were required. Both cyclists and hunting men would start with a fair knowledge of the country, and such knowledge would rapidly be acquired by the rest. Some modification would be required for the population of larger towns, but they might be coupled by way of reinforcement to rural divisions. The cost would doubtless have to come out of the Exchequer, as the expenditure would be for a national purpose. The advantages of such a system would be: every Englishman would become a competent rifle shot; every district would be alive with riflemen accustomed to a rough organisation, working from their homes; commissariat difficulties would be reduced to a minimum; the men would soon get to know every inch of the country about them, every defensible position in it, the ways to it and from it, and how it should be held. Avoiding all imitation of military dress or title, they might hope to escape comparison with "trained troops," and to be judged by a totally different standard. The only concern of the military officer would be their muster at the appointed place and time, and the matter for his report the degree of rapidity and ease with which they mustered and dispersed. Shortcomings in these respects would be overcome by practice.

Now, it is not pretended that the above is a scheme for

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making an army. All that is maintained is that a country, the inhabitants of which were so trained and organised, would be a remarkably unpleasant one to invade. It is not necessary to show that riflemen could win pitched battles or even maintain the defensive for an indefinite period. It seems to be generally agreed, rather too hastily perhaps, that in the event of anything more than a temporary loss of the command of the sea we should be reduced to submission by starvation. London is, doubtless, perilously accessible from the coast, and the dream of military authorities on the Continent seems to be to make a dash upon London with a hundred or a couple of hundred thousand men, and thence dictate terms. The object of arming the nation would be to deprive such a scheme of its attractions. At present there is a great deal too much feasibility about it for the liking of thoughtful people. The contemptuous disregard of the danger existing in the public mind arises, apparently, partly from genuine courage, and partly from a characteristic obtuseness which prevents the appreciation of the helplessness of untrained men, however brave, in the case of an armed invasion.

It must not be forgotten, in considering the question under discussion, that the above proposals have no concern with the regular army. That reorganisation there is urgently needed there can be no question, although it may safely be predicted that no permanent improvement will take place so long as officers of the army are content to be considered as a red-coated variety of the idle class.

It is hoped that it will be recognised, for the reasons given above, that any increase in the army would not sensibly affect the security of our own shores, while it would prove enormously costly, and tend to limit the expenditure upon the fleet. Safety, if it is to be had at all, must be attained by national effort; the defence of the people must be by the people; surely a truly liberal and democratic idea. Liberals of the old school continue to cry aloud the maxims upon which their political youth was nourished, and are evidently nonplussed by the complete

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indifference with which they are received. They fail to realise that while they have been standing still, the world has been moving on. A policy which was sane enough when British commercial supremacy was practically unchallenged, and the struggle for expansion had not commenced, becomes mid-summer madness when that struggle is at its height, and the effort to surround each new possession with a tariff wall universal. So long as we stand unarmed amongst armed nations, so long will our interests suffer in the hands of the ministers to whom they are entrusted from an over-anxiety to avoid quarrels: an anxiety which unfortunately is calculated to defeat its own object. The interruption of a habit of concession causes resentment among nations, just as the cessation of a benefit is a well-recognised source of irritation amongst individuals. A nation which imperfectly and intermittently protects its interests arouses by their occasional assertion an indignation quite unknown in the case of those who habitually maintain their rights. More satisfactory plans for national defence than any of those sketched out above may doubtless be devised by abler heads than the writer's. The object of this article is to call attention to the urgent need of some such scheme. Hitherto the Government have not given the faintest indication of having appreciated the lessons recently afforded them. Is there no statesman in the country who has both the intelligence to realise the gravity of our position, and the energy to head a movement in favour of truly national defence? What is wanted is not reform but revolution, and for this there is good reason to hope the country is prepared upon the call of any one possessing its confidence.

RALPH NEVILLE.

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THE NAVAL EXHIBITION AT THE HAGUE

FROM the very earliest times the connection between England and the Netherlands has been so close, not only in its history, but in its trade and in its more purely social relations, that the Naval Exhibition which has been held this summer at the Hague would almost certainly have excited much interest in this country, were it not for two unfortunate coincidences. On the one hand, the great Exhibition in Paris eclipsed its smaller competitors, and, on the other, the war in South Africa not only gave people a glut of actually living history, but also impressed many with the idea that the Dutch, as distant cousins of the Boers and linked to them by many later ties, were necessarily hostile to us and to be considered as enemies. I am not called on to deny that public feeling in the Netherlands, so far as I could judge from the newspapers, was distinctly in favour of the Boers, though I saw nothing, even in the comic papers—gross as Dutch comic papers frequently are—which could be pronounced offensive; and comparing what I saw in Holland with what I have heard of in other parts of the Continent, whilst the Dutch caricatures kept themselves within reasonable limits, the expressions in the daily papers were moderate—infinitely more so than could be found in some of the pro-Boer organs printed in England. To an Englishman who has never admitted that any good accrued to his country from the policy of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright, there was even

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something funny in the plaintive wail of an Amsterdam paper, which, in commenting on the new measures adopted by Lord Roberts for giving a real value to a Boer's oath of allegiance, asked: "Is this the England of Gladstone and of Bright, the England that in our youth we learnt to love and admire?" On the other hand, however, there was everywhere visible a good deal of that sincere form of flattery which lies in imitation of things English; and I saw at least one little boy—to whom the English language was unknown—whose straw hat had a ribbon bearing the legend "H.M.S. *Benbow*."

Still, there can be little doubt that the notion that the Dutch were, or ought to be, intensely hostile to an English visitor did, to some extent, prevent any great influx from this country, or any enthusiasm about the Exhibition, which, too, interesting as it really was, did not appeal to the vulgar or popular taste. There were none of the more catching side-shows which, in the Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891, added so much to the financial success. There was nothing to compare with the "Sons of Neptune," the sea-fights, the small-arm men, the field-piece parties, the model of the *Victory*, or the most unhistorical panorama of Trafalgar—made in Germany. The Exhibition at the Hague could compare only with what, at Chelsea, was officially called the "Arts Section," or, more correctly, the "Historic Loan Collection," and was naturally on a much smaller scale. Differing from the English Exhibition in another important respect, this at the Hague was proposed, planned, and carried into effect with little or no naval co-operation. The Queen readily consented to be the patron; the Minister of the Navy, to be honorary President; a few lieutenants of the navy were on the Council; one of them—Lieutenant Colenbrander—acted as secretary; but the chairman, the vice-chairman, and the greater number of the Council were civilians—private gentlemen, men engaged in business, University professors, directors of museums, and so forth. Mr. Scheurleer, the chairman, is known as a collector in different branches of art and archæology; the vice-chairman.

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Mr. Van Gijn, of Dordrecht—the very name of which is redolent of Dutch history—is himself the possessor of a collection of historical engravings which has no private and not many public rivals. Professor Blok, of Leiden, and Professor Heeres, of Delft, were also members of the small party of Dutchmen who, early in the summer of last year, decided to hold an exhibition of portraits, pictures of sea fights, rare books of voyages, models, medals, and personal relics, illustrating the lives and recalling the memory of the great men who established the name of the Netherlands as a maritime power. This purpose they very ably carried out; and the little Exhibition—to which the Queen lent an annex of the Prince of Orange's palace—formally opened by the Queen on July 15, has further proved an admirable exposition of Dutch naval history, and, as such, a very interesting complement of our own Exhibition of nine years ago.

To me, who had a considerable share in compiling the Catalogue of that Exhibition, and who, for the last eighteen years—during the progress of the Dictionary of National Biography—have been living in close association with the worthies of our own navy, it was especially pleasing to find myself at the Hague among the companions or opponents of the men whose lives I have spent so many years in studying. With the actions of many of them I had long been more or less familiar, but their names were frequently new to me, though I had become acquainted with some of them in the illustrated edition of De Jonge's Naval History.[1] We are so much accustomed to say or to write, "The Dutch did so and so," that it came almost as a new idea that when they did it they had officers and that these had names. The water-beggars (watergeuzen) make a case in point. When they made their celebrated attack on the Briel in 1572, and laid the foundation of Dutch independence, we know that they were commanded by Count Willem van der Mark, of whom there was a small engraved portrait; and it was only natural that

[1] "Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Zeewesen, 1858–62."

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some of the commemorative medals, described in Van Loon, should be there also. It is seldom that the birth of a nation is so sharply defined as the birth of the independent Netherlands by the capture of the Briel on April 1, 1572. And yet how many of us in England know anything about the men who effected this? Of Balthasar van Ripperda, for instance, probably—it seems uncertain—an ancestor of that later Ripperda who, in the next century, came before Europe as the negotiator of the Treaty of Vienna? Of Jacob de Rijk, Nicolaes Ruijkhaven, or even of the vice-admiral, Willem Bloys van Treslong, who had in reality a more effective share in the capture than Van der Mark himself? Although a water-beggar, and goaded by grievous wrong to take a terrible vengeance on the Spaniards, Bloys van Treslong was not a sailor by early training, but was forced to the sea when the land, under Alva's rule, became too hot for a Dutch patriot; and he was the first of a family which stands out in Dutch naval history in pretty much the same way that the Haddocks, the Parkers, or the Harveys do in ours. His portrait and other portraits, swords of honour and mementoes of other captains and admirals of later date—one was rear-admiral at Camperdown—were lent by still living members of the family.

Similarly, when we pass on to the date of the Spanish Armada, and recall the important but barely chronicled share which the Dutch flotilla had in causing its utter failure, we remember, indeed, their admiral, Justin of Nassau, an illegitimate son of William the Silent, found by Lord Henry Seymour to be "very wise, subtle, and cunning"; but of the many officers who served under him we know little or nothing—not even of the vice-admiral, Pieter van der Does, although his portrait is described in the catalogue as that of the man who, in 1588, captured the Spanish galleon whose flag is preserved at Leiden. Our English histories all speak of the capture of this ship, the *San Mateo*, and her commander, Don Diego de Pimentel; but naturally and rightly lay the stress on the terrible pounding she suffered whilst with the fleet in front of

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Gravelines. So also—knowing, indeed, nothing of her later fate—did the Duke of Medina Sidonia in his report to the King of Spain. But, in fact, though the ship was raked through and through by the English shot, and was already in a sinking state; though very many of her men were killed or wounded, and though some had made good their escape in the boats, there were still enough left on board to make a stout resistance to the Dutch—all the more stubborn because they knew that their lives would not be spared. They had, of course, the advantage of position; for the Dutch were in too deadly earnest to wait in a cool, business-like way, and sink her with their great guns, as they might have done with comparative safety. They preferred the risk and the fierce joy of the hand-to-hand combat, and the name of their commander explains much of this determination. Pieter van der Does was first cousin of the better-known Johan van der Does, the gallant defender of Leiden in the great siege of 1574—the man who answered the Spanish summons with, "As long as we have one hand to eat, and another to fight with, we will never yield." And though they did not come quite to this extremity, they were not far from it before they were relieved.

The flag—or, more strictly, a streamer—of the *San Mateo* was placed by Van der Does in St. Peter's Church, in Leiden, where—in the words of Motley—"it hung from floor to ceiling.' A small print of the flag was in the Exhibition; but, as Dr. Blok told me that the flag itself was in the Museum at Leiden, I went there specially to see it, the more eagerly as, of all the flags that were taken from the Armada by the English, not one, not a fragment of one, now exists. After being kept in St. Peter's Church for nearly three hundred years, the flag was moved, in 1877, to the Lakenhalle, the town museum, where it —or, rather, what remains of it—hangs against a wall, with a curtain to draw before it. It was wished to take it to the Hague for the Exhibition, but, on consideration, it was judged too frail to be moved with safety. The colours have almost entirely faded out, but the design remains distinct. It is a

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picture of a crucifix, with the letters INRI above. Below, it is said to have had the legend:

EXURGE CHRISTE ET JUDICA CAUSAM TUAM.

This, however, has been frayed away, together with the lower part of the cross and of the figure as far up as the knees. When perfect it must have been rectangular, about 9ft. broad and apparently about 30ft. long, laced along the top to a light spar or lath, and flown as a streamer, probably from the main-top, possibly from the mizzen-peak. It was certainly not worn as an ensign; and, indeed, the few indications that now remain lead to the conclusion that, for a national flag, the Spanish ships then, as for the next hundred years, wore the red St. Andrew's Cross of Burgundy; although in a picture by Vroom, of the battle in Gibraltar Bay, in 1607, a Spanish ship in the foreground has the picture of an angel worn as an ensign, but laced to the flagstaff. This, of itself, is sufficient to show that Vroom, although a contemporary, was drawing on his imagination, and suggests that the angel flag—if, as is quite probable, it had a real existence—was worn as a streamer from one of the tops. But other flags in the same picture are altogether fictitious, so that Vroom's evidence on points of detail has no authority. This is a matter of some importance, for it was Vroom who designed the celebrated Armada tapestry which was made for the old Earl of Nottingham, and hung for two hundred years or more in the House of Lords. Whether Nottingham and his friends would tolerate or laugh at the painter's gross inaccuracies, we cannot say; but we do know that the painter was not above committing them.

This battle of Gibraltar, though fought out on tactics which Motley has described as "of antique simplicity," is, nevertheless, deserving of more attention than it has received from English officers, and that not only as a study in tactics, but as a study in naval policy. In tactics, for the dominating idea there was essentially the same as that which proved equally successful at the Nile, nearly two hundred years later;

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in policy, for it affords a very strong argument against the purely modern contention that every ship in the line of battle must be singly equal or superior to every one of the enemy—ignoring the elementary fact that battleships are not intended to act singly, that the sole purpose of fleet manœuvres is to train them to act collectively. All the teaching of history is to the effect that, so trained and within reasonable limits of size and number, small ships are superior to big ones. The battle of Gibraltar is but one more piece of evidence, though from the completeness of the victory it ought to be a convincing one. The Dutch admiral, Jacob van Heemskerk, had with him twenty-six ships, the largest of them relatively small; the Spanish fleet, at anchor in the bay, consisted of ten ships of the very largest size, with a number of smaller ones, making a total of twenty-one. Heemskerk seems to have thrown his whole force on the ten; and when these were overpowered, the fighting ceased and the butchery began; for, in the war of Dutch Independence, this was accepted by both sides as the regular sequence of events. "Had Heemskerk survived," says Motley, "he would doubtless have taken Gibraltar, and perhaps Cadiz—such was the consternation along the whole coast." The "doubtless" is, however, very doubtful, for the Dutch had no sufficient landing force; but the case is outside the domain of argument, for the enemy's second broadside had carried off Heemskerk's left leg, and he died within a few minutes, directing Verhoef, the captain of his flagship, to fight to the last and to conceal his death from the fleet. A cloak was thrown over his body, while his spirit—

> hovered near,
> And won bright Victory from her golden sphere.

That contemporary painters should choose this brilliant action as a subject for their brushes was natural, but the results do not speak much for their knowledge or their art. It may, however, be noticed that neither these, nor any other pictures of the early seventeenth century, give any support to the theory

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which has been put forward that, in the infancy of the Republic, the Dutch flag was orange, white, and blue, in horizontal stripes, and continued so till the revolution of 1650. The Prince's colours were, in fact, red, white, and blue, and these seem to have been adopted from the first, though orange may have been sometimes worn, from an idea that whether the Prince's colour was red or not, it ought to be orange. That, in other ways, the orange colour was associated with the Prince's service seems established. Many of the portraits of this date—Justin of Nassau, for instance, and Marinus Juinbol—show the orange scarf; and Heemskerk at Gibraltar, dressed in complete armour, is described as wearing the orange scarf and a large orange plume in his helmet. His body was embalmed and taken to Amsterdam, where it was buried in the Old Church, beneath a stately monument, over which has hung, in unbroken tradition, the armour which he wore in the battle—wanting the left thigh piece. It is now black, and the helmet has a black plume: such as it is—and its authenticity seems perfectly well established—it was brought to the Exhibition, as well as a portrait by an unknown painter, a miniature, and two engravings. There were also portraits, in black and white, of Heemskerk's associates: Alteras, the vice-admiral, and Marinus Hollare; and a drawing of the monument of Mooy Lambert, whom Motley has somewhat absurdly called "Pretty" Lambert. Mooy, his Christian name, does mean pretty; but whatever Lambert may have been as a baby, it is scarcely probable that, after a life spent at sea, he was "pretty" at the age of 57. Heemskerk's portrait is a very striking one. It shows a face of a type nowhere else represented in the Exhibition, a face with a white and pink complexion, delicate and refined features, straight, thin nose—utterly at variance with the idea of a rude and virile warrior. Nothing could be in greater contrast to this than the portraits of Pieter Hein, renowned alike in story and in song as Piet Hein, who, in 1628, captured the silver fleet, worth—it was said—some 30,000,000 fl. or about two and a half millions sterling. It is of this that Dr. Gardiner wrote:

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FIGS. 1 and 2.—Medal commemorating the capture of the Silver Fleet by Piet Heyn, 1628.
FIG. 2.—Reverse of medal commemorating the death of Martin Tromp at Ter Heide, 1653.

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The prize which Drake and Raleigh had failed to secure, and for which Cecil had waited in vain, had been secured by the skill and courage of a Dutch mariner. Peter Hein had captured the plate fleet, and the treasure which had been destined for the payment of Spanish soldiers was on its way to support the arms of the Republic.

When we remember the fame that in our country accrued to Stayner for a less perfect success, and in the next century to Wager and to Anson, we can the better understand the enthusiasm excited in a poorer country and in the hour of its great need. Hein, however, did not long survive to be his country's darling. He was killed before Dunkirk in the following year, and was buried in the Old Church at Delft, where his monument scarcely loses in popular sympathy by its proximity to that of the more celebrated, more illustrious, Marten Tromp. And yet among the Dutch the memory of Tromp fills much the same place as that of Nelson does among us. Born at the Briel on April 23, 1598, he was a sailor and a man of war almost from his infancy. In 1607 his father, Harpert Martenszoon Tromp, commanded a ship in the fleet at Gibraltar with Heemskerk; and being with him, the nine-year-old boy witnessed the defeat and the slaughter of the Spaniards. But the father was killed in the battle, and the boy, left, it is said, without friends, grew to manhood on board ship. By the time he was seven-and-twenty he was already a captain in the States' service; he may have been with Hein in the West Indies in 1628; he was certainly with him off Dunkirk in 1629; and Hein died in his arms.

Step by step he won his way. In England he is principally known as the opponent of Blake in the war of 1652–3, and by the impudent fable of the broom; but in Holland he was already a man of note when, in October 1639, more or less at the suggestion of Richelieu, he destroyed the Spanish fleet in the Downs. The satisfaction of the French Government at his victory was proved by the patent of nobility granted to him by Louis XIII. in the following January, with arms bearing on an azure chief a golden fleur-de-lis, and apparently also by a

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gold medal and chain, not dated. The delight of Tromp's countrymen and their unappeased hatred of the Spaniard were perpetuated in a "spotprent," a gross caricature entitled "The Killing of the Pig," where Spain is represented as the pig and Marten Oom as the master butcher, the nations of Europe as villagers standing round in attitudes of approval or dismay. On the occasion of Henrietta Maria going to Holland in February, 1642, Tromp was knighted at Dover by Charles I., who granted him, as an augmentation to his arms, a Tudor rose on each of the supporters.

It may well be that to this, as well as to the favours he had received from Louis XIII., and to his adherence to the party of the House of Orange, is, in some degree, to be attributed his antagonism to the English Commonwealth and his readiness to begin the war. But to speak of this, and the struggle of the next fourteen months, would be to write the history of that war, out of which and, as far as we can yet judge, out of Tromp's teaching, grew the fleet formation adopted by all European nations, and known for the next two hundred years as the "line of battle." That Tromp had ideas in advance of his age is almost certain; and, indeed, his tactics in the battle of Portland have a clear though rudimentary resemblance to those of Nelson at Trafalgar—the essential difference being that Penn and not Dumanoir commanded the English van. Tromp was killed in the battle of July 31 (August 10, N.S.) 1653—sometimes inaccurately spoken of as the first battle of the Texel, though the Dutch more correctly call it the battle of Ter Heide—in which, however, his great antagonist, Blake, was not present. He was buried in the Old Church of Delft, where his monument shows, besides his statue recumbent and the "sea-fight cut in marble, with the smoke, the best expressed," says Pepys "that ever I saw in my life," a long inscription which, after enumerating the hero's noble qualities, concludes—

Post L prælia quorum dux fuit aut pars magna, post insignes supra fidem victorias, post summos infra meritum honores, tandem Bello Anglico tantum

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The Killing of the Pig

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MARTEN TROMP

non victor certe invictus, X Aug. An. Æræ Christianae MDCLIII, Æt. LVI, vivere ac vincere desiit.

Unquestionably Marten Tromp stands in the first rank of naval commanders, and we—though enemies, at the last—can well afford to render due homage to his memory; but his fame in England is perhaps greater than it otherwise would be, from the confusion that has often been made between him and his son, Cornelis Tromp, a man of good and long service, but of a much lower grade than his illustrious father. He had neither his father's genius, skill, temper, nor aptitude for command. His conduct in the St. James's fight (July 25 to August 4, 1666) brought on him a severe reprimand from Ruyter, the commander-in-chief. This led to a violent quarrel; and as John De Witt took Ruyter's part, Tromp retired into private life, from which he did not emerge till the death of the two De Witts seemed to clear the way; it is, indeed, far from certain that he was not an instigator of the murder: it was very positively said that he was present at it, veiled in a huge cloak. By the mediation of the Prince of Orange he then made up his quarrel with Ruyter, and served under him during the campaign of 1673. In the early months of 1675 he visited England, on the invitation of Charles II., who conferred on him a baronetcy, with remainder to his brothers and their male heirs. The title, however, was allowed to lapse after Tromp's death, in 1691. It was at the time of this visit that he went to Oxford, where it was proposed to give him an honorary degree of Doctor; but this he declined as "out of his element." "He was much gazed at by the boys," wrote Dr. Prideaux, afterwards Dean of Norwich and author of the celebrated "Connection," "who perchance wondered to find him, whom they had found so famous in Gazettes, to be at last but a drunken, greasy Dutchman. Speed [grandson of Speed the historian] stayed in town on purpose to drink with him." And a month later, when the drinking had come off, Prideaux wrote again:

We got a greater victory over Van Tromp here than all your sea-captains in London, he confessing that he was more drunk here than anywhere else

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since he came into England, which I think very little to the honour of our University. Dr. Speed was the chief man that encountered him, who, mustering up about five or six more as able men as himself at wine and brandy, got the Dutchman to the Crown Tavern, and there so plied him with both that at twelve at night they were fain to carry him to his lodgings.

Cornelis Tromp was afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Danish fleet against the Swedes, and was created Count of Sylliesborg by the King of Denmark; but in his own country, though appointed Lieutenant-Admiral-General on the death of Ruyter, he had no further service.

Naturally it was in the seventeenth century, the period of Holland's greatness, that her sea-officers were more distinguished. They fought against England, against Spain, Sweden, or France, frequently with dash and always with determination. The sea has known no finer fighting race; and when good success has not attended their efforts, the failure has been due rather to political or financial than to purely naval causes. In seventeenth-century portraits and memorials the Exhibition was very rich; and as the English wars were the prominent feature of a great part of the time, so many of the names almost belong to English history. Here were Witte de With, an able and brave man, but of an intractable temper, who commanded against Blake in the battle of the Kentish Knock, and was slain in 1658 in the battle of the Sound, against the Swedes. With him fell also Vice-Admiral Pieter Floriszoon, who had fought all through the first English war. Here, too, was Van Ghent, who led the division of the fleet up the Medway in 1667, and was slain at Solebay in 1672; Adrian Banckert, who commanded the van at Solebay; Van Galen, who commanded the squadron in the Mediterranean in 1652–3 against Appleton and Badiley, and was slain in the battle off Leghorn; Wassenaer, a colonel of dragoons, who, for political reasons, was put in command of the fleet in 1658, and again in 1665, when he was defeated and slain in the battle of Lowestoft; and—among many others—some of the Evertsen clan, of which nine members, as I was told by M. van Gijn—himself a

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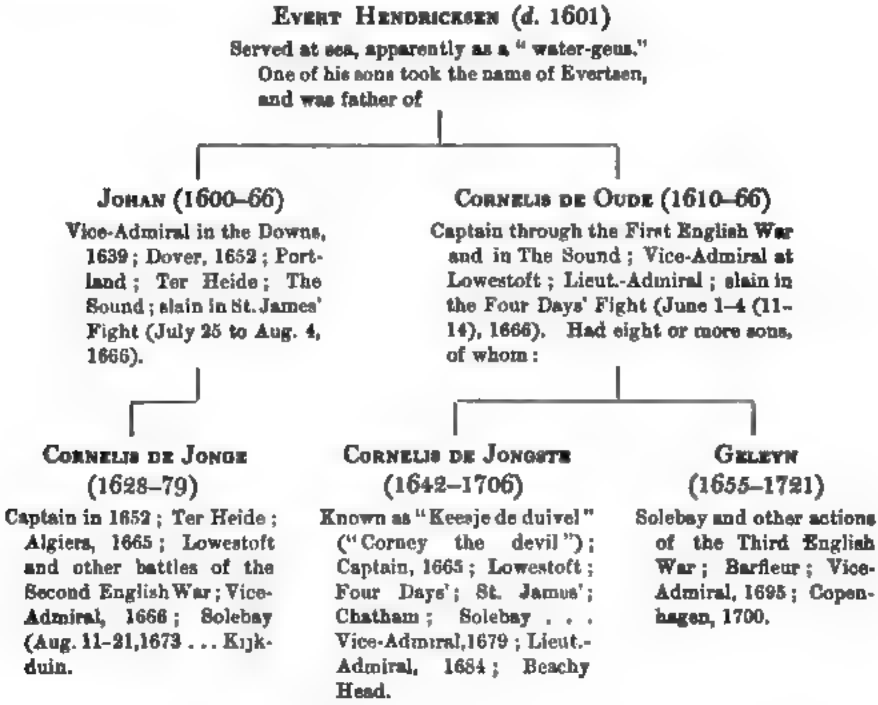
cyclopædia of Dutch history—fell in the naval service. On the lives of these and other Evertsens, De Jonge, the historian, who was connected with the family by marriage, wrote a monograph, but—in this country, at least—it is now rare. It is not in the British Museum, and I have not been able to see a copy of it. There are, I understood, many portraits and memorials of the Evertsens in the museum at Middelburg, but there had been insuperable difficulties in the way of bringing them to the Hague; and thus comparatively few of the race were represented in the Exhibition. Still, these were the most distinguished; and as they have been also subject, among us, to great confusion, an effort to disentangle them may properly be made. So far as the Exhibition helped me, I have arrived at the following:


Evert Hendricksen (d. 1601)
Served at sea, apparently as a "water-geus." One of his sons took the name of Evertsen, and was father of
Johan (1600–66)
Vice-Admiral in the Downs, 1639; Dover, 1652; Portland; Ter Heide; The Sound; slain in St. James' Fight (July 25 to Aug. 4, 1666).
Cornelis de Oude (1610–66)
Captain through the First English War and in The Sound; Vice-Admiral at Lowestoft; Lieut.-Admiral; slain in the Four Days' Fight (June 1–4 (11–14), 1666). Had eight or more sons, of whom:
Cornelis de Jonge (1628–79)
Captain in 1652; Ter Heide; Algiers, 1665; Lowestoft and other battles of the Second English War; Vice-Admiral, 1666; Solebay (Aug. 11–21, 1673 . . . Kijkduin.
Cornelis de Jongste (1642–1706)
Known as "Keesje de duivel" ("Corney the devil"); Captain, 1665; Lowestoft; Four Days'; St. James'; Chatham; Solebay . . . Vice-Admiral, 1679; Lieut.-Admiral, 1684; Beachy Head.
Gelein (1655–1721)
Solebay and other actions of the Third English War; Barfleur; Vice-Admiral, 1695; Copenhagen, 1700.

As these five, and possibly some others, appear in our histories under the common name of Vice-Admiral (or Admiral) Evertsen, it is clear there is plenty of opportunity for confusion, and we have not been slack in availing ourselves of it.

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But of all the old-time worthies whose memory was renewed by the Exhibition, the fame of none surpasses or—with the exception of Marten Tromp—even equals that of Ruyter,[1] a man of humble parentage, who, by force of character and genius, assisted, no doubt, by opportunity, raised himself to the highest command and the rank of Lieutenant-Admiral-General, a rank, indeed, created for him, and never conferred on another, except—for political and party reasons—on his immediate successor, Cornelis Tromp. In independent command or subordinate to Marten Tromp or Witte de With, Ruyter served in all the principal battles of the First English War; as Commander-in-Chief in 1666, and in 1667, when the Dutch fleet rode triumphant in the Medway and the Thames, and again in 1672 and 1673, when, although outnumbered, he succeeded in preventing the combined English and French fleet from dominating the North Sea and co-operating with the French army of invasion. His conduct of this campaign will always secure for him the reputation of one of the greatest masters of strategy and tactics, although his task was rendered less difficult than it otherwise might have been by the mutual jealousies of the allies and the incompetence of the allied admirals, Rupert and D'Estrées. After the conclusion of the peace with England, in 1674, Ruyter was sent to the Mediterranean, where, off Stromboli, with a very inferior force, he fought an indecisive action with the French fleet under Duquesne, and, by taking up a position at Milazzo, compelled the French to circumnavigate Sicily in order to relieve Messina—causing a delay which, against more active enemies than the Spaniards, might have been fatal. Afterwards, having joined the Spanish squadron, he again engaged Duquesne with more equal numbers, off Augusta, on April 22 (N.S.), but, heavily weighted by the incompetence and arrogance of the Spanish admiral, Don Francisco de la Cerda, was unable to do more than prevent a

[1] Both in this country and his own he always has been, and commonly still is, called De Ruyter. If we allow that he probably knew his own name, he signed Michiel Ad. Ruyter, the Ad. being short for Adriaanszoon.

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MICHIEL RUYTER

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defeat. The loss of the Dutch was even more fatal than a defeat, for a comparatively slight wound that Ruyter had received took a bad turn, mortification set in, and he died at Syracuse on the 29th.

Two of the most pleasing portraits in the Exhibition were those of Ruyter's son, Engel Ruyter, who was born in 1649, made a captain in 1668; served at Solebay, at Kijkduin, and in the Mediterranean with his father, whose body he brought home in the end of 1676. On the way he touched at Portsmouth, where he is said to have attracted the notice of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and to have gone to London on her invitation.[1] He was made a vice-admiral in 1678, but died in 1683, without opportunities for distinction. Of a later period, space will barely permit me to mention Van Almonde (d. 1711), who commanded the Dutch division at Barfleur; Callenburg (d. 1722), a pupil of Ruyter's, vice-admiral at Beachy Head and Barfleur, and in command of the Dutch division at Malaga; and Zoutman, the sturdy antagonist of "Vinegar" Parker at the Dogger Bank in 1781. The scheme of the Exhibition ended with the extinction of the Dutch Republic in 1795, and thus there were no memorials of De Winter or Camperdown, nor pictures of the short-lived Batavian flag.

The bringing together under one roof of these portraits and memorials, to the number, all told, of 2301 and upwards—for some, arriving late, were not catalogued—gave to me, as it must have given to every student of naval history, a rare and interesting opportunity, for many of the objects shown belong to private persons and are not generally accessible; and even those belonging to official collections are not always so. But the general public, whether Dutch or English, has not much practical enthusiasm for history, especially when the practical part involves the expenditure of tenpence. At any

[1] The curious story is told in "Journal du Corsaire Jean Doublet de Honfleur." Publié . . . avec introduction, notes et additions par Charles Bréard 1884.

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rate, there was no wild rush of visitors while I was at the Hague—not a hundredth part of the number that assembled to witness the arrival of the Shah; and though it was provided that any balance should be "used for the benefit of the 'Prins Hendrik Stichting,' the well known refuge for old sailors at Egmond aan Zee," I understood that there was but little prospect of the Institution deriving any sensible advantage. It is a pity, every way; but so the world wags.

J. K. Laughton.

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RELIGIO LAICI

WE have lately been informed in many quarters, so that the remark is becoming a commonplace in the daily and weekly newspapers, that the clergy of this generation, in their pursuit of novelty, have broken away from the severe and sensible religion of their forefathers in the venerable Church of England. Hence, it is said, matters are approaching a serious crisis. The road taken by the great bulk of the clergy is more and more diverging from the narrow way in which the laity have always walked and mean to walk, and soon the two parties will be out of eyeshot and earshot. Against such a contention it is of no avail to point to the fact that there is a House of Laymen which sits periodically along with Convocation, because it is a recognised fact that this House is not sufficiently representative. Equally idle is it to point out that the English Church Union, the society supposed to be heading the migration into the desert of newfangleness, is presided over by a layman, and numbers among its members far more laity than clergy; because it is replied that the clerical layman is a genus by himself, and a worse enemy to true religion than the most clerical of the clergy, being indeed of the nature of a prodigy, like a white black-beetle. So that the indictment has to be amended into a charge not against the clergy but the clericals. Let me begin by saying that I frankly agree with the plaintiff, whom for convenience I will call the layman, that even in a democracy truth cannot be ascertained by counting

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heads. I cheerfully admit that because a society is being taken by violence, as we are assured is happening to the English Church Union, it is not thereby proved to be the Kingdom of Heaven. But if I do this, I must ask him to make me the same admission. I must claim that the opinions of the irreligious and merely careless, which are always proffered against the Church on a favourable opportunity, shall not be allowed in evidence, and that the contempt of the rabble shall not be held to prove that the clergy are contemptible. There is a beatitude on those who are persecuted for righteousness sake which seems to imply that persecution is not an improbable event; and such persecution may be carried on by the innuendoes of peers of the realm as well as by the less polished ribaldry of the British workman in a third class smoking-carriage.

The fundamental difference of view between the two parties will perhaps be best appreciated with reference to the subject of worship; about which, indeed, most of the public controversy arises. With the one party worship is an end in itself, with the other only a means to an end. The one looks upon the worship of God as the highest duty of the creature; the other regards "church-going" only in its reflex influence upon the character of the "church-goer." Hence, while the one side is inclined to multiply services, and to employ upon them the highest faculties of human nature, in music and painting and arts allied to these, the other is apt to regulate its acts of devotion by the mental and moral stimulus it feels necessary for the system at the moment, and to prefer the directly receptive method of preaching to the more roundabout method of prayer. I do not think such a difference in men's attitude towards worship is mis-stated. It is no doubt true that there are High Churchmen still who, like some of the early Tractarians, prefer that worship shall be simple; and there are as certainly Broad Churchmen who have a taste for the fine arts, and, now that the battle has been won, make their buildings and services as splendid as they can. But the cathedrals of which we are so justly proud, and the painted windows that

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were once an additional glory to them, and the music that was written to be sung there, were all in their origin inspired by the theory that worship was due from man to God, and should be as magnificent as man could make it; and the revival of this magnificence followed very closely on the revival of the idea of worship. But when the case is stated so, I do not see how an unprejudiced judge could avoid deciding that the clerical point of view is the only defensible one as long as the Church of England holds by its creeds. Granted that the facts of the creed are as they are stated, and in this controversy they are not supposed to be in dispute, for our aggrieved layman is a member of the Church of England, then there is ample warrant for this clerical insistence upon worship for its own sake, as "very meet, right, and our bounden duty."

But it is just this necessary context of his Churchmanship that the layman too often ignores. Since he reached manhood he has never been asked to subscribe to any creed, and he remembers very vaguely what was promised for him in his baptism. He reckons himself a Churchman chiefly because he, more or less frequently, goes to church, and does not go to conventicles. But probably, if pressed to define his position more exactly, he would say he was a Churchman without dogmas. Now, it is worth while to look such a position as this fairly in the face, and see its meaninglessness. There can be no religion without dogmas. The existence of God is a dogma quite as much as the Incarnation. Certain philosophies have, it is true, laid down the necessity of a spiritual principle to explain the universe we know; but the idea of God as a God of love and righteousness, which is after all what the layman means by God, comes to him not from philosophy but through the Christian revelation. If he accepts this notion of a Creator on the authority of Scripture, confirmed by such evidence as he himself may have been impressed by, in the course of history, or the beauty of nature, or the happiness that right conduct brings, he has given in his assent to the first article of the Christian creed, and is to that extent a dogmatist; for what has

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convinced him falls very far short of proof. He will then have to settle with his conscience how far he can accept such an all-important statement as this, concerning the Divine nature, upon the authority of Christ, and leave aside others as being inconceivable. The layman sometimes occupies the position of one who accepts all the teaching of Christ that concerns our duty to each other, based as this is upon His revelation of the character of God, while neglecting all Christ's teaching about Himself; or again, of one who accepts the doctrine of immortality for the race without accepting the fact of the resurrection of Christ, which first brought it home to men's hearts, and is indeed our sole evidence accredited by witnesses for any resurrection at all. The crucial point then to determine, the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*, for men now, as it was for the apostles, and as it has been in all ages of the Church, is the possibility of worshipping Christ. It was St. Peter's declaration of our Lord's Messiahship at Cæsarea Philippi that was hailed by Him as the foundation-stone of the Church; and all the endless controversies since have in reality turned on the same point. Humorists, for example, have been pleasant over the fact that a vowel, as between the Homoousiasts and the Homoiousiasts, could rend the Church into parties, but the vowel meant worship or no worship; since to worship anything lower than God is idolatry. Undogmatic Christianity, therefore, is a meaningless phrase; and the test of Christianity is worship; so that the clergy are amply justified in laying upon worship all the stress they do.

But when that is allowed, it is far from settling the whole question in favour of the clericals. We read with horror of all the desecration that befell our churches under the unscrupulous and sacrilegious orders of King Edward's lay counsellors; we shudder at the narrow escape of Westminster Abbey; but if we are candid we must admit that if the worship that had gone on in these churches had been all that it ought to have been, the spoilers would have found no help and little mercy among the worshippers. As we know, what was largely lacking in the

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pre-Reformation worship was the element of the intelligence. The creed was supposed to be symbolised by the ritual; but the symbolism was not explained; preaching was perfunctory and ignorant; and the doctrines that were most zealously taught were not articles of the Catholic faith at all, but accretions which had accumulated in times of ignorance, and which therefore the new scholarship that came in with the study of Greek was bound to expose. One great danger, then, that the layman feels, even when he has accepted as paramount the idea of worship, is the possibility, nay the certainty, that worship will degenerate and become superstitious, unless it can take up into itself the intellect as well as the emotions. And the layman roundly asserts that among the clericals some are obscurantist, and too few supply in their churches such preaching as can uplift the mind of the educated Englishman and help to clear away the difficulties that beset his faith. Speaking broadly, and not forgetting conspicuous exceptions, I should be tempted to say he is right. There has been too much tendency among the rank and file of the High Church clergy to think and speak of preaching as a "Protestant" and not a "Catholic" ordinance. Such a view was very natural as a reaction from the view current earlier in the century, which elevated the sermon into the sole means of obtaining Divine grace. The Puritan has always had a very insufficient idea of the meaning and duty of worship, and an exaggerated idea of the advantage likely to accrue from hearing sermons. But though one extreme may account for another, it does not justify it. If some of my younger brethren are tempted to think that preaching came in with the Reformation, and may therefore be lightly esteemed, I would like to ask them to pay a visit to such churches as Burford or Oundle, where the pulpits date from the fifteenth century: and if they still hesitate to admit its true catholicity, I would advise a course of St. Augustine's or St. Chrysostom's homilies. But even supposing it were a Protestant innovation, it is at present enjoined by rubric and cannot be avoided; and if that is so, and if men will be drawn to hear

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if the preacher gives them of his best, it is worse than idle to abuse the opportunity, as is sometimes done. The cleric says, "Come to church and worship"; the layman replies, "Well, at any rate I will come and hear what you have to say. I quite recognise that six days' preoccupation with finance may tend to materialise my view of things; besides, there are not a few moral questions that I should like to hear straightened out. 'Be fructuous,' then, 'and that in little space.'" If the layman thus replied to St. Paul, could one imagine that great ecclesiastic replying, "Oh, I am a priest, not a preacher; my business is to christen and confess you, and so forth; if you want preaching, there is plenty, I believe, at the meeting-house opposite"? What I should like to ask is the plain question, Can the laity be blamed for asking that at least as much pains should be spent upon preaching in the English Church as is spent among the dissenters? Surely they are justified in their demand. Why, because we think preaching of less importance than worship, should we preach as badly as we do? And it is really not of less importance. Worship, apart from the instruction of the mind and conscience, must be partial and tend to be perfunctory. It is characteristic of George Herbert, whom we all unite to honour as a typical English Churchman, that in the church he restored at Leighton Ecclesia he ordered the reading-pew and pulpit to be of an equal height, "for he would often say, 'They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other; but that Prayer and Preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.'"[1]

But our layman's case against the present conduct of public worship is not limited to the sermon. He will tell you that, accepting the principle of worship, he nevertheless hates grovelling, which is un-English and undignified; that he hates to see a clergyman posturing like a dancing-master, and making a guy of himself. Here I confess there seems a good deal to be said for him. First, in regard to attitudes of devo-

[1] Walton's "Life of Herbert."

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tion. The cleric will say: "I have come, as I sincerely believe, into the nearer presence of my Maker and Redeemer; no recognised posture of humility could under those circumstances be degrading to me, even though I am, as you say, an Englishman. I read that the saints in Scripture fell on their face when they realised God's presence; why should you expect me to do less?" To which I can conceive the layman replying: "Moses put off his shoes at the bush, and Orientals still do so when they enter their churches; we do not. With us the accustomed attitude of humility is kneeling, and this is the posture prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer. I do not see why you should go beyond it." In his reference to rubrical prescription the layman certainly scores his point; in the conduct of public worship no private motions are in place; at the same time it is hard to understand the layman's horror at more profound obeisances. Again, the layman is plainly within his right in objecting to the too mechanical ritual drill that vexes the heart in some churches. It is hard to conceive of the *ceremoniarius* as figuring among St. Paul's list of spiritual officers. It is quite true that there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and that there is a prescription of antiquity as well as of rubric; but what angers the layman (and in many of us clergy also the layman is not completely obliterated) is the too dapper performance of ceremonies, without dignity and without reverence, as though the ceremony was a feat of skill, and the officiating clergy members of a revived college of Salii performing round the Ara Maxuma. The objection to vestments, though perhaps equally characteristic of the Englishman, is not so successful in giving reasons for itself. The layman sometimes speaks about Ritualists as though they got themselves up at the theatrical costumier's in whatever gaudy trappings pleased their vagrant fancy. He might with equal justice and equal success make fun of Her Majesty's judges. "They are men, it is to be supposed; yet, see, they wear petticoats! And what is the sense of that amazing *coiffure?*" It would be interesting to put the

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portraits of a judge and a bishop, each in full official dress, before some unsophisticated child of nature in a Board school, and see which he would salute with the cry of "Kroojer!" who has now supplanted the older gunpowder conspirator as the synonym for a "guy." It seems to me conduct on no higher level than that of street Arabs to take exception to the historical dress of a profession, every part of which has a history of centuries, on the ground that abstractly it is ridiculous. Abstractly, what dress is not ridiculous? The question of clerical vestments can only be fairly argued historically in reference to the rubric which prescribes such as were in use in the second year of Edward VI.

Our layman, however, is careful to point out to us that it is not only the "advanced" clergy that cause him to stumble in his worship; even their very "moderate" brethren can give him scandal, and perhaps by nothing so frequently as the professional voice in which they think it right to read the prayers. *Nec vox hominem sonat* would sum up the criticism one most often hears. It is unmanly and affected. I am told that one of the most successful features in an entertainment at a fashionable watering-place this summer was an imitation of a curate giving out the Notices in church. One is grateful to the mimic for avoiding profanity by confining his parody to the Notices. But why should we, as a profession, indulge in the luxury of a professional voice? There are other clerical tricks that must be equally amazing to the angels. I heard a young man, only last month, read Evensong as though it was an exercise in the importance of the preposition *of*. Each *of* was emphasised, and in the "Prayer for all conditions of men" he was in an ecstasy, they came so thick and fast. It will be said these things are trifles, but they are not. Nothing that hinders worship is a trifle; and everything that makes the clergy ridiculous hinders the cause of the religion of which they are the professed advocates.

Clerical affectation, however, is regarded by the layman as only one form of clerical arrogance; and so we come to the

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gravest charge of all against the profession—its growing sacerdotalism. One might accumulate a good deal of evidence to justify the layman's fears. I will relate here a single incident to show the sort of needless and foolish offence that is often given. I was in a church at Brighton with a lay friend, an artist, who wished to inspect the reredos, a painting by Burne-Jones. We made application to the sister in charge, who explained that no layman could be allowed in the chancel. We pleaded the special circumstances, but she was inexorable; so I, who had no strong interest that way, was allowed to pass within the screen and view so much of the picture as was visible between the serried files of wax tapers; but my friend was forced to be content with a view of the brass lectern, which the good sister, to remove any feelings of jealousy, kind-heartedly uncovered for him. Now, if this does not mean that the clergy (including the men and boys of the choir who may be understood to have received the minor order of exorcists) are holier than the laity, what does it mean? A choir separate from the nave in an abbey church for the special use of the religious, who, by their vows, are separate from the world, is intelligible; but in a parish church the separation cannot amount to more than a practical convenience, and to insist upon it is merely silly. It is far from uncommon, however. Only the other day, in Boston Church, I found a cord fastened across the entrance to the choir warning back the "*profanum vulgus*," although the most interesting objects in the church are the misereres of the choir-stalls. Happily, the damsel in charge here had some common sense, and did not insist on dividing up our party. I do not believe the clergy who shut up their chancels in this manner do it after reflection; is it too much to ask that they shall weigh carefully what such a veil of partition really implies?

For it is absurd attempts, like these, at misunderstood and purposeless mediævalism which give the impression, shared at this time by many of the laity, of our growing professional arrogance. I believe the idea is a complete mistake. I believe

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that no profession is really more modest and eager to be of use in the community. The sacerdotalism which the clergy would admit comes to no more than this: that they are ordained to a special office in the Christian Church, and that they believe they have received Divine grace to enable them rightly to minister in it. As no layman ever wishes to deny that the clergy were solemnly set apart, with the prayers of the whole community, in order to perform special functions, those who deny them any special gift corresponding to their function ought, if they are consistent, to deny that any Higher Power ever intervenes in any act of religion. If the act of Ordination is simply the act of the presiding Minister, so is the act of Marriage; so is the act of Baptism. If in the case of Ordination the prayer for special blessing is not answered, neither is it answered in the case of the other solemn dedications, nor again is there any answer when the layman prays alone in his chamber. In short, prayer must be one of two things: either a means of receiving God's grace when the prayer is according to His will; or else, a sort of exercise for our emotional system; and what it is in one case it must be in all. The protest, therefore, against sacerdotalism so explained—and this is the only sacerdotalism known, in theory, to the English Church—comes with an ill grace from English Churchmen, who, in supporting the cry, are helping to do the work of the sceptic and the Romanist. But when one has said something of this kind to our layman, he is ready with a retort. Theory, he replies, is one thing, but practice is another; and he proceeds to relate the absurdities of this or the other individual, which have come under his observation. And undoubtedly offences do come. I myself once heard a young man explaining to a week-day congregation, consisting of his vicar, myself, the verger, and two devout women, the advantage of the blessing he could pronounce over that to be obtained from the Baptist preacher; and I am sure we all longed heartily for the moment when he would consent to stop preaching and give it us. The utmost that a Church clergyman is justified in saying, when the question is raised as to

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the validity of Dissenting orders, is that he believes the episcopal constitution of his own Church to be in harmony with the will of God, as expressed in the Bible, and, therefore, he is justified in believing in his own orders; but that to pronounce upon others is outside the scope of his commission. No doubt he will have an opinion, and a strong one, as to the intention of Christ to found a single visible Church, "a city set upon a hill," and as to the havoc wrought in the mission field, at home and abroad, by the divisions of Christendom; he will probably entertain little respect for the current apology made for division, as being a sign of growth; an apology borrowed from Milton's eloquent parody of the Parable of the Vine and its branches; but he does not imitate Roman arrogance by unchurching any community of Christians. Even Newman, in the militant mood in which he put together the Lyra Apostolica, writing upon schism, forbade railing at dissenters, and insisted that

> Christ's love o'erflows the bounds His prophets trace
> In His revealed design.

But our layman has not yet emptied his quiver. By sacerdotalism, he will tell us, he does not mean merely a belief that the clergy are the organs of the Christian society for specific purposes; he means, further, the belief that those specific purposes are miraculous and supernatural. In particular, he is inclined to object to any view of the Lord's Supper which raises it above the level of a Commemorative or Guild Feast, and he is certainly convinced that an attempt is being made in England to go behind the Reformation and reintroduce teaching which was at that time deliberately rejected. If he is told that English doctrine about the "real presence"—as stated, *e.g.* by Dr. Pusey—differs entirely from Roman doctrine by the fact that it denies any substantial change in the elements, he will reply that the Marian martyrs did not give their lives for a subtle distinction; and he will point to the growing use of the word "Mass" as an index that the distinction is meant to be of the slightest, and point,

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further, to the constant, if slow, stream of clergy who pass over from a section of our own Church to the Church of Rome. With the layman, on this point, it is difficult not to feel very strong sympathy. I, for one, should go with him a long way. I should agree that a small, and possibly a growing, party among both clergy and laity have entirely lost respect for the Protestant character of our Reformed Church; that Roman ways and Roman dress were being imitated for no other reason than that they are Roman, and that the self-sacrifice of our once revered Marian bishops was held by them as a vain expense, if not as a deserved punishment for heresy. I should agree with him that it is a lamentable fact that men who have seen with their own eyes in foreign countries the disastrous effects upon religion and morality which a mechanical system tends to induce, should allow themselves to be hypnotised by some phrase into making that system their own. There is no more astonishing instance than the famous one of John Henry Newman. To read his letters from abroad and then to read the story of his conversion is to wonder whether there is such a thing in the world as a matter of fact. But the journey once made, with whatever difficulty and labour, by a great leader, his followers with no difficulty at all, but merely following the lead of his great name, when they reach a certain pitch of excitement, soon pave after him a broad and beaten way.

But, while allowing that, we must beseech our lay friend not to imagine that all distinctions are idle because, to those who are not experts, they appear to be subtle; and also to take the pains to be quite clear what the points were to which our martyrs sealed their testimony with their life.

The articles that Cranmer and Latimer and Ridley were called upon to sign asserted that "in the Sacrament of the Altar there was really the true and natural body of Christ present which was conceived of the Virgin Mary, and that, after consecration, no substance remained either of bread or wine; and also that in the Mass was the life-giving sacrifice of the Church, which is propitiatory for the sins of quick and

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dead." That is to say, they were required to subscribe to the mediæval doctrines of Trans-substantiation and Purgatory; and, whatever may have been the exact opinions at last held by these reformers—and they varied from themselves at different times—it was for refusing these Roman doctrines that they suffered. It would not be unfair to say that, in regard to the presence in the Eucharist, which they preferred to speak of as "spiritual," they rejected a miraculous, but upheld a supernatural, presence; and any *catena* of opinions from English theologians would, on the whole, support this distinction. Let me give a short passage from Cranmer's "Defence of the True and Catholic Doctrine of the Sacrament," written in 1550, not as being an authoritative treatise, but as showing in what estimation that zealous reformer held the Christian feast.

> Although He sit in heaven, at His Father's right hand, yet should we come to this mystical bread and wine with faith, reverence, purity, and fear, as we would do if we should come to see and receive Christ Himself sensibly present. For unto the faithful, *Christ is at His own table present with His mighty spirit and grace*, and is of them more fruitfully received than if corporally they should receive Him bodily present. And therefore they that shall worthily come to this God's board, must after due trial of themselves consider, first, who ordained this table, also what meat and drink they shall have that come thereto, and how they ought to behave themselves thereat. He that prepared the table is Christ Himself. The meat and drink wherewith He feedeth them that come thereto as they ought to do, is His own flesh and blood.[1]

The difference, therefore, between the Roman and the English view would not to an agnostic seem worth the price of blood; but looked at by Churchmen with a regard to the effect upon worship, there is an essential difference, which shows itself by certain results in the two communions. In the English doctrine, the point insisted upon is that Christ is certainly present, according to His promise; the mode is not defined; and the imagination is left free to picture Him as it can best: probably in the imagination of many Churchmen no picture is so often present as that feast at Emmaus, when He himself was seen to

[1] Quoted from Dr. Mason's "Life of Cranmer," p. 131.

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take bread and bless and break.[1] In the other case the mind must be fixed simply upon certain particles of matter, and though faith may repeat to itself that the matter is not matter, yet of such a question the senses remain imperious judges, and in the last resort the only credible witnesses; and though faith may be very valiant and still assert that the wafer is changed into the substance of Christ's body, yet the imagination finds it impossible to relate this to His person. Adoration, therefore, remains the adoration of matter not of spirit, at best of a body not of a character: and so it becomes inevitably, if not idolatrous, yet of the nature of a magical rite, which has no necessarily uplifting effect upon the soul. It has no correspondence to the worship we should pay to Christ if He were again to walk in our streets. The anxiety therefore displayed by our untheological layman at the revival of the word "mass," for the service of Holy Communion, does not seem misplaced; for such a revival is an obvious sign of sympathy with Roman doctrine. The wonder is that the word has so long been tolerated by those in authority, for it was dropped in the second Prayer-book, and not restored in any later revision. Speaking for myself, I would far rather allow incense and processional lights, which are ancient and harmless customs, and susceptible of mystical interpretation, than I would allow the word "mass" to be used in a church belonging to the Church of England; for the meaning of a word is not its etymological meaning, but the sense it has come to bear by use.[2]

[1] I ought, perhaps, to say that this paper was written before I had the advantage of reading the Archbishop of York's Congress Sermon.

[2] I observe that the Rev. Percy Dearmer in his "Parson's Handbook" (p. 134) calls this prejudice against the word "mass" "illogical and uncharitable"; but he does not explain what laws of logic and charity it infringes. One may be content to share the odium of such a charge with Bishop Cosin. He tells us that the word, though in itself ancient and harmless, was deliberately cut out of the English Prayer-book because it had acquired a secondary and Roman sense, and while it was allowed to remain in Edward VI.'s first book, was interpreted in this depraved sense by papistically-minded people: "ob hanc causam ab Ecclesia Anglicana ipsum etiam vocabulum rejicitur" (Works V 301).

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If the layman, not content with the banishment of the *miraculous*, still protests against any *supernatural* element being allowed to cling to the Eucharist, is he quite clear where this protest will lead him? Will it not compel him to believe that the Sacrament was originally instituted, not for the sake of feeding the flock, but merely to keep alive a fading memory as long as possible in a world where all things come to an end? In that case he must banish the supernatural element from religion altogether. And then, what is left? It would be some guide to the clergy if those laymen who are at the present moment most active in protest and invective, like Lord Portsmouth, would formulate for us the creed which they themselves hold; or if that is an impertinent question, then the creed they wish to see held in the National Church. We should then know better how far it would chime with our present creed and articles. It may be that what they require in the clergy is simply a force of black dragoons to help keep order in the State by policing the populous districts and preaching respect for property. I saw lately two very suggestive allegories of such a reformed Church of England. One was at the sea-side. The sea on that part of the coast was encroaching, and it had already washed away the nave and chancel of the church. But the local board, not liking to lose so venerable a monument as the ivy-clad tower, and thinking it might, if looked to, do service as a breakwater, built it into the sea-wall, where it was found both useful and picturesque. The other was a market cross in Northamptonshire. The cross, indeed, was gone from the top of the column, but the shaft remained, and by a little ingenious ironwork had been converted into both a lamp and a sign-post.

H. C. Beeching.

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THE MODERN STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

"The Cathedral Builders: the Story of a Great Masonic Guild." By Leader Scott. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. 4to. 1899.

"A History of Gothic Art in England." By Edward S. Prior, M.A.; with Illustrations by Gerald C. Horsley. London: George Bell & Sons. 4to. 1900.

I

IT is a long while since the Castle of Otranto was brought before an easily satisfied public under the title of a "Gothic Romance." The uncouth illustrations of the edition of 1795 present the reader with a counterfeit of mediæval architecture, of which the best that can be said is that it bears witness to about as much knowledge of archæological truth as was possessed by the enthusiastic author of the text.

There is no need of argument to prove that we of to-day know more about Gothic architecture than did Horace Walpole. It would be strange if we did not; but what does appear worth noticing is that the development of the study of Gothic art has by no means marched *pari passu* with the practice of revived Gothic architecture: in other words, the practical side of the Gothic revival has had its own period of birth, increase, and decline, quite apart from the progress of the historical study of mediæval building craft. Without disrespect to architects, past and present, one may say that the Gothic revival is dead—supplanted by what should be called the Gothic survival—but

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the examiners of Gothic evidences and the scientific compilers of Gothic history, so far from being ready to acknowledge their study extinct, have at present just reached the supreme stage of helping their fellow-students to realise the extent of their ignorance. In fact, one might almost say without irony that the progress of science in matters Gothic has been for the past hundred years (it is unfair to date from Walpole) a continued advance from apparent certainty, which so often means ignorance, to that wholesome doubt which may well be the dawn of knowledge.

It is unnecessary here to attempt a Gothic bibliography, but it is interesting to mark the outlines of the study. Like other architectural movements, the Gothic revival was not due to architects. It had its origin among two classes of persons who took an interest in the matter from different, and primarily non-architectural, points of view; with some men, no doubt, the two views were united, but it was possible to be a Romantic without being a Churchman, and *vice versâ*. In fact, the Romantics had the start of the Churchmen chronologically, and their interest in the subject being a less practical one, was less thorough in its spirit and in its results. It is to the Romantics that the follies of Gothic belong—the Strawberry Hills, the Abbotsfords and Fonthill Abbeys—so that they need not be seriously reckoned with, except as the force that made the term Gothic acceptable and introduced mediæval architecture into the field of subjects worthy of the attention of polite persons. Sir Walter Scott, you may say, paved the way for Sir Gilbert; but we must look to the later date, to the beginnings of the Church revival, for the opening of the serious study of Gothic art.

I have said that the Gothic revival did not take its rise among architects, but rather among the enthusiasts for Romance on the one hand and for Ecclesiology on the other. It would possibly be nearer the fact to say that the architects, who took up the archæological quest, seconded rather than led the non-architectural spirits who fired the movement. Pugin, and

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perhaps Butterfield, are the great exceptions—two architects in whom Christian faith went hand in hand with Christian art, and who were themselves prime movers; but it is a curious fact that, among the specialists who made Gothic architecture the subject of their study, more than one fell into the work without being an architect at all. Rickman, for instance, whose "attempt to discriminate the styles of Gothic architecture" was the basis of English Gothic analysis and nomenclature, was an underwriter in a Liverpool office up to 1818, the year after the publication of his book. Bloxam, the author of the "Principles of Gothic Architecture," was a practising solicitor all his life. Paley, who produced in 1845 the excellent "Manual of Gothic Mouldings," is best known to those who were schoolboys in the seventies as the editor of Greek texts; and J. H. Parker, whose manuals have done more than any other author's works to popularise the knowledge of Gothic art, was professionally a bookseller.

Bowman and Crowther and the brothers Brandon, to be sure, were architects from the beginning; but Sharpe, whose work, "Architectural Parallels," is a monumental book of reference, though he became an architect for fifteen years of his life, approached the subject originally from the academic standpoint of a university thesis, and after the age of fifty divided his time between the construction of tramways on the Continent and the duties of a magistrate in Wales.

Augustus Welby Pugin, whose brief and brilliant career deserves more wonder than it gets, forms with his father a link between the Churchmen and the Romantics. The elder Pugin's early labours in Gothic research were undertaken as an assistance to John Nash (the architectural parent of Regent Street), whose aristocratic clients were clamouring for baronial castles with a persistence which induced him to reflect that he had better arm himself with Gothic facts to meet the Gothic fancy.

Pugin the younger was the first productive architect who really laid hold of the sense and spirit of Gothic architecture, and who had studied its details so intimately as to be able to

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use it in design as one uses language in speech. He worked from 1835 to 1850, and therefore in a sense his short life was contemporary with part of Butterfield's immensely long career —but Butterfield, in spite of the fact that the foundations of his knowledge were laid in a profound personal study of ancient buildings, can scarcely be looked upon as a contributor to our archæological or scientific knowledge of Gothic. In production his own ideas overweighed tradition, and though he supplied certain drawings of ancient examples to the Cambridge Camden Society's "Instrumenta Ecclesiastica," he can hardly be reckoned as more than a personal influence in the general search for knowledge. His restorations were singularly out of harmony with antiquity.

Sir Gilbert Scott, notwithstanding that he became a Gothic architect before he became a Gothic student, and went in his first bewilderment to Germany for the examples which were to be found in France, developed into a real master of his subject; and though he never had in him that ecclesiastical fire which kept Butterfield alive and burnt Pugin into an early grave, was, from an archæological point of view, ahead of his predecessors and contemporaries. In fact, Scott stands as a Gothic student between the old school and the new.

With the old school, the men of the mid-century and of earlier days, the task of Gothic research was a simple one. They had before them two very plain aims: first, the collection of material, and, secondly, the classification of that material in point of date. It was natural that in the first place England should be the field of search. Englishmen awoke to the fact that they had in their own country the remains of a beautiful architecture as yet unrecorded, unstudied, and unrestored. Pugin, Sharpe, and others certainly gathered their knowledge abroad as well as in England, but the literary works which really led the science of Gothic classification dealt with English examples. In practical architecture foreign importation was soon to follow. Of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" it may be said that, apart from the general spiritual stimulus

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which, in common with his other works (especially "The Seven Lamps"), it exercised on the architectural bent of the age, it was responsible for a phase of direct pillage from Venice. This was but an episode; there was another movement at work. Sir George Gilbert Scott, Street, Burges, and many another architect, who came to realise with their generation that France contained the best specimens of thirteenth-century architecture, were not slow to flood our English parishes with imitations of the art of the Ile de France. But this was not all. With the sense that France was the queen of mediæval architecture came the suspicion that she was also the mother of it. The impression was readily started and fostered that every stage of our English Gothic, save the last, was imported stage for stage from France. There were indeed minds who realised that this might be a too hasty assumption—and Scott himself in his frequent writings and lecturings was found to champion, in more than one instance, the English origin of English work. It is enough for our purpose to note that the question, the great question, of the international relation of Gothic art, was by this time set on foot. It is this question which at the present time vexes the intelligence of those writers who engage in the ever-fascinating study of the ecclesiastical art of mediæval Europe.

II

The Irish Brothers who exhibit the beauties of the Church of San Clemente at Rome have, during the past few months, noticed in their visitors an unwonted spirit of inquiry on a particular subject. The reason of this questioning, which settles upon a fresco in the lower church, is undoubtedly the publication last year of a remarkable book on the "Comacine Masons." Under the title of "The Cathedral Builders," and using the pseudonym of "Leader Scott," a lady (whose maiden name is honourably associated with English poetry) has produced a striking if occasionally faulty theory of the continuity of mediæval architecture in Europe. Her book

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shows blemishes,[1] many of which (including a profusion of misprints in Latin) will doubtless disappear at a second printing, and various inconsequences of argument, such as are wont to occur where an author's zeal outruns his evidences; but it offers a field of suggestion which architects and the lovers of architecture cannot afford to overlook.

It is the aim of Leader Scott, if I may express that aim very briefly, to prove that the "Maestri Comacini," a body of constructive artists about whose existence in the eighth century there can be no dispute, were on the one hand descended from the Roman *collegia*, and on the other became not merely the parents of subsequent masonic guilds, but the centre and origin of European mediæval architecture. It is at the outset of the attractive and audacious quest that Leader Scott's eye lights on the San Clemente fresco, of which she claims that it represents among other personages a Roman "magister," or guild master, directing a building operation and wearing both a magisterial toga and a masonic apron. It is perhaps enough to say in regard to this matter that the person depicted wears neither a toga nor an apron, but an ordinary *sagum* and *tunica*; and further, that the story which connects him with St. Clement in a non-masonic character is so well known to ecclesiastical tradition, that weighty evidence would be necessary before he could be transferred to the new *rôle* which Leader Scott would provide for him. His name, as recorded on the fresco, is Sisinius, and both he and his wife are to be found in the pages of Mombritius and other writers of Church history. Leader Scott, I am afraid, must give up her magister at San Clemente; but we need not give up Leader Scott's book on this account.

The Comacine masters have their existence sufficiently proved by documents, including the edict of Rotharis (dated 643), which was brought to light by Muratori; though, to be sure, authorities, including Grotius, have cast doubt upon the

[1] See a notice of the work in the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, vol. vi. 1899.

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geographic nature of the adjective *comacinus*, and deny its connection with the town or territory of Como. Their existence, therefore, does not depend upon Sisinius, and it would, after all, be difficult to base their connection with the Roman *collegia* upon a not too accurate eighth-century painting of a character who lived in the time of Nerva. Leader Scott has other arguments for this connection, the strongest among which are the identity of names and grades in the collegiate and Comacine constitutions.

The great authority upon the Comacines is the late Guiseppe Merzario, whose work, "I Maestri Comacinii," is, to tell the truth, rather heavy and rather ill arranged. It marshals a vast quantity of documentary evidence—of which future writers will no doubt make use, now that Leader Scott has introduced Englishmen to this hunting-ground—but it employs that evidence in an unconvincing and rather tedious manner. In one respect Merzario is bolder than Leader Scott. The latter, indeed, is for carrying the Comacine influence, if not actual Comacine practice, into nearly all lands, and chronologically into the very heart of the Renaissance. Merzario, who is quite as daring geographically (contenting himself occasionally with an entirely unsupported assumption of Comacine energy in far-away lands), in point of time outstrips his disciple by claiming for his favourites a continuous existence from the seventh to the present century!

In stating that the earlier writers on the history of Gothic building have been concerned rather with the course of national development than with the problems of international relations, I have not wished to imply that such problems have in the past been entirely ignored. Indeed, most of the authors who have dealt with the subject of Gothic development, realising that the co-existence of the art in our own and in other countries has to be in some way accounted for, have at least touched, with a few words in a preface or by a passing allusion, the question of origins and of the debt of nation to nation. Bloxam is ready in his introduction with a suggestion as to the

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existence of Roman churches in pre-Norman England, and favours the idea that Christian missionaries in this country were the introducers of architectural instruction. Parker, in 1849, quotes Bede's passage on Benedict's visit to Gaul to bring back masons who should help him build a church "in the Roman manner, which he had always admired," and produces another quotation, also from Bede, in which Naitan, King of the Picts, asks Ceolfrid (Abbot of Jarrow) to send him artificers to build him a church, also "after the Roman manner." Again, Parker draws attention to the similarity between our so-called Saxon and the Italians' so-called "Lombard" architecture of contemporary date. These hints are very much in favour of Leader Scott's theory. Oddly enough, the authoress does not quote Parker among her list of writers consulted, but she places reliance upon Thomas Hope, whose "Historical Essay on Architecture," published in 1835—a work far in advance of its age in the largeness of its view—certainly contains a germ of the theory of a guild on a large scale.

The already-mentioned edict of Rotharis so clearly establishes the existence of the Comacine Guild in an organised condition that we are quite free to argue from it an extensive pre-existence and the probability of continued later activity. In fact, the question to be answered is entirely one of extent, geographical and chronological. Is the guild really the successor of a Roman guild, and the parent of those guilds whose existence is traceable in later centuries? And further, was its influence European or only local? Leader Scott, who makes out a good case for the appropriation to the Comacines of most of the Italian architecture which we call Lombard or Romanesque, has, of course, to reckon with those who own to Byzantine influence in the Romanesque styles. She is fearlessly ready to join issue with them—indeed, one suspects her, in a passage upon Santa Sofia, of at least half a wish to claim that building itself for her Comacines. The writer, however, contents herself with the conclusion that in certain passages of Procopius there is an "argument for the universality of the Masonic

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Brotherhood" even in Byzantine days. I am inclined to think that, if she had consulted Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson's remarkable monograph on this church, her hopes would have been raised even higher. The authors take, indeed, no heed of Comacines, but they are driven (p. 209) into the following significant admission :—

> It would be possible to account for mere resemblances by influence, but absolute likeness between capitals and sculptured or inlaid slabs found in contemporary buildings in places so far apart as Constantinople, Salonica, Parenzo, Ravenna, and Rome, show that in the fifth and sixth centuries such works were *dispersed from a common centre.*

If Constantinople herself were not the centre—and we know that the principal artificers for Santa Sofia were called from other places—where was that centre? Has little Como at least a claim?

In regarding the general purpose of Leader Scott's book, one is led to consider that it would have proved more if it had attempted to prove less. The authoress sets out with the question: "How did all these great and noble buildings (*i.e.*, those erected between 1100 and 1500) spring up simultaneously in all countries and all climates, and how comes it that in all cases they were similar to each other at similar times?" The terms of this double question assume more than is strictly historical fact, but in a modified form it is certainly a question to be faced. There is no occasion here to follow Leader Scott into each local branch of her argument. It is enough to say that for England—the chapter on which has been handled by her brother, the Rev. W. M. Barnes—the evidences are based both on internal testimony and on the before-mentioned view that the missionaries to England were accompanied by building monks: for Ireland a claim is made out to the effect that the so-called Celtic ornaments are really identical with the *intrecci* or interlaced knots which mark the Comacine work of Italy; further, St. Patrick is appealed to as the probable introducer of Comacine ideas, or even Comacine workmen, being looked upon as rather a continental than a Celt—which indeed is no

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doubt the truth; and again, the Irish round towers are made to find kindred in the round towers of Ravenna. Germany's debt to the Comacines is perhaps rather weakly supported, but France has a link (which if not strong is at least interesting) in S. Guillaume, the abbot and builder of St. Bénigne at Dijon, who was a friend of Orso Orseolo, Patriarch of Aquileja, the restorer of Torcello and the brother of that Doge Otho who had a hand in the building of St. Mark's. By itself this connection would prove nothing for the Comacines, but taken with the words of the Chronicles of St. Bénigne that he summoned *magistri* for the purpose of controlling—or should it read "designing"?—the work (*opus dictandum*), it is a kind of proof that the assistance he obtained was that of guild masons.

Two main questions present themselves for future solution. If we grant the Comacines a share in the foundation of church architecture in newly christianised countries, can this be followed up by any proof that they regulated the subsequent development of that architecture? And in the second place, how are we to account for the absence of documentary mention of the prevalence of this guild, if their influence was practically world-wide? To take only a single instance, how is that the author of the treatise *De diversis artibus*—that Theophilus or Rugerus who is assigned to the first half of the eleventh century—neither alludes to the guild nor implies that he belongs to it? Is it because he deals mainly with painting, while the Comacines were masons? This can hardly be, if there is truth in Leader Scott's reasonable supposition that the Comacine *laborarium* was a studio of all the arts.

III

Perhaps some of the views expressed in Mr. E. S. Prior's "History of Gothic Art in England" may help students to a nearer view of the still veiled truth. Mr. Prior's aim, if we need attribute to him an aim apart from the quest of verity, is the vindication of England's claim to England's architecture. Comacines, I may say at once, are not recognised by him,

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though I suspect that a passage in his preface is meant to express his recognition of the fact that Leader Scott's book was given to the world at or about the time when his proofs must have been ready for the press. His opinions, he frankly owns, are at variance "with the idea of a central Masonic guild whose organisation monopolised the arts of design for all the centuries of mediæval church-building": he finds, he says, rather national and local variation than European solidarity in Gothic art, and points to "the constant English tradition as proof since the Conquest of a native craftsmanship free alike from Continental importation and Masonic dictation." One would expect from this last sentence to find Mr. Prior's book as staunch for insularity as Leader Scott is brave for her Comacines, and it would be concluded that he swung as far from probable truth on his side of the fact as the authoress on hers; but, to do Mr. Prior justice, it should be said at once that the stiff hypothesis here presented is by no means adhered to in his text, which is both moderate and well reasoned. His book is a fine work in more than one sense; it has large aims and thoroughness of plan. It covers the ground and covers it ably. "Much of my knowledge," says Mr. Prior modestly, "is superficial and second-hand." It is anything but superficial, and is only second-hand to the extent which no man can obviate. We have no power to prevent the science of our predecessors and no time to disregard it. In one respect is Mr. Prior's book too fine. His really great thoughts on his really great subject are sometimes wrapped in too big language. Sometimes, indeed, the words strain the syntax, and sometimes they hold the sense too intricately for common understanding. These are but misfortunes, resulting from a too full eloquence and perhaps from a too short period of correction, and having mentioned them, I leave them, to go into the heart of the author's arguments. Mr. Prior does not hold his hand for more than a dozen pages before he makes his thrust at the theory of transplantation from France. In particular he lunges at the old idea, held among the moderns by Professor

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Moore[1] and upheld, naturally enough, by the French writer, Louis Gonse, that the work of William of Sens at Canterbury was the birth and basis of English Gothic art. He takes us back again to the text of Gervase, on whom most of the theorists have based their assumptions, and presses his opinion that William the Englishman was no pupil of the French William, but a man of distinct genius and more truly Gothic power. The proof of this is to be tested by the work itself, but for further authority Mr. Prior reckons on the late Edmund Sharpe, in whose works, already mentioned here, are references to the differences between English and French work of the Transition period.

Whence, then, did that English William get the knowledge and the tradition that could make him more true to Gothic ideals than the man of Sens? Mr. Prior's answer is that "from the first the building in England had surpassed that of Normandy." There are said to have been five hundred and seventy religious foundations in England between the Conquest and the reign of King John, and indeed it is probable, as Mr. Prior points out, that the fact of our having a comparatively small show of thirteenth-century buildings to set against the activity of France in that period is primarily, if not solely, due to the number of already completed churches and monasteries in the country, which precluded the necessity of new erections. Let us grant all Mr. Prior begs, and see where we are with our argument. England before 1200, so far from following France, is ahead of her—more ready, in fact, to lend than to borrow. What then? We have inverted our problem, but it remains a problem still. We may grant in addition that English Norman and Transitional work has its characteristics to distinguish it from French work, but we must not stretch these national characteristics into positive dissimilarities. The twelfth-century styles of France and England are distinguishable, but they are plainly akin; and to what agency are we to

[1] "The Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," by C. H. Moore. 1890.

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attribute this kinship? The answer is in Mr. Prior's own mouth. It is to the universality of the monastic orders, which at this period override racial differences, that we are to look for the clue to the common elements in English and Continental architecture. The craft, so to speak, was not bandied from nation to nation, but fostered on both sides of the Channel by a common controlling influence.

I confess that at this point Mr. Prior's reasoning seems a little unreasonable. He forbids us to quote the "Cluniac and Cistercian influences as responsible for the carriage of French architecture into England," and yet he insists that it was "a neo-monastic architecture that in the third quarter of the twelfth century in England grew conspicuously Gothic among the Cistercian builders of Yorkshire and of the Welsh marches, and in the Canons' houses, Augustinian and secular, that the great dioceses of Durham, York, and Lincoln favoured." His implication is no doubt that the monks of England "grew Gothic" apart from and ahead of their French brothers, and indeed he points his contention in the case of Canterbury by the suggestion that the monks of that foundation, more conservative than the men of the North in their love of Romanesque work, called in a Frenchman in the hope that he would preserve for them the Romanesque pillars which an Englishman "would have swept away." Here one is tempted to ask, not at all in hostile criticism of Mr. Prior, why they should call in anybody? If the monks were the builders themselves, and if the Northern monks could "grow Gothic" on their own account in Yorkshire, why could not the monks of Canterbury proceed in their own strength on their own lines? The Dark Ages are still dim.

Mr. Prior is one of those writers who assumes in his readers a measure of omniscience. There is much to be said in favour of such an attitude, but one is driven to doubt whether his work would not have been made more useful by a little condescension to ignorance and forgetfulness. That the author should assume his public to be a mainly architectural one is natural, and

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perhaps desirable—the age is past in which works of architecture are hampered by a glossary—but even architects in this our own age and country are apt to be hazy in their knowledge of the monastic orders. The point which I confess I should like to see elaborated in a rather more elementary form is the relative attitude of Cluny and the Cistercians. Mr. Prior merely reminds his readers in a footnote that Cistercians and Cluniacs are alike Benedictines. "Cluny," as the author puts it, "in the eleventh and twelfth centuries was the centre of the Benedictine movement in architecture." Indeed, Cluny, as Mr. Prior does not need to be reminded, was also a great deal more. The place had been a hunting-box in the ninth century; by the twelfth it had become "le centre de l'église et la capitale intellectuelle de toute l'Europe." The French are prepared to look upon Cluny as the parent of the intellectual Renaissance of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and it is in this capacity that it became the parent also of that luxury of life whose outward manifestation in stone runs riot in the church of Vézelay, a building pre-eminently Cluniac in spirit. At this very Vézelay, in 1146, St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade, and it is thought that he had Vézelay's sculptures in mind when he wrote so bravely against the luxury of the outward church, and made his plea for that simplicity which, if truth be told, gives a really greater majesty to the most noble church of Pontigny. At Pontigny you have the Cistercian genius in all its beauty.

I am not blind to Mr. Prior's contention in this connection, which is that the square east end, a notably Cistercian feature, was really in existence in this country before the Cistercian wave had power to introduce it. He makes it clear that both Augustinians and Benedictines had built such square ends in England (probably as reminiscences of our own Saxon traditions) before any such feature had been brought to us from the Continent. He thus destroys one cherished argument of the champions of French influence, but I do not feel sure that he establishes a general claim for English initiative.

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In his contrast between France and England of the thirteenth century Mr. Prior is particularly clear. The French, I believe, have abandoned the claim once made by Viollet-le-Duc on behalf of Vézelay that it was the birth-place of the "architecture ogivale" of the Ile de France. The Ile de France is now permitted to stand, so to speak, apart, and to base its architecture's birth on St. Denis. The great French Gothic period is classed by Mr. Prior as laic while ours is still monastic. The French thirteenth-century work is to be attributed to the opposition of Philip Augustus to the abbots and his alliance against them with the communes. It was the work, he says, of secular artists whose life and art lay apart from the monastic systems. This is no new discovery, but it is an important point. It marks a distinction in production between our country and France, but on the other hand it welds our own national architecture even more closely to the monastic tradition of Central Europe. There are probably means of proving, from a Masonic point of view, whether the French masons of the thirteenth century are really wholly separable in training and tradition from their forerunners of the monastic brotherhoods.

There are a host of other ideas in Mr. Prior's book of which there is no space to treat here and no need, for the book itself should be read by all architectural philosophers. It will be enough in commending it to say further that, like "Leader Scott's," it is strong in its illustrations; indeed stronger, for while Leader Scott's (an excellent set of photographs) are confined to a small geographical area of her subject, Mr. Prior's are comprehensive as well as rigorously appropriate. They are almost exclusively from the hand of Mr. Gerald Horsley, and, with the exception of a few of the sketches which are too sketchy, are of a high order of work.

To attempt to sum up the conclusions upon Gothic origins would at this stage of inquiry be premature. Leader Scott and Mr. Prior are two seekers after truth, and for all their contradictions, they are probably both bringing us to a nearer

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view. The one strongly emerging truth, spite of Mr. Prior's claims for England, spite of Leader Scott's for Como, is the centrality and catholicity of the Church's power in this matter. If we blindly swallow the Comacine theory, or if we accept Mr. Prior's conclusions, or indeed if we attempt a harmony, the one fact that seems undeniably certain is that, had it not been for the Church's European sway, the comparative homogeneity of the growth of Gothic architecture would have been impossible. Search as we may for differences, the similarities are even more striking; and we have still to face the extraordinary fact that in countries of variant race and variant language there grew almost simultaneously and with strangely similar development a common art with a common motive. There were two forces in the world that could override the boundaries of tribe and tongue, and these forces, call them what you will—papal supremacy, monastic rule, art brotherhood, or mason craft—were ultimately no others than Christianity and her handmaid Architecture.

PAUL WATERHOUSE.

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THE MURDER OF POMPILIA

For the discovery, last January, of the Italian manuscript, of which the following is a translation, I am indebted to Signor Dottore Ignazio Giorgi, Librarian of the Royal Casanatense Library in Rome. The volume from which it is taken [Misc. MS. 2037] is entitled "Varii successi curiosi e degni di esser considerati," and also contains an account of the trial of Beatrice Cenci, and of the recantation, in 1686, of Miguel de Molinos, whose followers are so often mentioned in the "Ring and the Book."

The baptismal dates of the Franceschini and of Caponsacchi are taken from the Archives of Arezzo, which have yielded many other interesting details. Several of the footnotes are based upon the evidence adduced in the trial of Guido Franceschini in January–February 1698, as contained in the actual source of Browning's poem, his "square old yellow book." This is a volume of some 250 pages of Latin and Italian, consisting of eighteen printed pamphlets or legal documents—lawyers' pleas, evidence, &c.—connected with the trial. Browning's unique copy, a translation of which is in progress, is now in the library of Balliol College, Oxford. It has never been republished. The manuscript here printed for the first time has much in common with the information in that book, but supplements it in various ways, and is the best prose account of the whole case which is known to exist.—W. Hall Griffin.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF FRANCESCHINI AND HIS COMPANIONS FOR MURDER AND ASSASSINATION COMMITTED ON THE PERSONS OF PIETRO COMPARINI, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE TIME OF INNOCENT XII.

ABATE PAOLO FRANCESCHINI, born in Arezzo, Tuscany, was of noble family, although he had inherited but a small patrimony; yet, being possessed of sufficient talent to push his fortunes, he moved to the city of Rome, where he

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was admitted by Cardinal Lauria[1] to his household as Secretary of the Embassy. A natural fitness of mind gained him the favour of this Cardinal, who stood so high in the esteem of the Sacred College for his learning that it seemed by no means improbable that he might be raised to the Pontificate.

Under these favourable auspices, Paolo, who was desirous of making the most of his opportunities, thought of arranging a marriage for his brother Guido, so that he might, by means of a substantial dowry, re-establish the family fortunes. Guido had also found employment in Rome as Secretary of the Embassy to a Cardinal—Cardinal Nerli[2]—but, either because he had not the opportunities or the skill of his brother, he had quitted this service. Now, although Paolo knew that the fact of his brother being out of employment would damage his chances of forming a good alliance, yet he did not cease to try and make an advantageous match, for he hoped that the reflection of his own importance might atone for the shortcomings of his brother.

Guido was now getting towards middle life, of delicate constitution, mediocre appearance, a disposition gloomy rather than pleasing—above all, with very little means, so that his matrimonial expectations would be but slight unless he could profit by his brother's position.

After having sought a number of alliances with people of good position, Paolo finally decided upon Francesca Pompilia, daughter of Pietro and Violante Comparini, because, as she was an only child, and, on account of the age of her parents

[1] Cardinal Lorenzo Brancati di Lauria, born 1612, made Cardinal 1681, died November 30, 1693. He would be an excellent patron, being widely known for his learning, modesty, and liberality. I find Paolo, then aged thirty-three, dedicating a poem to him in 1683—doubtless the first step toward securing the Cardinal's favour. Cardinal Lauria secured fifteen votes at the Conclave which in 1689 elected Alexander VIII., the predecessor of the "Pope" of Browning's poem.

[2] Guido seems indeed to have missed his opportunity. Nerli was literary, very wealthy, and, like the Franceschini, a Tuscan—from Florence. Born 1636, made Cardinal 1673, he died, aged seventy-two, in 1708. Browning was not aware of the *names* of either Lauria or Nerli.

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there was no possibility of other offspring, she would succeed to 12,000 scudi held in trust; and Paolo hoped to make the match without difficulty, as the Comparini were rather beneath him than his equals by birth.

There was a female hairdresser[1] who used to visit the Comparini with that freedom with which such women are admitted by those who desire to appear to their husbands more beautiful than they are, and are tolerated by those men who hold too high an opinion of the fidelity of their wives. Paolo considered this woman the most likely means of forwarding his matrimonial schemes. Guido, therefore, repeatedly went to the woman's shop [in the Piazza Colonna] on various pretexts, and, having won his way into her confidence, he occasionally turned the conversation upon the subject of his marrying, whereupon she told him, one day, that he might easily approach the daughter of the Comparini, who had a dowry worthy of him, as she had the expectation of inheriting the trust-money, and also had few kinsfolk, these being the conditions of which he was in search. It was agreed, therefore, that, if she should succeed in bringing about the match, he would pay her 200 scudi.

The hairdresser lost no time in opening the subject to Violante, who, being anxious that her daughter should succeed to the property, and also that she should be advantageously settled, agreed to speak to her husband, whose consent she felt disposed to obtain, should the facts be as they were represented. Violante spoke of the matter to Pietro, and he consented to entertain the proposal on condition of the verification of the wealth boasted of by the Franceschini, who, said he, must furnish a written statement attested by well-known people.

The hairdresser informed the Franceschini of this, and they sent for an account of their real estate in Arezzo, amounting to an annual income of 1700 scudi, this statement being certified

[1] This "woman-dealer in perukes" figures in the poem of "Tertium Quid" (430–51), where the bribe promised her is put at the modest sum of 20 zecchines, *i.e.* £10, as against the 200 scudi—nearly £200 of modern money—mentioned here.

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by people known to the Comparini, and also confirmed by them by word of mouth.

Abate Paolo, fearing lest the fortune should slip through his fingers, did not wish to allow the Comparini time to change their minds; on the contrary, in order to make sure of things, he desired to strengthen his position by the influence of Cardinal Lauria, his patron, by whom he had a marriage contract drawn up, his Eminence being pleased to show his interest in the welfare of a man whom he regarded with a certain degree of favour.

Meanwhile Pietro Comparini, having made inquiries as to the social condition and the property of the Franceschini, found a state of affairs very different from that represented, both in regard to their rank and their possessions. Thereupon he had warm disputes with his wife, who persisted in urging the marriage, and said that he had taken the advice of people who were envious of the welfare of both families, and wished to hinder the good fortune of the two households; and that therefore they ought not to depart from their first intention, for she was quite sure, from several truthful witnesses, that the Franceschini were of the first nobility in Arezzo, and not of the second, as was stated, and that the wealth mentioned in the written statement was exactly as declared. But the warmer her interest became, the more that of Pietro cooled down; for, having an eye to his own interest, if he could not gain, at least he did not wish to lose by the marriage of his daughter. But what does not a man lose when he allows himself to be ruled by women! He loved his wife so tenderly, that from the first day of his union with her he had made her the arbitress of his will: notwithstanding this, however, Violante, fearing that, in a matter of such importance, Pietro might rather be guided by good advice than yield to her flattery, and not being able to endure any delay in making sure of the trust-money—which would go to another family if the Comparini lacked descendants—she resolved to complete the marriage without the knowledge of Pietro. So, having obtained the consent of her

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daughter, who was always amenable to her commands, and having arranged matters with Guido, one morning she took Pompilia, suitably dressed, to San Lorenzo in Lucina, their parish church, and gave her in marriage.[1]

This was a heavy blow to Pietro, but, realising that there was no remedy for it, he concealed his wrath by pretending that he had only been displeased at not having been at the marriage, and that this was forgotten in the pleasure of the wedding feast which was held at his house (in the Via Vittoria). For dowry, he made over to his daughter twenty-six bonds, with the ultimate succession to them all: and that very day, as they were talking of the advantages which would result to both households from the union of their interests, it was arranged that the Comparini should go to Arezzo; and this took place a few days later,[2] the administration of all the property being left absolutely in the hands of Guido. On their arrival in Arezzo the Comparini were received by the mother and the relations of the Franceschini with all those marks of affection which are usual on such occasions; but very speedily, as they saw more of one another, they passed into quarrels, and from these to acts of open hostility. The mother of Guido,[3] a proud, niggardly woman, who kept house in a penurious style, and despotically limited even the bare necessities of life, provoked the Comparini to complain, and their remonstrances were answered at first by words of contempt and then by threats. Violante, being a woman with her own share of natural pride, could not endure this, and therefore began to worry Pietro, and curse the day on which he had decided to go to Arezzo, laying upon him the whole blame for that for which she herself

[1] The real date of the marriage is August or September 1693. Browning, for artistic reasons, places it in December—"one dim end of a December day"—on account of the gloom associated with it.

[2] This would be in November 1693, early in the month.

[3] Guido's mother was Beatrice Romani, a woman of sixty-two in 1693, as she was born in 1631. She died, aged seventy, in 1701, three years after her son's execution.

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was responsible! Pietro, who was one of those men who are beside themselves if a woman sheds a couple of tears, instead of reproaching her as the cause of the trouble, in that she had, against his will and without his knowledge, concluded the marriage, begged her with caresses to bear this ill-usage with patience, as it would perhaps cease when the Franceschini saw that their daughter sided with them.

At this time Cardinal Lauria died [November 30, 1698], a Cardinal whose merits were beyond all praise, and Abate Paolo was appointed Secretary in Rome of the Order of the Knights of St. John of Malta,[1] and this increased the proud bearing of the Franceschini to such a degree that they now considered that the Comparini should deem themselves fortunate to be among their friends, much more their relations.

Violante, who could not endure to live any longer under the proud sway of another woman, when she had been accustomed to command, had now quite regained the upper hand with her husband, and so worried him that she induced him to go back to Rome once more, and to this end the Franceschini supplied them with money sufficient for the journey, and for the furniture necessary for the house.[2]

But scarcely were they arrived in Rome than, to the amazement of everybody, it was reported that Pietro had issued a judicial monition, in which he declared that Francesca Pompilia was not really his daughter, and that therefore he was not bound to pay the dowry. This document was certified by Violante, his wife, who deposed that, in order to keep off her husband's creditors in regard to the deed of trust, and to enjoy the interest of the bonds, she had feigned to be with child, and that her deception should not be perceived by her husband,

[1] This was a good appointment. The headquarters of the Knights in Rome was in the still existing building in the Via Condotti, close to the Piazza di Spagna. The home of the Comparini was close by.

[2] The Comparini returned in March 1694 to their former home in the Via Vittoria. Browning represents them as going to another house in the Via Paolina, erroneously associated with the road at the south of Rome leading to the church of S. Paolo *fuori le mura*.

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she had agreed with him that if ever this should happen they should have rooms apart until the birth of the child. She took the opportunity of the absence of Pietro, when busy over his lawsuits one day, to bring about the appearance of the child. All passed off successfully owing to the sagacity of a nurse with whom she had arranged to provide all that was needful. Accordingly, in order that the man-servant should have no suspicion as to the fraud, they sent him off to the chemist's to have some prescriptions made up, and, during his absence, away went the nurse to fetch a child which she had brought into the world the day before for a neighbour, with whom she had made previous arrangements to this effect. Having got back to the house, she called through the open window to an acquaintance of the Comparini, everything being so neatly arranged that when the neighbour arrived there remained nothing to be done but to make her believe what was not really the fact.[1]

This unexpected act of Pietro's was noised abroad in Rome like wildfire, and was listened to with no less amazement than displeasure, and the Franceschini, who were justly indignant, would have taken fitting vengeance had not their anger been tempered by the hope that, if Pompilia were not really and legitimately the child of Pietro and Violante, the marriage might be annulled, and their injured reputation thus reinstated. But, having taken the advice of a number of lawyers, and finding that their opinions differed, they did not wish to stake their chances upon an issue so doubtful; for, if they instituted legal proceedings, they must inevitably acknowledge and presuppose the illegitimacy, and by such a confession they would themselves remain prejudiced in their claims upon the dowry. They therefore opposed the judicial notice of Violante and

[1] These events took place on July 17, 1680, as the baptismal entry in S. Lorenzo in Lucina proves. It runs as follows: "Die 23 Julii 1680 Ego Bartholomæus Minius Curatus baptizavi infantem natam 17 hujus ex D. Petro Comparini et ex D. Violante Peruzzi conjugibus degentibus in hac Parocchia, cui nomen impositum fuit Francisca Camilla Vittoria Angela Pompilia." (*Cf.* the opening lines of the poem "Pompilia.")

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obtained a decision to the effect that Pompilia was so far to be regarded as the Comparini's daughter that the bonds promised in the marriage settlement were to be transferred to her. But Pietro appealed from this decision to the Signatura di Giustizia [the Court of Appeal].

The chief sufferer from this hatred between the two families was the unfortunate Pompilia, who remained by herself at Arezzo, exposed to the arbitrary treatment of her husband, her mother-in-law, and the Franceschini kindred, all of whom were mortally offended with her parents, so that not an hour passed without her being threatened with death. In a situation so desperate the heart of any woman, even of one more experienced, would have sunk within her, much more that of a girl of sixteen who had no share in the deceit of her mother nor in the wiles of her father, and who, by reason of her good qualities, was worthy of caresses and not of cruelty.

The unfortunate girl bore up as long as she could under their tyrannies, which daily became worse and worse, but, seeing that all prospect of peace was hopeless, she fled several times to the Governor of Arezzo[1] to seek the interposition of his authority with the Franceschini; and, as he gave her no help, she cast herself at the feet of the Bishop,[2] who summoned Guido to his presence and reconciled them. But, as Guido's anger was increased by reason of such public appeals, he threatened her with certain death if ever she should do such a thing again.

The wretched girl, seeing every avenue of peace closed,

[1] This, as the poem mentions, was Vincenzo Marzi-Medici, governor from 1693–95. Pompilia went to him in 1694, and he wrote a letter to Abate Paolo in Rome, giving him an account of the Comparini and their doings in Arezzo, dated August 2, 1694. Marzi-Medici was not, however, as the poem says, a relative of the Grand Duke; he was the son of a Florentine lawyer.

[2] This Bishop—*Arch*bishop the poem calls him—was Giovanni Matteo Marchetti, Bishop for thirteen years, from 1691–1704. He was of a well-known Pistoian family, and had a splendid collection of drawings by old masters, which came to England after his death.

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implored the help of Canon Conti,[1] brother-in-law of the Franceschini, who was perfectly familiar with what she had had to suffer, as he used to visit the house; and she begged him to save her life, which was in continual peril. He was moved to pity, and, knowing that there was no remedy but flight—in which, however, he could personally take no part, lest he should bring upon himself the hatred of the whole family connection—he suggested that the only person for such an enterprise was Canon Caponsacchi,[2] his personal friend, and in a remote degree related to him—a man whose spirit was no less apt to incur danger than to overcome it.

Pompilia having accepted the advice of Conti, he lost no time in opening the subject to Caponsacchi, who, when the matter was first broached, manifested repugnance towards aiding a wife to flee from her husband, even though the only object in view was to accompany her to the home of her parents. But, on being fully informed as to the unbearable ill-treatment of Guido and his family, pity overcame every other feeling, and he accepted the undertaking. Pompilia, who now longed for this result, kept urging it upon him by means of letters[3] and endearing incitements, always, however, preserving her fidelity as a wife, as may be gathered from her letters, in some of which she praises the modesty of Caponsacchi, and in others reproves him for having sent her some rather unbecoming verses, and begs him to preserve unsullied that good character which she has praised.

The day of the flight having been arranged,[4] these two, with the assistance of Conti, got into a carriage, and, travelling as fast as possible—never stopping except when needful to change

[1] Guido's only sister Porzia married Count Aldobrandini, Conti's brother.

[2] Caponsacchi was aged twenty-four at this time (1697), having been baptized March 22, 1673.

[3] Twenty-two such letters, or fragments of them, were said to have been found by Guido, and were produced in the evidence at his trial. They are of slight interest.

[4] They fled on Sunday, April 28, "seven hours after sunset"—*i.e.* about 2 A.M. Browning artistically alters this to April 23—St. George's Day.

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horses—they arrived, the second morning at dawn, at Castelnuovo. Here, although the landlord got ready one bed for both, Pompilia rested in a chair and Caponsacchi rushed down to the stable to hurry up the driver.

Guido waked up some hours after Pompilia had departed, and, finding that she was not in bed, got up in a passion; and seeing her jewel-case open and the jewels gone, together with some money which was kept there, he divined what had taken place. So he tore along the road to Rome on a good horse, and overtook the fugitives at the inn at Castelnuovo[1] one hour after they had arrived.

When she saw him appear, Pompilia, with a boldness such as despair frequently produces even in a sluggish nature, seized the sword of Caponsacchi, which was lying on a table, and, having drawn it, rushed out to meet Guido; and calling him a traitor and a tyrant, threatened his life; but he, fearing that her boldness no less than the valour of Caponsacchi—whom he had not previously known to be her protector—might result rather in his own death than in his taking vengeance, turned his horse's head, and, rushing off to the magistrate, had them arrested and soon afterwards taken off to the New Prisons [in Rome, sixteen miles distant], where they were accused of the flight and then of adultery.

Abate Paolo, who, as has been said, was Secretary in Rome for the Knights of Malta, made urgent representations to the Pope concerning the injury to his honour, and besought the Governor of Rome, Monsignor Pallavicino,[2] protesting that he ought to give judgment against Caponsacchi for having eloped with his sister-in-law, and declare them both guilty of adultery, and that on this account his brother Guido ought to obtain possession of the whole dowry.

Legal proceedings were instituted with all the rigour of the

[1] The inn still exists unchanged, with the very room in which the scene here described took place.

[2] Marc Antonio Venturini, mentioned as Governor in the poem, was in fact a Deputy-Governor for criminal cases—*Locum tenens in criminalibus.*

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law, but there appeared no evidence of guilt against Pompilia and Caponsacchi except the letters indicating an affectionate intercourse, and written while the flight was being planned, the flight itself, and the deposition of the driver,[1] who said that he had several times seen them, as he turned round while driving, face to face together—*i.e.* cheek against cheek—a thing which is no proof of wrongdoing, while the roughness of the roads, and the speed at which they were driving, by shaking them, might have been the cause. Wherefore the Court prudently sentenced Caponsacchi to three years' relegation in Civita Vecchia for his rash act in running away with a wife from the home of her husband, even though he had been actuated by motives of pity.[2]

Meanwhile the proceedings against Pompilia continued, and with the consent of the Franceschini she was sent under restraint to the monastery of the Scalette in the Lungara,[3] Guido giving a bond that he would pay for her board. After some time it became evident that she was *enceinte*, and as the rules of the place did not allow of her remaining any longer there, the Governor of Rome, with the approval of Abate Paolo, who held a power of attorney for his brother, issued an order that Pompilia should be removed to the house of the Comparini, her parents, under security of 800 scudi, declaring at the same time that the obligation on Guido's part to pay for her board should cease the very day on which Pompilia should leave the monastery.[4]

This suit, in which the Franceschini represented themselves as being solely actuated by a desire to repair their honour, was recognised as having for its chief motive their greed for money,

[1] This was Francesco Borsi, called "Venerino," a servant of the landlord of the still existing *Canale* Inn at Arezzo. He drove them to Camoscia, that is, for the first night only.

[2] This decree is dated September 24, 1697.

[3] The Scalette—so called from the steps in front of it—still exists, under the name of the "Buon Pastore." Browning chose to speak of the Convertite, who also had a home in the Lungara.

[4] This order is dated October 12, 1697.

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so that there was not a single club in which the conduct of both sides was not criticised. For this reason the Knights of St. John quietly hinted to Abate Paolo that he had better resign his position as Secretary. The loss of so honourable a position gave free course to the malice of the tongues of his enemies, and reduced the mind of Paolo to such a state of anxiety that he felt ashamed to face even his dearest friends. He therefore decided to quit Rome and to pass to a land whither there should never come news of the dishonour which had so deeply afflicted him.[1]

Guido being informed of his departure and of the obligation now resting upon himself of repairing the honour of their house, reflected that if he, like his brother, should voluntarily exile himself, it would be regarded as a confirmation of that cowardliness of spirit with which he had been justly charged when he had overtaken his wife in her flight and had not then and there taken that vengeance which was expected at his hands.

Her time having arrived, Pompilia gave birth to a male child,[2] whom the Comparini sent out to nurse. Everybody thought, and in particular Violante, that this event would dispose Guido, by the very force of nature, to a reconciliation with his wife, while the minds of the Comparini, in spite of their declaration that Pompilia was not their child, might also be inclined to re-establish peace. The thought of Guido, however, was wholly different, for he was ceaselessly urged on by Paolo, who, even though absent, kept plotting to blot out of the world every memory of his own dishonour by the death of Pompilia, Pietro, and Violante.

Guido had a field labourer, a bold man of evil life, to whom he repeatedly told exaggerated tales about the disgrace which his wife and the Comparini had brought upon his house; and he confided to this man that, if he would aid him, he would be able to wipe out with their blood the stains upon his honour.

[1] I have traced him to Prague, where he published a poem in 1699.

[2] A boy, Gaetano, born December 18, 1697.

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The assassin at once agreed, and himself suggested that, if other help were needed, he had three or four friends for whom he could vouch. Guido's answer was that he should select three bold and trusty ones for the sake of security, in case of meeting with resistance, and that he should be particularly careful to engage them at as low a rate as he possibly could.

This being all arranged, and the weapons suitable for such a deed made ready, Guido with his four companions, disguised, and with changed garments, took the road to Rome, and arrived [1] at the house of the Comparini [2] two hours after sunset. One of them knocked at the door, and when Pietro answered, the assassin said that he had a letter to deliver from Civita Vecchia from Caponsacchi. When the women heard this, they told Pietro that he must tell the man to come back in the morning, and objected to his opening the door; but Pietro being curious about the news from Caponsacchi, and the assassin making reply that he could not call again next morning, as he had to depart that very night, Pietro opened the fatal door through which entered death for himself, for Violante, and for Pompilia.

Beside himself with passion, Guido was the first to rush in with two companions [3]—the other two remaining to keep guard—and, having repeatedly stabbed the poor old man, they deprived him of life before he could utter a word. Scarcely had the unfortunate women beheld this than they were thrust through in a similar manner and experienced the same fate; the blows of Guido being directed against the unhappy Pompilia, and being accompanied with innumerable insults. After having trampled her under foot several times and

[1] They arrived at Rome December 24, 1697. The murders took place on Thursday, January 2, 1698.

[2] Browning places this outside Rome beyond the Porta S. Paolo; the murders actually took place in a house—since rebuilt—which stood at the corner of the Via Vittoria and the Via Babuino, formerly called Via Paolina.

[3] These two were Francesco Pasquino and Alessandro Giovanni Baldeschi. Those who kept guard were Biaggio Agostinelli and Domenico Gambassini.

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repeated his blows, Guido, not sure that his fury had accomplished its purpose, told his companions to see if she were really dead, and one of them lifting her up by the hair and then letting her suddenly fall, made sure that she was no longer alive.

The barbarous slaughter over, and Guido having paid the cut-throats the money agreed upon,[1] he wished to separate from them, but they would not allow either him or any of the others to depart, fearing lest one should kill the other, as not infrequently happens in such crimes. Or, perchance, the cut-throats had arranged with their leader, if they kept together, to kill Guido, supposing that he would have upon him a large sum of money, and therefore, it is said, they would not consent to his going away. Accordingly they took the road to Arezzo together, being obliged to travel on foot on account of not having been able to procure post-horses.

Life was totally extinct in Pietro and Violante by reason of their numerous wounds, but Pompilia was still living, although her wounds were even more numerous,[2] for in her innocence, and aided by Divine mercy, she had been able to feign death so well that she deceived the assassins. When, therefore, she could see that they were gone, collecting her dying breath, she had still sufficient strength of voice to make the neighbours hear her cries for help.

Being found in a dying state, the needs of the soul were first eagerly attended to, and afterwards those of her body. Her wounds were so many in number, and of such a character, that, although they did not immediately deprive her of life, yet they rendered her death inevitable; an event which, to the universal sorrow of those who attended her, and of as many as had information about so lamentable a case, took place a few days later.[3]

[1] This account differs on this point from that used by Browning, who says the assassins were *not* paid, and therefore were about to kill Guido.

[2] Twenty-two dagger wounds, five deadly.

[3] Pompilia died on Monday, January 6, 1698, the day on which she is supposed to speak in the poem.

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The constancy with which she endured the sufferings of her medical treatment was no less amazing than the love excited by her resignation to the Divine will; while not only did she not blame the cruelty of her husband, but with fervent prayers she implored God to pardon him.

As evidence of the compassion of those who ministered to her soul and to her body, I quote the following sworn testimonies, not only as to her innocence, but also as to the happy passage of her pure soul to heaven.

TESTIMONIES AS TO THE AFORESAID STATEMENT.

I, the undersigned Barefoot Augustinian, solemnly testify that, having ministered to Signora Pompilia from the first moment of the woful case until the last minute of her life, I state and swear, as I am a priest in the presence of that God who shall be my Judge, that I have remarked and have been amazed at the innocent and pure conscience of this ever-blessed girl; and in the four days [Jan. 2–6] which she survived, she, having been exhorted by me to pardon [her husband], replied with tears in her eyes, and with calm and compassionate voice, "May Jesus pardon him as I have already done with all my heart." But what was most wonderful was that, although she suffered great pain from her injuries, I never heard her utter an offensive or an impatient word, or even give any sign of such, either against God or her fellow-beings; but with uniform submission to the Divine will she would say, "The Lord have mercy on me"; a fact, in truth, which is incompatible with a spirit not closely united to God; and such union does not take place in a single moment, but truly is due to long-continued habit. Moreover, I declare that I have uniformly noticed her to be most modest; and in particular on those occasions in which the doctors attended to her, so that, if she had not been of good habits, on such occasions she would not have given evidence of modesty in regard to certain little details carefully noticed by me, and much wondered at, that a young girl should

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be able to bear herself in the presence of so many men with such modesty and composure as did this saintly girl, even though half dead. And if we are to believe what the Holy Spirit, speaking by the mouth of the Evangelist, says, in the 7th chapter of St. Matthew, *arbor mala non potest bonos fructus facere*, noticing that he says, "non potest [*i.e. can* not], and not "non facit," [*i.e. does* not]:—that is, he pronounces it impossible to translate our powers into acts of perfection when these forces are themselves imperfect and tainted with evil—we must perforce say that this girl was full of goodness and modesty, since with all ease and perfection she behaved virtuously and modestly during the close of her life. Moreover, she died full of faith in God, her heart filled with Divine grace, and with all the sacraments of the Church, so that all who were in her presence were filled with wonder and pronounced her a saint. I say no more for fear that I may be taxed with being partial. I know full well that *Solus Deus est scrutator cordium:* but I know also that *ex abundantia cordis os loquitur*, and that my own Augustine declares, *Talis vita, finis ita:* wherefore, having remarked in this ever-blessed girl devout words, virtuous deeds and most modest acts, and a death in the fear of God, for the satisfaction of my own conscience I am obliged, and can do no other than declare that it must needs be that she has ever been a young girl good, modest, and honourable.

The above is my testimony, whereof in my own handwriting, this 10th day of January ——.

[Signed] FRA CELESTINE DI S. ANNA,[1]
Barefoot Augustinian.

[1] From this name Browning has constructed a wholly imaginary "Hospital of St. Anna," in which Pompilia is supposed to die after Fra Celestine—who is often mentioned in the poem—has confessed her. These depositions supplied the poet with the suggestion for his conception of an idealised Pompilia, and it was mainly in allusion to them that he is reported to have said, "I assure you that I found her, just as she speaks and acts in my poem, in that old book."

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AFFIDAVIT SIGNED BY SEVERAL WITNESSES.

We, the undersigned, having been asked to state the truth, give full and incontrovertible testimony under oath, that on the occasions on which we were present and rendered assistance in the last illness from which Francesca Pompilia died, she having been several times questioned by priests and others as to whether she had committed any offence against Guido her husband, which would have afforded him reason to ill-treat her in the manner we saw, and cause her to be done to death; she uniformly replied that she had not at any time committed any such fault whatever, and had always lived in all chastity and purity. And this we know through having been present during her sufferings; and from having heard all the said questions and answers; and also from having treated her medically and aided her; and from having heard her replies to the aforesaid questions during the four days that she survived while suffering from her wounds, and from having seen her, and heard her, and witnessed her die like a saint.

In evidence whereof, &c.

This 10th day of January

I, Nicolo Constantio, who took part in the medical treatment.

I, Placido Sardi, priest, with my own hand confirm what Fra Celestine has said above, having been present as above.

I, Michele Nicolo Gregorio, confirm the above.

I, Giuseppe d'Andilli, with my own hand, &c.

I, Domenico Godyn, &c.

I, Luca Corsi, &c.

I, Gio. Battista Guiteus.[1]

I, Gio. Battista Mucha.

[1] Guiteus was an apothecary who administered medicine and helped in the medical treatment. Mucha was his assistant.

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I, Abate Liberato Barberito, Doctor of Theology, hereby give full and indubitable evidence that, having been summoned to attend the death-bed of the late Signora Francesca Pompilia Comparini, I repeatedly noticed, and in particular during one entire night, how she bore with Christian resignation the pains of her wounds, and with more than human generosity pardoned the wrongs done her by him who had so cruelly caused her death. Thus, during the whole of the aforesaid night I observed the tenderness of her conscience, the time having passed in affording me evidence that her everyday life had been full of heroic Christian perfection. And I can testify from the experience which I have had, during the four years in which I was Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court of the late Archbishop of Monopoli, that I have never seen any one meet death in such a state of mind, especially when this had been due to violence.

Wherefore, in evidence, &c.,

This 10th day of January 1698,

I, Abate Liberato Barberito.

All these sworn testimonies form part of the evidence in the suit against Guido,[1] and are signed and confirmed by the above-mentioned witnesses who took part in ministering to the bodily and spiritual needs of Pompilia until her death.

Divine justice, which will not suffer so atrocious a crime to pass unpunished, brought it about that the evil-doers were overtaken at dawn by the police at the New [Merluzza][2] Inn [at Baccano], some few miles from Rome; where, after a scanty meal, overcome with the fatigue of their journey and with sleep, they had lain down to rest by the fire. The police suddenly rushed in, and pointing their carbines at the heads of the offenders, they were seized and bound.

They were removed at once to the New Prisons [in the Via

[1] All three, together with some additional matter, are printed in the "book" which the poet bought.

[2] The name is omitted in the Roman MS. I supply it from another source.

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Giulia, Rome], and the Governor of Rome informed the Pope of the barbarous murder and of the arrest of the guilty; he issued orders that there should be no delay in proceeding against them with all the rigour of the law, this being a case which, by reason of the consequences that might ensue, the Court was bound to examine with the most scrupulous attention.

Far less than had been imagined, however, was it found needful to apply torture to ensure the confession of the assassins and of Guido, who more emphatically than the others persisted in denying his guilt. Notwithstanding this, simply at the sight of the torture his heart failed him and he made a full confession, although he declared that he had been actuated in his crime by no other motive than the desire to make reparation for his honour, which had been so publicly injured—a thing which any man, even if of ignoble birth, would undertake, much more one like himself, who was of good family; and that, if in his first examination he had denied the truth of this, he had done it solely so as not to prejudice his companions who had helped him in a deed worthy of all indulgence, because their only motive had been honour.

With the confession of Guido and its ratification by the others the trial was at an end, and sentence was given,[1] the assassins being condemned to the gallows and Guido to the *mannaia* [a kind of guillotine], an instrument of death conceded to him rather out of respect to his having taken minor religious orders than for other reasons.

The written arguments of [Desiderius Spreti] the Advocate, and [Hyacinthus de Arcangelis] the Procurator of the Poor, in their defence on the plea of honour were so able that there is no mention of more learned pleadings;[2] but the charges against

[1] The Court gave sentence on Tuesday, February 18. The lawyers for the defence, however, appealed to the Pope, who signed the death-warrant on Friday, February 21—the day on which Innocent XII. is supposed, in the poem, to utter his noble monologue.

[2] The pleadings here alluded to are those contained in the poet's "square old yellow book." The two pleas by Spreti were especially commended for their learning. As *Advocate of the Poor* he was the leading lawyer for the

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the accused were so numerous, and each of them punishable by death, that they were overpowered no less by the character than by the number of these. The bearing of deadly arms of prohibited shape; the killing of Pietro and Violante, who had not been accomplices in the flight of Pompilia; the fact of the murders having taken place *in lite pendente*, in the home of the Comparini, which, with the consent of Guido, the Court had assigned to Pompilia as a secure place of confinement; and many other accusations of weight, brought into prominence the profound learning of the counsel for the defence and the justice of the condemnation of the guilty.

Although, with the usual hope of all who know themselves guilty of a crime punishable with death, Guido had flattered himself that he should be able to save his life on the plea of honour; yet, when the unexpected condemnation was pronounced, he did not yield himself up to such ill-regulated manifestations as for the most part occur among those who pass through so terrible an experience. He remained like one dazed; then, after some moments, he heaved a deep sigh, accompanied by a few tears, which by their extraordinary size indicated mortal symptoms, and exclaimed: "Verily I feared a heavy sentence, but not that of death. My offence is great, but my love of honour has never allowed me to see it in its true light until now, when it has been adjudged by justice, for which I have so profound a veneration that I do not wish to appeal even to God, to whom alone I turn as the sole source of mercy. Except by the will of God, I should never have come to this awful pass, and this I desire should be a source of comfort to me, and not of pain, so that, by my utter resignation to His will, I may acquire some claim to Divine pardon." And hereupon he cast himself into the arms of the Frati and showed such signs of lively contrition that his prayers were accompanied by their tears rather than by their exhortations.

defence; Arcangeli, who wrote three pleas, being one of his *Procurators*. The poet, for reasons of his own, has chosen to make Spreti the "junior" of Arcangeli. The eleven pleas in the trial are all in Latin.

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The four accomplices did not by any means dispose themselves for death with the same resignation; for, as their mental capacity was in keeping with their viler nature, they could not be persuaded of the justice of their condemnation. The oldest and the youngest[1] were the most firm in their obstinacy; the former because his heart had been hardened by so many years of evil life, the latter because he felt so bitterly the dreadful punishment for this his first crime, committed in the flower of his youth, he having also shed not a drop of blood, his only offence being that he had been induced to keep guard at a door by which Guido had to pass that he might wipe away with the blood of his enemies the stains upon his honour.

The nearer the hour of execution approached, the more the obstinacy of these two unfortunate men increased, so that the Frati were, so to say, in despair about their repentance; when Divine mercy, which accomplishes wonders even when they are least expected, penetrated their hearts, and thus gave glorious evidence of its omnipotence. Finally, they yielded to God, and the memory of their offences which had hitherto rendered them obstinate became, under the illumination of Divine grace, the means of disposing them to repentance and of fitting them for absolution.

These souls being secured to God after so prolonged a struggle, the procession started from the New Prisons of Tor di Nonna to the scaffold, which was set up in the Piazza del Popolo in view of the city gate and the Corso. In the middle was the block on a high platform, made much broader than usual, and having carefully arranged steps leading up to it; the gallows being placed, one on each side, at equal distances. Vast as is the area of the Piazza, there was not a single foot which was not occupied with raised stands, and these, being draped with tapestry and other decorations, formed a theatre suited rather for festive games than for a solemn tragedy.

His four companions preceded Guido, each in a separate cart, attended, as usual, by the pious Frati, and followed by a

[1] This, as far as I can discover, was Biaggio Gambassini.

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huge crowd of people, who prayed that they might have a blessed end, of which, to judge by their contrite resignation, there seemed a sure and certain hope.

Guido Franceschini hardly ever took his eyes from the crucifix, except when nature became faint from his continued gaze, and then he turned away his head, but not his heart, which being wholly given to his Creator, there remained no portion for himself. Arriving at the Piazza di Pasquino, the tumbrils halted before the church of the Agonizzanti, where it is customary to expose the Host and to bestow the Benediction upon condemned criminals on the day of their execution. Guido here fell upon his knees and recited, in a voice clearly audible to the bystanders, several verses of the *Miserere*, among them this: "Hide thy face from my sins and blot out all my iniquities" [Psalm li. 9], accompanying his words with such demonstrations of sorrow and repentance that the people, in tears, manifested as much grief as the condemned man. Guido's companions received the Benediction with similar devotion; but the behaviour of the youngest was unprecedented: beside himself with love to God, his words were like those of one inspired, so that the priests, with all their learning, were filled with humility.

Thence, through the most inhabited streets, they continued their way to the Piazza del Popolo, where all suffered death, Guido being the last.[1] They exhibited the same signs of

[1] This was on Saturday, February 22, 1698. The Guido of the poem was then aged fifty; the Guido of history was a man of forty, who had married at thirty-five. Abate Paolo, the "second son" of the poem, was really the eldest son and Guido's senior by some eight years; while

> "The boy of the brood, the young Girolamo,
> Priest, Canon,"

was born four years after Paolo. The dates in the baptismal register of the Pieve church are: October 28, 1650, Paolo; January 2, 1653, Porzia; August 5, 1654, Girolamo; and on January 14, 1657 [1658 N.S.], Guido di Tommaso di Girolamo Franceschini e di Beatrice di Guido Romani sua consorte. The Guido of history was therefore not the "Head of the House," nor was he a Count. The family seems at that date to have belonged to the *fourth* of the eight "degrees of nobility" distinguished in Arezzo. A certain Count Giacomo—Jacobus Comes

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contrition as they had shown while being prepared for death; and just as the youngest had given special tokens during life, so it pleased God that these should again appear at his death; for as the hangman was casting him off, he clasped to his bosom the crucifix—that emblem of mercy by which they had just been assured of Divine pardon. This made the populace all the more certain of his salvation, just as it filled them with compassion for his untimely death.

Never was there a greater concourse of people at an execution in Rome, nor is there recollection of a case which formed so universal a subject of conversation. Some defended the Comparini, on the ground that they had received ill-usage; others, the Franceschini, on the point of honour; but, upon calm reflection, both were adjudged equally guilty[1]—except Pompilia, who, being totally ignorant of the truth, had committed no other fault than that of having consented to a marriage at the command of her mother without the knowledge of her father; and who had fled from her husband's home, under fear of death, with which she had been repeatedly and unjustly threatened.

The union of these two families had its origin in deception: on the part of the Franceschini, in the fraud as to the property which they did not possess; and on the part of the Comparini as to the birth of Pompilia, who either was not their child, or had been said not to be when she really was. The deceit of the Franceschini sprang from their greed to secure the trust-money; that of the Comparini from a desire to add to their comforts; so that everything was done contrary to what is right by both human laws and divine. Wherefore there justly followed from a bad beginning a worse end, as has been described above.

Franceschini—died there on January 26, 1399, and is the first of the name mentioned. The title, it would appear, had gone to another branch of the family.

[1] An interesting anticipation of the three points of view adopted by the poet in "Half Rome," "The Other Half Rome," and "Tertium Quid."

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SOME CHINESE MASTERPIECES

FOR the last twenty years the most amazing phenomenon of Eastern politics has been the development of Japan. During the earlier part of the century Japan was regarded as a curious, but comparatively unimportant, appendage of China. Now she is recognised as a Power able to hold her own even with the great States of Europe, while China seems only a troublesome, cumbersome mass of decay. Japan, again, is seen to be one of the great artistic nations of the world, and is exercising a most powerful influence upon the arts of the West. Her prints, her bronzes, her enamels, her lacquer, her silks, her pottery and her porcelain, have become almost a condition of European domestic ornament. Her people, her national character, her history, her scenery, and her art have already quite a considerable literature of their own.

China, on the other hand, remains an enigma. We have dealt with her for centuries, and appear to be still unable to diagnose her national temper with any approach to certainty. We know only the barest outlines of her history. Even the chronology of her porcelain, the one manufacture in which she has for ages been recognised as pre-eminent, and to which the attention of cultured Europe has so continuously been directed, is for the most part mere guess-work. Of the exceedingly remarkable relics of her painting and sculpture even less is known. Perhaps in the far-distant future, when the Great Powers have managed to settle among themselves how China

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is to be developed or divided for their benefit, some systematic exploration of the country will be possible. The enormous advances made of late in our ideas about the history of ancient Egypt are a proof of what rightly directed exploration can do. Till something of the kind is carried out in China, it is impossible to do more than classify such specimens of ancient Chinese art as have drifted westwards, and to try to make out tentatively the relation which they bear to one another.

Even this is by no means an easy thing. The Chinese are essentially conservative in their art, as in their politics. The tendency to revive the style of a past age in Egypt, in Greece, and in modern Europe has been the result of reaction from progress, when progress had ceased to supply fresh inspiration. To the Western mind the thoughts and works of previous ages are, as a rule, only of use as indications of the direction in which contemporary thought and work have advanced, and as guides to show the line which a further advance must take. In China this is not the case. The Chinaman accepts the art of his forefathers as implicitly as he accepts their social, political, and religious institutions. Slight deviations may take place here and there in the course of time, as new processes are discovered or new wants have to be supplied, but the general tendency of Chinese art has for centuries remained the same. It is essentially imitative; and so far is the imitation carried that one often finds it almost impossible to separate with absolute certainty what is really archaic from what is only archaistic. This is especially the case with porcelain, where the effect of age upon the material may be almost nil. In dealing with the less permanent materials of painting, sculpture, or enamel, the condition of the object itself is often of great assistance in determining its date. Signatures, even if decipherable, as a rule only show what the Chinese themselves consider the style of a work of art to be, for successive waves of conservative reaction have resulted in favourite signatures being copied over and over again, although the artists they represent have been dead for centuries.

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No doubt the political unrest of the country has had something to do with the constant reaction. What we know of the history of China resolves itself into a long series of conquests, of tottering dynasties, of rebellions, of usurpations, and of struggles against the hardy, warlike tribes of the north. China has survived and absorbed wave after wave of such troubles, yet it is impossible that her art should not have been affected by them. We can easily understand how this would take place. The first result of an invasion by a warrior nation would be perhaps an absolute stoppage in the art of the vanquished people. When things more or less settled down, the infusion of new blood into the race would have its effect, and art might rise again, perhaps even stronger than before. Then, as the conquerors in their turn became over-civilised, art would once more tend to decline and to become imitative rather than creative. In China, as far as painting and sculpture are concerned, there has been no recovery from the decline that set in towards the close of the fifteenth century. In dealing, then, with the specimens of those arts which date from an earlier time, we are really dealing with all the Chinese painting and sculpture that deserves to be looked at seriously.

Slight, however, as our materials are for tracing the development of early Chinese art, we English are exceptionally fortunate in the quantity and quality of the relics of that art which we possess. As far as Oriental porcelain is concerned, the museums of London can rival even the famous Dresden collection, which was formed at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The splendid assemblage of choice specimens lent to South Kensington Museum by Mr. George Salting, if viewed in connection with those at Great Russell Street, illustrates almost perfectly the progress of Oriental ceramics. The collection of Chinese books and paintings in the British Museum, originally formed by Dr. Anderson, is the most important in Europe. If a considerable number of the paintings are of comparatively modern date, their modernity at least serves as a foil to the remarkable qualities of those that are more ancient.

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Far older than any specimens of Chinese porcelain or Chinese painting to which we have access are the strange bronzes from South Kensington, which formed part of the loot from the Summer Palace at Peking. No doubt the present war may cause a number of Chinese curiosities to drift westward, but it is unlikely that they will have the importance of the finds made when the Imperial museums were ransacked for the first time. Nevertheless, when one thinks of what was then carried away, it is impossible not to regret bitterly the treasures of art that were lost to the world by that barbaric act of vengeance. The Imperial collection of paintings, for instance, numbering hundreds of examples, was burned, simply because to those on the spot it did not seem to be worth stealing. That the passions aroused by the present war should have led to the serious proposal of similar and almost equally destructive vandalisms seems to show that our culture and enlightenment is at present only a varnish, and that a brittle one.

The art of primitive China would appear to have developed successively at three different periods and in three different directions. These phases may be briefly tabulated as follows:

(1) The sculpture and metal-work of pagan China, dating from some fifteen or twenty centuries before the Christian era.

(2) The religious painting, introduced by the Buddhist priests in the first century A.D.

(3) The secular art of the great river valleys of South China, which flourished from the twelfth to the sixteenth century A.D.

No authentic record survives of the race that fashioned the archaic bronzes now in the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum. Their characteristics are of no common order, and in Oriental art are almost unique. Nevertheless, in some respects they correspond to a remarkable degree with the work of a people very far away from China—the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. There we find the same love of square patterns, combined with a similar grotesque ferocity. Whether the primitive art of America was the work of Asiatics who

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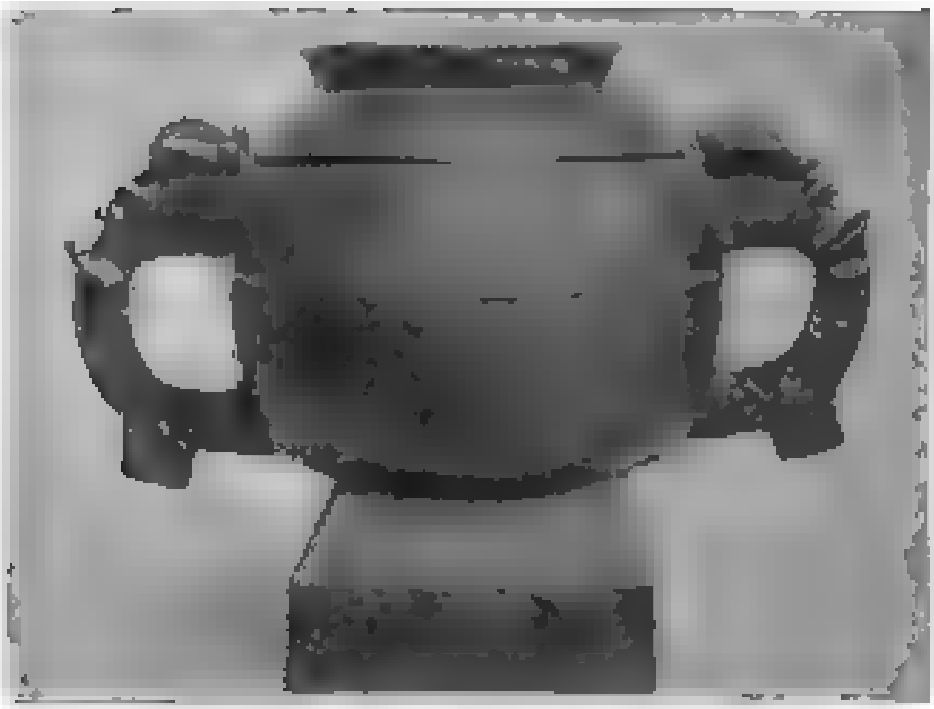

Fig. —Extremely ancient bronze sacrificial vessel, with handles in the form of monsters' heads. *South Kensington Museum (Indian Section)*

Fig. 2.—Cover of an ancient bronze sacrificial vessel, in the form of a monster's head. *South Kensington Museum (Indian Section)*

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had crossed the Pacific is a question which, to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, might admit a wide solution. There is something to be said for the theory. Apart from the marked Mongol traits which still survive among the North American Indians, the idea receives a certain amount of support from the character of the ancient black pottery which has recently been excavated along the western shore of Central and Southern America. This pottery, childish and clumsy as it is, recalls, sometimes with a likeness that is quite striking, the forms, the materials, and often the motives of the early Chinese bronze-founders. Nor is it fantastic to trace in certain of these ancient pieces of metal-work a faint memory of the stern, imposing art and architecture of Assyria. Such a connection is comprehensible enough when we take into account the vast area covered by the migrations of the Asiatic tribes, and remember the terraced buildings of many storeys depicted in ancient Chinese paintings, and the vast network of canals, strangely like those of Babylonia, by which the land is fertilised.

The most perfect of these early Chinese bronzes indicate a very considerable degree of civilisation in their makers, for both the design and the workmanship are of a high order; yet that civilisation can hardly have been of an enlightened or cultured kind. What seems to be the oldest specimen of all, a vessel decorated with monsters' heads (Fig. 1), is frankly barbaric, and is expressive of little more than vigorous animal ferocity. In the flagon with a cover in the form of a monster's head (Fig. 2), a comparatively modern version of an ancient design, and in the older bronze jar with handles in the form of serpents' heads (Fig. 3), the art reaches its climax. For dignity of form and beauty of workmanship the large vase may rank with the finest productions of Western metal-work, but the spirit in which it is conceived is quite unlike anything hitherto seen upon this side of the world.

What impresses one is not so much the amazing sense of power such art conveys—a power which, in its way, seems as irresistible as that which carved the colossal statues of Egypt—

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as the awful nature of the intellect by which that power is controlled. In the most archaic vessel this intellect is but half developed, and its true character is more fully revealed in the two later pieces. European ideals of art, however much they may have varied in different ages and different countries, have at least one thing in common. Though they may not always, or even usually, "make for righteousness," they are never directly in conflict with it. Power, in fact, with European artists is rendered attractive by combination with grace or virtue. With the Chinese bronze-founders this principle is reversed, for they seek to make power attractive by combining it with the terrible and the merciless. The monstrous beast with glaring eyeballs (Fig. 2) is the very incarnation of stolid relentless destruction, while the exquisitely modelled serpents' heads which form the handles of the large jar have an air of proud deadly calm that is even more impressive. The ferocious "glutton" grotesque below, with its projecting tusks, comes almost as a relief, for its savage superfluity proves that the maker of the vase was human after all, and was not a fiend working for the pleasure of fiends. We know nothing of the people for whom these vessels were made, and but little of the rites for which they were employed; yet, after looking at such an art as this, we may begin to understand the Chinese character better. We may then see how at the root of China's ancient civilisation, under all her philosophic courtesy, her traditions of honesty, duty, and reverence, there lies a relentless barbarism, which, if excited, can cause the cultured disciple of Confucius to revel in the most awful cruelty.

Up to the second century B.C. all these bronzes were devoted to religious uses. Certain details in the primitive Chinese faith —a form of Nature-worship, in which the heavens, the earth, and the elements were adored as the manifestations of a vague Supreme Power beyond them all—seem to point to a Mesopotamian origin, a supposition which, as already mentioned, is borne out by the internal evidence of the ritual vessels. Thus,

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Fig. 3.—Ancient bronze water vessel, with handles in the form of serpents, and face of the *Ao-tie* (glutton). *Smith Armington Museum (Indiana Section)*

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in Fig. 2, where the design and conception (if not the execution) are extremely ancient, the features of the monster surmounting the flagon recall the sculptured beasts of Assyria so forcibly that the likeness can hardly be nothing more than a coincidence.

In the ritual of this religion each kind of vessel had its particular use. Fig. 1 is a primitive form of the vessels used for holding wine, which, for the sacrificial libation, was transferred to a smaller tripod cup. Large jars, such as Fig. 8, were used to contain water. The blood of the victim was poured into a vessel in the shape of the slain animal. The bronzes in the form of monsters were used as incense-burners, being so constructed that the smoke escaped through the nostrils. The vessels in the form of geese (there is an excellent specimen at Kensington) are said to have had a more practical use. They were filled with water and placed on the table at Imperial feasts, as a warning to the guests not to disgrace the palace by drinking more wine than was good for them.

Want of space forbids any detailed account of the decoration of these bronzes. In the earlier specimens it is composed of very simple elements, among which the Greek key-pattern—in Chinese symbolising "the flowers of the lightning"—is prominent. Later the ornament becomes more elaborate, and beasts' heads, real or fabulous, are worked with great power and delicacy upon the handles or feet of the vessels. The monstrous face of the *tao-tié*, or glutton, appears much earlier than the dragon (which is hardly older than the Christian era), and seems to have been almost as popular a subject. Its hideous features in a conventionalised form can be traced on fine pieces of blue-and-white porcelain as late as the eighteenth century A.D. The human figure does not seem to have been represented before the second century B.C., when the design of the vases shows signs of a graceful decadence, which neither the influence of Buddhism, nor that of Mahometan art a thousand years later, was strong enough to arrest.

The influence of these primitive bronze-founders upon the

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art of China has been a lasting one, and not in the case of metal-work alone, for to it may be traced the noblest elements of form and pattern in Chinese enamel and Chinese porcelain. Nor was this majestic influence confined to China. The art of bronze working passed naturally enough to Corea, and was thence transferred to Japan, at the time when Buddhism was introduced into that country. The colossal religious figures erected in Japan by the sculptors of Corea are too well known to require any detailed description. For ages they have been revered and imitated, so that the influence they have exercised upon the people of the island kingdom is no slight one; and it is impossible not to regard them as indispensable factors in the development of Japanese art. This echo of the grandeur of the Chinese style is in fact the masculine element in Japanese tradition, which has guided the facile intellect of the younger nation towards sound and majestic ideals, which it might otherwise have lacked. Had China not led the way, Japan might still have produced a Harunobu or an Outamaro; but it is most unlikely that she could also have produced a Korin and a Hokusai.

The uncertainties of Chinese chronology make it impossible to date these bronzes exactly. We may be practically sure of their relative antiquity, but cannot give even an approximate age to the older bronzes. Native authorities refer certain pieces by no means primitive to the eighteenth century B.C. If that date be genuine, archaic specimens, such as that shown in Fig. 1, must be far more ancient. The catalogue of the Imperial collection in the middle of the eighteenth century A.D. would indicate that such archaic pieces were rare even then. The majority of the bronzes illustrated do not appear to be older than the fifth century B.C., when the shapes and decoration began to assume the suaver, more ornate style which was developed later under the influence of the Buddhists.

It is interesting to observe here the evolution of the dragon from a snake with the head of a monstrous bull, to mark the first efforts at using the human figure for decorative purposes, and

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to watch the gradual change from simplicity to excess of elaboration. Most wonderful, however, is the variety of design that the catalogue reveals. After studying it one cannot help recognising that these vessels are not only the source of almost all that is noble in the shapes and motives of Chinese porcelain (as already mentioned), but also actually anticipate the most graceful phases of Japanese bronze work. Grace is by no means the predominant feature of the Chinese bronzes to which we have access, while it appears to have been the chief characteristic of the Imperial collection. In fact, without this record we could form no idea of the flower-like beauty which ancient Chinese bronze can assume.

With the introduction of Buddhism into China in the first century A.D. this wonderful pagan art declined. The coming of the new religion from Hindostan marks an exceedingly important epoch in Oriental history. For China, as for Burma, Corea, and Japan, the early Buddhist missionaries were not only the heralds of new doctrines, a new ritual, and a new code of ethics, but were also the possessors of new arts and a new culture. Among these arts painting held a prominent place. Its earliest practitioners in China, if not themselves priests, were closely connected with the temples and monasteries, and so shared in the respect accorded to the possessors of superior knowledge. It is hardly surprising, therefore, to find that Chinese tradition credits these earlier painters with magical performances. A Buddhist priest of the third century is said to have drawn a dragon so realistically that the pictured beast was enabled to exert the power which legend attributes to him. By causing the clouds to gather and rain to fall, the painting averted a threatened famine! Even so late as the eighth century the name of the great Wu Taotsz, some of whose work is still preserved, is surrounded with this atmosphere of legend. The story of the painter's end is perhaps the most striking of those which relate to him. Wu Taotsz was commissioned by the Emperor to paint a wall in the Imperial Palace at Peking. Concealing himself and his work by curtains, the artist laboured

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for a long time in complete solitude. At last the Emperor was invited to view the completed picture. On his arrival the curtains were drawn aside and a representation of a palace with magnificent gardens was exposed to view. Struck with admiration, the Emperor began to express his regret that he could never possess such a place. Wu Taotsz walked forward, and, opening a door in the front of the picture, beckoned to the Emperor to follow him. However, before the Emperor could reach the door it suddenly closed upon the artist, who was standing within. Immediately the whole painting vanished, and the Emperor found himself face to face with a blank wall. Wu Taotsz was never seen again.

No genuine example of the painting of Wu Taotsz is known to exist in this country, but there is an exceedingly interesting work in the British Museum from which we can get some idea of his style. The picture represents the Nirvana of Sakya-muni, and is practically a copy, by a Buddhist painter of the eleventh century, of a still existing work by the older master. This large and elaborate composition contains a great number of figures, all most vigorously and swiftly drawn, with a very marked feeling for personal character and natural gesture. The work is executed in a kind of tempera upon silk. Though its rich colour and the general appearance undoubtedly recall to some extent the Persian and Hindu miniature painting from which the Buddhist artists doubtless obtained their technique, there is little or no trace of such reliance upon the style of these originals as is traceable in the kindred art of Japan. The Chinese artist employed the method and materials of his Western neighbours, but was no imitator of their graceful, ladylike mannerisms. He handles his brush with a spirit and decision which stamp his work with a very distinct and forcible character. The splendid colour and the religious feeling pervading his painting make it outwardly quite different in style from the fierce grotesques of the bronze-founders, yet their love of squareness and their sense of grandeur seem to survive in their successor and prevent him from ever being feeble or

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tame. Unfortunately, this splendid painting is so damaged and darkened that reproduction by any photographic process is practically impossible.

The ordinary Buddhist painting of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, however splendid in general effect, is so uniformly smooth and uninventive that one is apt to suppose that the earlier work was equally worthless. The single painting mentioned is enough to show that this is far from being the case. Even so late as the beginning of the fifteenth century, when corrupting influences had long been at work upon it, the Buddhist art of China retains a certain massiveness and dignity that are not unworthy of its ancient greatness. As chief among these corrupting influences must be reckoned the art which is generally identified with the southern provinces of China. Its subjects, in which water-plants and water-fowl figure largely, might suggest that it arose in one of the great river valleys. Its ideals tended towards skill in the manipulation of the brush rather than towards the inventive treatment of line and colour—were, in fact, literary rather than artistic. It is often not so much painting as calligraphy—as a highly specialised form of picture-writing. Chinese paintings of this class are usually either entirely in black and white, or have only faint traces of colour. As the little reproduction may serve to show, the artists of the southern school could draw with a skill and spirit which we usually consider the monopoly of their Japanese imitators. Nevertheless, the general effect of their talent for sketching upon the more serious forms of art in China was undoubtedly detrimental. With the lapse of time their original tendency towards slightness of subject became more marked, their skill became mere empty fluency, while the spirit of their drawing got lost in mazes of meaningless twiddles and twists that can be compared only to the absurd flourishes in the show-case of a provincial writing-master. Whether in painting or enamel, or bronze or porcelain, this tendency towards convolution may be taken as a certain sign of decadence in Chinese art.

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The painting reproduced is in an earlier style, where few traces of this decadence can be noted.[1] The falcon (Fig. 4) is supposed to come from the hand of the Chinese Emperor Hwei Tseng, who was one of the most celebrated masters of the twelfth century. As will be evident even from the small reproduction, it is done with wonderful spirit and directness. Unlike most of the works of the southern school, it is a remarkably fine piece of cool colour. Indeed, both in the materials employed and the method of execution, it has more affinity to Buddhistic art than to the class of work in which it must be placed. As the two schools of painting were contemporaneous, this would perhaps hardly be remarkable, if the application of the Buddhistic method to purely secular subjects were not rather uncommon.

The difficulty of reproduction to which I have alluded prevents me from illustrating certain characteristic works of the southern school which are in our national collection. Among these may be mentioned a large sketch in black and white of an angler catching a fish, a smaller one of a hermit, off whose lap the wild birds are feeding, and several compositions of wild fowl among reeds. These prove conclusively how in almost every point the Chinese were the originators of that manner of free, rapid sketching which is usually spoken of as Japanese. The one addition that the Japanese make is that of humour. The Chinese artist occasionally may smile, but he never descends to the rollicking fun in which the younger nation delights.

However, when all allowances are made for the obvious spirit and attractiveness of this sketching, it cannot be classed as great art. The design is often pleasantly odd, but rarely or never majestic; the conception is often clever, but never pro-

[1] Unfortunately, owing to their great age, the grounds on which these works were executed have cracked and darkened, so that it has proved impossible to photograph them clearly on the small scale necessary in this Review. Those who are interested in the subject should certainly make a point of seeing the originals in the British Museum.

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Fig. 4.—A falcon. From a painting attributed to the Chinese Emperor, Hwei-Tsung (twelfth century). *British Museum*

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found; and the execution is often only an excuse for a display of manual dexterity. Certain flower-pieces are free from these faults, and have a grandeur of mass and a delicacy of execution which even the great Japanese master, Korin, several centuries later, was hardly able to surpass.

The one great defect of our Chinese collection is the absence of any of those landscapes for which the school of the south won the admiration of all its critics. What their excellences were we may perhaps judge from the reflection of them in the work of their Japanese imitators—the landscapes of the Kano school. No one, for instance, who looks over the long panorama by Soga Jasoku, is likely to forget the splendid passage where a desolate river is seen boiling among rocks, while a shroud of mist spreads unbroken overhead. That the landscape painters of the Chinese school could rank with the great masters of the world is too much to assume. The prints of Hokusai show what noble results can be got by a fine sense of style, deep feeling, and bold suggestive manipulation, even when chiaroscuro and perspective are practically ignored. No echo of the work of the early Chinese landscape school seems to suggest so overwhelming a genius as that of the Japanese master, and without such genius the limitations of Oriental technique are apt to obtrude upon our more photographic vision.

The remarkable success attained by the Chinese in portraiture towards the end of the fifteenth century, just when the decline of the national arts was beginning, must really be regarded as a revival of Buddhistic painting. At times it may remind us of the style of the southern school, but in its noblest phases the reminiscence of Wu Taotsz and the early religious artists is overwhelmingly predominant. The fame of the well-known followers of Confucius, of Lao-tse, and of Buddha was dutifully kept alive by the pious, so that China had become accustomed to reverence a host of legendary sages and saints. Portraits of these personages were popular subjects, and form a considerable proportion of the relics of

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Chinese painting that have reached us. The two specimens reproduced may hint to what a high degree of excellence this art was carried both in grandeur of design and delicacy of execution.

The first of the two (Fig. 5) shows how dignified and vigorous these portrait groups could be, in spite of the severe limits which the method employed must have imposed upon the artist. There is something that is almost German in character about the manipulation of the old man's head, where each hair is separately and decisively drawn, in the manner of Hans Baldung. Note, too, the impression of space and solitude conveyed by the simple outline of the great mountain overhead.

The second illustration (Fig. 6) is merely a small portion taken from a large painting, to indicate in some degree the perfection of this phase of Chinese art. The delicacy of the modelling, the exquisite drawing of detail, the obvious fidelity to nature, and the breadth of the general effect make this portrait a thing not unworthy of Holbein himself. When we remember that the method employed is one that admits of little correction and no fumbling, the masterliness of the workmanship may strike us still more. The picture is also a noble piece of colour. Conceived as a harmony in cool brown, greyish-blue, and black, it does not in general aspect resemble any other phase of Oriental art, but rather recalls the exquisite freshness of that great master of Central Italy, Piero della Francesca.

Lest it should seem that the merit of these specimens of Chinese art is overrated, it may be well for a moment to try to determine how much of our European art is not a mere matter of use and wont—a thing which we are willing to accept because every one else has done so, rather than for any intrinsic excellence it may possess. If this be done fairly, I do not think China will suffer by the comparison. It must be remembered that the few examples of Chinese art dealt with here are not even representative specimens of it. The collections from which

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FIG. [illegible]. A Chinese sage and followers. From a painting in the style of the fourteenth century. *British Museum*

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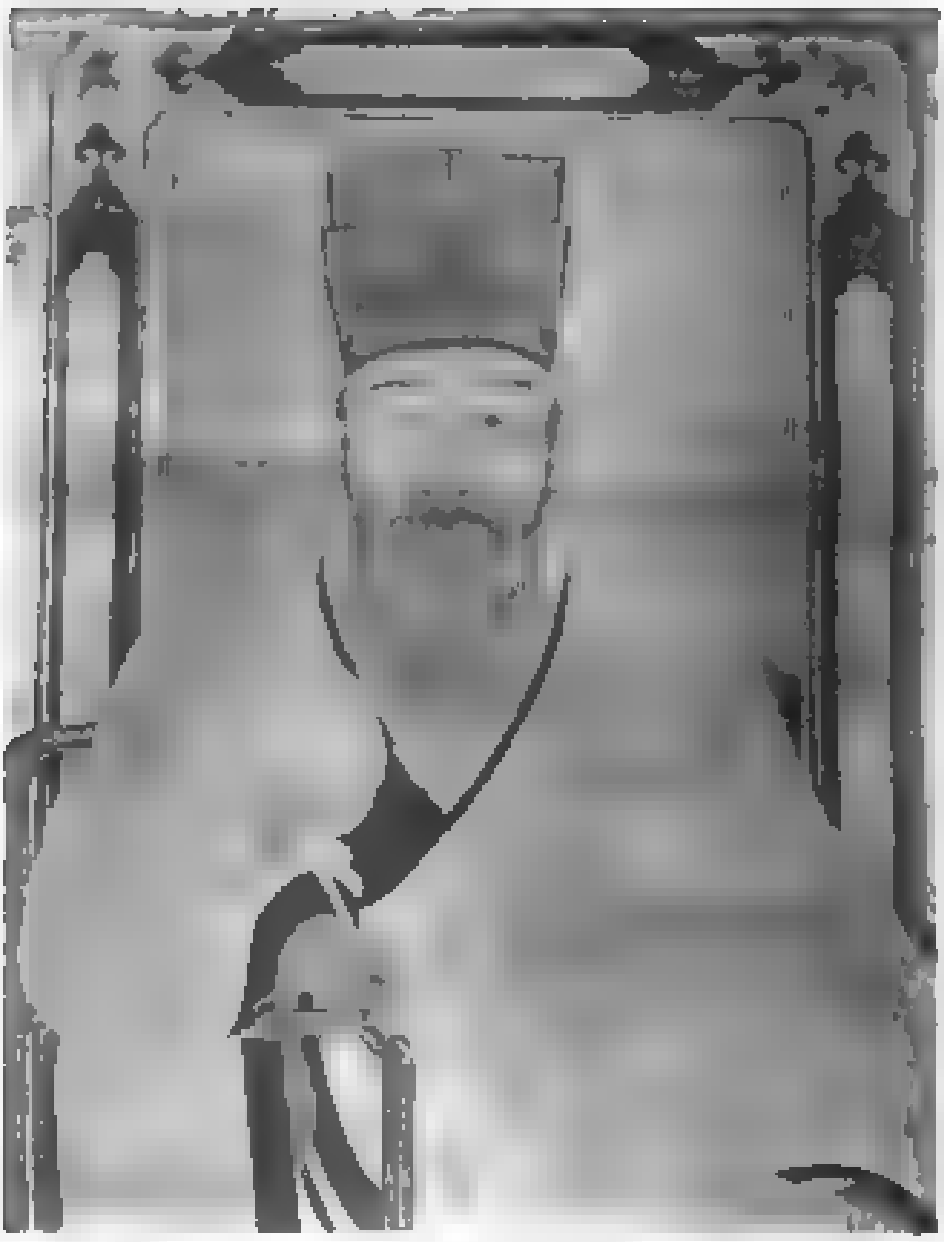

FIG. 6. Portrait of a Prince. Part of a painting signed Shōkei-kōsai (Eleventh century). *British Museum*

they come contain only a very tiny fraction of the total output of the artists and craftsmen of so vast and aged an empire. Their acquisition, too, has been a mere matter of chance, of purchases that were necessarily haphazard, because they could not be guided by exact knowledge or the experience of whole generations.

It is hardly fair, therefore, to pit these Chinese relics against picked works of the very greatest painters and sculptors of Europe, but the finer bronzes will be found, I think, to emerge with credit even from this trying ordeal. In stateliness of design and perfection of craftsmanship they remain unsurpassed by any Occidental metal-work. Only in the finest Greek vases do we meet with forms and decoration that could stand such a comparison.

For the paintings one can hardly claim so much. Their obvious limitations of material, technical method, and subject matter may cause them to seem odd or arbitrary or monotonous to those who have grown accustomed to the more complex genius of a Michelangelo, a Titian, or a Rembrandt. Nevertheless, outside the very greatest names of Europe, it is surprising how small a number of painters can be said to possess the qualities which characterise the great periods of Chinese art. The evidence of their porcelain is enough to prove that the Chinese have been masters of colour to a degree unknown in the West. Individual European artists have been magnificent colourists, but in no nation, not even in the Japanese, has the colour faculty been developed so invariably and so uniformly. Almost equally uniform, during the centuries in which the masters of Chinese painting lived, is their seriousness of purpose, their dignity of design, and their command of their materials. Even the palatial splendour of such a place as Hertford House might seem trivial or ostentatious compared with the large serenity of these forgotten Orientals.

C. J. Holmes.

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THE INDIAN PRINCE

A meditation in his youth of Asoka, King of Magadha three centuries before the birth of Christ: famous afterwards as the first ruler to profess openly the faith of Buddhism. He was grandson of that adventurer who drove out the Greeks left by Alexander; and his edicts have been found engraved on rocks and pillars almost throughout India.

I

GENTLE as fine rain falling from the night,
The first beams from the Indian moon at full
Steal through the boughs, and brighter and more bright
Glide like a breath, a fragrance visible!
Asoka round him sees
The gloom ebb into glories half-espied
Of glimmering bowers through wavering traceries;
Pale as a rose by magical degrees
Opening, the air breaks into beauty wide,
And yields a mystic sweet,
And shadowy leaves imprint the pathway side
Around Asoka's feet.

O happy prince! From his own court he steals;
Weary of words is he, weary of throngs.
How this wide ecstasy of stillness heals
His heart of flatteries, and the tale of wrongs!

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Unseen he climbs the hill,
  Unheard he brushes with his cloak the dew,
While the young moonbeams every hollow fill
With hovering flowers, so gradual and so still
  As though from growing joy the radiance grew,
Discovering pale gold
  Of spikenard balls and champak buds that new
Upon the air unfold.

He gains the ridge. Wide open rolls the night!
  Airs from an infinite horizon blow
Down holy Ganges floating vast and bright
  Through old Magadha's forests. Far below
He hears the cool wave fret
  On rocky islands; soft as moths asleep
Come moonlit sails; there on a parapet
Of ruined marble, where the moss gleams wet
  And from black cedars a lone peacock cries,
Uncloaking rests Asoka, bathing deep
  In silence; and his eyes
Of his own realm the wondrous prospect reap;
  At last aloud he sighs:

II

"How ennobling it is to taste
  Of the breath of a living power!
The shepherd boy on the waste
  Whose converse, hour by hour,
Is alone with the stars and the sun,
  His days are glorified!
And the steersman floating on
  Down this great Ganges tide,

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He is blest to be companion of the might
Of waters and unwearied winds that run
With him, by day, by night;
He knows not whence they come, but they his path provide.

"But O more noble far
From the heart of power to proceed,
As the beam flows forth from the star,
As the flower unfolds on the reed.
It is not we that are strong
But the cause, the divine desire,
The longing wherewith we long.
O flame far-springing from the eternal fire,
Feed, feed upon my heart till thou consume
These bonds that do me wrong
Of time and chance and doom,
And I into thy radiance grow and glow entire.

"For he who his own strength trusts,
And by violence hungers to tame
Men and the earth to his lusts,
Though mighty, he falls in shame,
As a great fell tiger, whose sound
The small beasts quake to hear,
When he stretches his throat to the shuddering ground
And roars for blood; yet a trembling deer
Brings him at last to his end.
In a winter torrent falls his murderous bound;
His raging claws the unheeding waters rend;
Down crags they toss him sheer,
With sheep ignobly drowned,
And his fierce heart is burst with fury of its fear.

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III

" Not so ye deal
Immortal Powers, with him
Who in his weak hour hath made haste to kneel
Where your divine springs out of mystery brim,
And carries thence through the world's uproar rude
A clear-eyed fortitude;
As 'mid the blue noon on the Arabian strand
The solitary diver, plunging deep,
Glides down the rough dark brine with questing hand
Until he feels upleap
Founts of fresh water, and his goatskin swells
And bears him upward on those buoyant wells
Back with a cool boon for his thirsting land.

" I also thirst
O living springs, for you:
Would that I might drink now, as when at first
Life shone about me glorious and all true,
And I abounded in your strength indeed,
Which now I sorely need.
You have not failed, 'tis I! Yet this abhorred
Necessity to hate and to despise—
'Twas not for this my youthful longing soared,
Not thus would I grow wise!
Keep my heart tender still, that still is set
To love without foreboding or regret
Even as this tender moonlight is outpoured!

" Now, now, even now,
Sleep doth the sad world take
To peace it knows not. Radiant sleep, wilt thou
Unveil thy wonder for me too, who wake?

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Oh, my soul melts into immensity,
And yet 'tis I, 'tis I!
A wave upon a silent ocean, thrilled
Up from its deepest deeps without a sound,
Without a shore to break on, or a bound,
Until the world be filled.
O mystery of peace, O more profound
Than pain or joy, upbuoy me on thy power!
Stay, stay, adored hour,
I am lost, I am found again:
My soul is as a fountain springing in the rain."

Long, long upon that cedarn-shadowed height
Musing, Asoka mingled with the night.
At last the moon sank o'er the forest wide.
Within his soul those fountains welled no more,
Yet breathed a balm still, fresh as fallen dew:
The mist coiled upward over Ganges shore;
And he arose and sighed,
And gathered his cloak round him, and anew
Threaded the deep woods to his palace door.

LAURENCE BINYON.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER IV

SHE COULD AN SHE WOULD.

IN spite of Mrs. Iver's secret opinion that people with strange names were likely to be strange themselves, and that, for all she saw, foreigners were—not fools, as Dr. Johnson's friend thought—but generally knaves, an acquaintance was soon made between Fairholme and Merrion Lodge. Her family was against Mrs. Iver; her husband was boundlessly hospitable, Janie was very sociable. The friendship grew and prospered. Mr. Iver began to teach the Major to play golf. Janie took Mina Zabriska out driving in the highest dog-cart on the countryside: they would go along the road by the river, and get out perhaps for a wander by the Pool, or even drive higher up the valley and demand tea from Bob Broadley at his pleasant little place—half farm, half manor-house—at Mingham, three miles above the Pool. Matters moved so quickly that Mina understood in a week why Janie found it pleasant to have a companion under whose ægis she could drop in at Mingham; in little more than a fortnight she began to understand why her youthful uncle (the Major was very young now) grunted unsympathetically when she observed that the road to Mingham

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was the prettiest in the neighbourhood. The Imp was accumulating other people's secrets, and was accordingly in a state of high satisfaction.

The situation developed fast, and for the time at least Janie Iver was heroine and held the centre of the stage. A chance of that state of comfort which was his remaining and modest ambition had opened before the Major—and the possibility of sharing it with a congenial partner: the Major wasted no time in starting his campaign. Overtures from Blent, more stately but none the less prompt, showed that Harry Tristram had not spoken idly to his mother. And what about Bob Broadley? He seemed to be out of the running, and indeed to have little inclination, or not enough courage, to press forward. Yet the drives to Mingham went on. Mina was puzzled. She began to observe the currents in the Fairholme household. Iver was for Harry, she thought, though he maintained a dignified show of indifference; Mrs. Iver—the miraculous occurring in a fortnight, as it often does—was at least very much taken with the Major. Bob Broadley had no friend, unless in Janie herself. And Janie was inscrutable by virtue of an open pleasure in the attention of all three gentlemen and an obvious disinclination to devote herself exclusively to any one of them. She could not flirt with Harry Tristram, because he had no knowledge of the art, but she accepted his significant civilities. She did flirt with the Major, who had many years' experience of the pastime. And she was kind to Bob Broadley, going to see him, as has been said, sending him invitations, and seeming in some way to be fighting against his own readiness to give up the battle before it was well begun. But it is hard to help a man who will not help himself; on the other hand, it is said to be amusing sometimes.

They all met at Fairholme one afternoon, Harry appearing unexpectedly as the rest were at tea on the lawn. This was his first meeting with the Major. As he greeted that gentleman, even more when he shook hands with Bob, there was a touch of regality in his manner; the reserve was prominent, and his

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prerogative was claimed. Very soon he carried Janie off for a solitary walk in the shrubberies. Mina enjoyed her uncle's frown and chafed at Bob's self-effacement; he had been talking to Janie when Harry calmly took her away. The pair were gone half an hour, and conversation flagged. They reappeared, Janie looking rather excited, Harry almost insolently calm, and sat down side by side. The Major walked across and took a vacant seat on the other side of Janie. The slightest look of surprise showed on Harry Tristram's face. A duel began. Duplay had readiness, suavity, volubility, a trick of flattering deference; on Harry's side were a stronger suggestion of power and an assumption, rather attractive, that he must be listened to. Janie liked this air of his, even while she resented it; here, in his own county at least, a Tristram of Blent was somebody. Bob Broadley was listening to Iver's views on local affairs; he was not in the fight at all, but he was covertly watching it. Perhaps Iver watched too, but it was not easy to penetrate the thoughts of that astute man of business. The fortune of battle seemed to incline to Harry's side; the Major was left out of the talk for minutes together. More for fun than from any loyalty to her kinsman, Mina rose and walked over to Harry.

"Do take me to see the greenhouses, Mr. Tristram," she begged. "You're all right with uncle, aren't you, Janie?"

Janie nodded rather nervously. After a pause of a full half-minute Harry Tristram rose without a word and began to walk off; it was left for Mina to join him in a hurried little run.

"Oh, wait for me, anyhow," she cried, with a laugh.

They walked on some way in silence.

"You're not very conversational, Mr. Tristram. I suppose you're angry with me?"

He turned and looked at her. Presently he began to smile, even more slowly, it seemed, than usual.

"I must see that my poor uncle has fair play—what do you call it?—a fair show—mustn't I?"

"Oh, that's what you meant, Madame Zabriska? It wasn't the pleasure of my company?"

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"Do you know, I think you rather exaggerate the pleasure —no, not the pleasure, I mean the honour—of your company? You were looking as if you couldn't understand how anybody could want to talk to uncle when you were there. But he's better-looking than you are, and much more amusing."

"I don't set up for a beauty or a wit either," Harry observed, not at all put out by the Imp's premeditated candour.

"No—and still she ought to want to talk to you! Why? Because you're Mr. Tristram, I suppose?" Mina indulged in a very scornful demeanour.

"It's very friendly of you to resent my behaviour on Miss Iver's behalf."

"There you are again! That means she doesn't resent it. I think you give yourself airs, Mr. Tristram, and I should like——"

"To take me down a peg?" he asked, in a tone of rather contemptuous amusement.

She paused a minute, and then nodded significantly.

"Exactly; and to make you feel a little uncomfortable—not quite so sure of yourself and everything about you." Again she waited a minute, her eyes set on his face and watching it keenly. "I wonder if I could," she ended slowly.

"Upon my word, I don't see how it's to be done." He was openly chaffing her now.

"Oh, I don't know that you're invulnerable," she said, with a toss of her head. "Don't defy me, Mr. Tristram. I don't mind telling you that it would be very good for you if you weren't——"

"Appreciated?" he suggested ironically.

"No; I was going to say if you weren't Mr. Tristram, or the future Lord Tristram of Blent."

If she had hoped to catch him off his guard, she was mistaken. Not a quiver passed over his face as he remarked:

"I'm afraid Providence can hardly manage that now either,

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for my good or for your amusement, Madame Zabriska, much as it might conduce to both."

The Imp loved fighting, and her blood was getting up. He was a good foe, but he did not know her power. He must not, either—not yet, anyhow. If he patronised her much more, she began to feel that he would have to know it some day—not to his hurt, of course; merely for the reformation of his manners.

"Meanwhile," he continued, as he lit a cigarette, "I'm not seriously disappointed that attentions paid to one lady fail to please another. That's not uncommon, you know. By the way, we're not on the path to the greenhouses; but you don't mind that? They were a pretext, no doubt? Oh, I don't want to hurry back. Your uncle shall have his fair show. How well you're mastering English!"

At this moment Mina hated him heartily; she swore to humble him—before herself, not before the world, of course; she would give him a fright anyhow—not now, but some day; if her temper could not stand the strain better, it would be some day soon, though.

"You see," Harry's calm exasperating voice went on, "it's just possible that you're better placed at present as an observer of our manners than as a critic of them. I hope I don't exceed the limits of candour which you yourself indicated as allowable in this pleasant conversation of ours?"

"Oh well, we shall see," she declared, with another nod. The vague threat (for it seemed that or nothing) elicited a low laugh from Harry Tristram.

"We shall," he said. "And in the meantime a little sparring is amusing enough. I don't confess to a hit at present; do you, Madame Zabriska?"

Mina did not confess, but she felt the hit all the same; if she were to fight him, she must bring her reserves into action.

"By the way, I'm so sorry you couldn't see my mother when you called the other day. She's not at all well, unhappily. She really wants to see you."

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"How very kind of Lady Tristram!" There was kept for the mother a little of the sarcastic humility which was more appropriate when directed against the son. Harry smiled still as he turned round and began to escort her back to the lawn. The smile annoyed Mina; it was a smile of victory. Well, the victory should not be altogether his.

"I want to see Lady Tristram very much," she went on, in innocent tones and with a face devoid of malice, "because I can't help thinking I must have seen her before—when I was quite a little girl."

"You've seen my mother before? When and where?"

"She was Mrs. Fitzhubert, wasn't she?"

"Yes, of course she was—before she came into the title."

"Well, a Mrs. Fitzhubert used to come and see my mother long ago at Heidelberg. Do you know if your mother was ever at Heidelberg?"

"I fancy she was—I'm not sure."

Still the Imp was very innocent, although the form of Harry's reply caused her inward amusement and triumph.

"My mother was Madame de Kries. Ask Lady Tristram if she remembers the name."

It was a hit for her at last, though Harry took it well. He turned quickly towards her, opened his lips to speak, repented, and did no more than give her a rather long and rather intense look. Then he nodded carelessly. "All right, I'll ask her," said he. The next moment he put a question. "Did you know about having met her before you came to Merrion?"

"Oh well, I looked in the Peerage, but it really didn't strike me till a day or two ago that it might be the same Mrs. Fitzhubert. The name's pretty common, isn't it?"

"No, it's very uncommon."

"Oh, I didn't know," murmured Mina apologetically. But the glance which followed him as he turned away was not apologetic; it was triumphant.

She got back in time to witness—to her regret (let it be

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confessed) she could not overhear—Janie's farewell to Bob Broadley. They had been friends from youth; he was "Bob" to her, she was now to him "Miss Janie."

"You haven't said a word to me, Bob."

"I haven't had a chance; you're always with the swells now."

"How can I help it, if—if nobody else comes?"

"I really shouldn't have the cheek. Harry Tristram was savage enough with the Major—what would he have been with me?"

"Why should it matter what he was?"

"Do you really think that, Miss Janie?" Bob was almost at the point of an advance.

"I mean—why should it matter to you?"

The explanation checked the advance.

"Oh, I—I see. I don't know, I'm sure. Well then, I don't know how to deal with him."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Janie."

"Are you coming to see us again, ever?"

"If you ask me, I——"

"And am I coming again to Mingham?—although you don't ask me."

"Will you really?"

"Oh, you do ask me? When I ask you to ask me!"

"Any day you'll——"

"No, I'll surprise you. Good-bye. Good-bye really."

The conversation, it must be admitted, sounds commonplace when verbally recorded. Yet he would be a despondent man who considered it altogether discouraging: Mina did not think Janie's glances discouraging either. But Bob Broadley, a literal man, found no warrant for fresh hope in any of the not very significant words which he repeated to himself as he rode home up the valley of the Blent. He suffered under modesty; it needed more than coquetry to convince him that he exercised any attraction over the rich and brilliant (brilliance also is a

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matter of comparison) Miss Iver, on whose favour Mr. Tristram waited and at whose side Major Duplay danced attendance.

"You're a dreadful flirt, Janie," said Mina, as she kissed her friend.

Janie was not a raw girl; she was a capable young woman of two-and-twenty.

"Nonsense," she said rather crossly. "It's not flirting to take time to make up your mind."

"It looks like it, though."

"And I've no reason to suppose they've any one of them made up their minds."

"I should think you could do that for them pretty soon. Besides, uncle has, anyhow."

"I'm to be your aunt, am I?"

"Oh, he's only an uncle by accident."

"Yes, I think that's true. Shall we have a drive soon?"

"To Mingham? Or to Blent Hall?"

"Not Blent. I wait my lord's pleasure to see me."

"Yes, that's just how I feel about him!" cried Mina eagerly.

"But all the same——"

"No, I won't hear a word of good about him. I hate him!"

Janie smiled in an indulgent but rather troubled way. Her problem was serious; she could not afford the Imp's pettish treatment of the world and the people in it. Janie had responsibilities—banks and buildings full of them—and a heart to please into the bargain. Singularly complicated questions are rather cruelly put before young women, who must solve them on peril of —— It would sound like exaggeration to say what.

There was Mrs. Iver to be said good-bye to—plump, peaceful, proper Mrs. Iver, whom nothing had great power to stir save an unkindness and an unconventionality; before either of these she bristled surprisingly.

"I hope you've all enjoyed this lovely afternoon?" she said to Mina.

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"Oh yes, we have, Mrs. Iver—not quite equally perhaps, but still——"

Mrs. Iver sighed and kissed her.

"Men are always the difficulty, aren't they?" said the Imp.

"Poor child, and you've lost yours!"

"Yes, poor Adolf!" There was a touch of duty in Mina's sigh. She had been fond of Adolf, but his memory was not a constant presence. The world for the living was Madame Zabriska's view.

"I'm so glad Janie's found a friend in you—and a wise one, I'm sure."

Mina did her best to look the part thus charitably assigned to her; her glance at Janie was matronly, almost maternal.

"Not that I know anything about it," Mrs. Iver pursued, following a train of thought obvious enough. "I hope she'll act for her happiness, that's all. There's the dear Major looking for you—don't keep him waiting, dear. How lucky he's your uncle—he can always be with you."

"Until he settles and makes a home for himself," smiled Mina irrepressibly: the rejuvenescence—nay, the unbroken youth—of her relative appeared to her quaintly humorous, and it was her fancy to refer to him as she might to a younger brother.

There was Mr. Iver to be said good-bye to.

"Come again soon—you're always welcome; you wake us up, Madame Zabriska."

"You promised to say Mina!"

"So I did, but my tongue's out of practice with young ladies' Christian names. Why, I call my wife 'Mother'—only Janie says I mustn't. Yes, come and cheer us up. I shall make the uncle a crack player before long. Mustn't let him get lazy and spend half the day over five o'clock tea, though."

This was hardly a hint, but it was an indication of the trend of Mr. Iver's thoughts. So it was a dangerous ball, and that clever little cricketer, the Imp, kept her bat away from it.

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She laughed—that committed her to nothing—and left Iver to bowl again.

"It's quite a change to find Harry Tristram at a tea-party, though! Making himself pleasant too!"

"Not to me," observed Mina decisively.

"You chaffed him, I expect. He stands a bit on his dignity. Ah well, he's young, you see."

"No, he chaffed me. Oh, I think I—I left off even, you know."

"They get a bit spoilt." He seemed to be referring to the aristocracy. "But there's plenty of stuff in him, or I'm much mistaken. He's a born fighter, I think."

"I wonder!" said Mina, her eyes twinkling again.

Finally there was the Major to be walked home with—not a youthful, triumphant Major, but a rather careworn, undisguisedly irritated one. If Mina wanted somebody to agree with her present mood about Harry Tristram, her longing was abundantly gratified. The Major roundly termed him an overbearing young cub, and professed a desire—almost an intention—to teach him better manners. This coincidence of views was a sore temptation to the Imp; to resist it altogether would seem superhuman.

"I should like to cut his comb for him," growled Duplay.

Whatever the metaphor adopted, Mina was in essential agreement. She launched on an account of how Harry had treated her: they fanned one another's fires, and the flames burnt merrily.

Mina's stock of discretion was threatened with complete consumption. From open denunciations she turned to mysterious hintings.

"I could bring him to reason if I liked," she said.

"What, make him fall in love with you?" cried Duplay, with a surprise not very complimentary.

"Oh no," she laughed; "better than that—by a great deal."

He eyed her closely: probably this was only another of her

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whimsical tricks, with which he was very familiar; if he showed too much interest she would laugh at him for being taken in. But she had hinted before to-day's annoyances; she was hinting again. He had yawned at her hints till he became Harry Tristram's rival; he was ready to be eager now, if only he could be sure that they pointed to anything more than folly or delusion.

"Oh, my dear child," he exclaimed, "you mustn't talk nonsense. We mayn't like him, but what in the world could you do to him?"

"I don't want to hurt him, but I should like to make him sing small."

They had just reached the foot of the hill. Duplay waved his arm across the river towards the Hall. Blent looked strong and stately.

"That's a big task, my dear," he said, recovering some of his good humour at the sight of Mina's waspish little face. "I fancy it'll need a bigger man than you to make Tristram of Blent sing small." He laughed at her indulgently. "Or than me either, I'm afraid," he added, with a ruefulness that was not ill-tempered. "We must fight him in fair fight, that's all."

"He doesn't fight fair," she cried angrily. The next instant she broke into her most malicious smile. "Tristram of Blent!" she repeated. "Oh well——"

"Mina dear, do you know you rather bore me? If you mean anything at all——"

"I may mean what I like without telling you, I suppose?"

"Certainly—but don't ask me to listen."

"You think it's all nonsense?"

"I do, my dear," confessed the Major.

How far he spoke sincerely he himself could hardly tell. Perhaps he had an alternative in his mind: if she meant nothing, she would hold her peace and cease to weary him; if she meant anything real, his challenge would bring it out. But for the moment she had fallen into thought.

"No, he doesn't fight fair," she repeated, as though to

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herself. She glanced at her uncle in a hesitating undecided way. "And he's abominably rude," she went on, with a sudden return of pettishness.

The Major's shrug expressed an utter exhaustion of patience, a scornful irritation, almost a contempt for her. She could not endure it; she must justify herself, revenge herself at a blow on Harry for his rudeness and on her uncle for his scepticism. The triumph would be sweet; she could not for the moment think of any seriousness in what she did. She could not keep her victory to herself; somebody else now must look on at Harry's humiliation, at least must see that she had power to bring it about. With the height of malicious exultation she looked up at Duplay and said:

"Suppose he wasn't Tristram of Blent at all?"

Duplay stopped short where he stood—on the slope of the hill above Blent itself.

"What? Is this more nonsense?"

"No, it isn't nonsense."

He looked at her steadily, almost severely. Under his regard her smile disappeared; she grew uncomfortable.

"Then I must know more about it. Come, Mina, this is no trifle, you know."

"I shan't tell you any more," she flashed out, in a last effort of petulance.

"You must," he said calmly. "All you know, all you think. Come, we'll have it out now at once."

She followed like a naughty child. She could have bitten her tongue out, as the old phrase goes. Her feelings went round like a weather-cock; she was ashamed of herself, sorry for Harry—yes, and afraid of Harry. And she was afraid of Duplay too. She had run herself into something serious—that she saw; something serious in which two resolute men were involved. She did not know where it would end. But now she could not resist. The youthful uncle seemed youthful no more; he was old, strong, authoritative. He made her follow him, and he bade her speak.

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She followed, like the naughty child she now seemed even to herself; and presently, in the library, beside those wretched books of hers, her old law books and her Peerages, reluctantly, stumblingly, sullenly, still like the naughty child who would revolt but dare not, she spoke. And when at last he let her go with her secret told, she ran up to her own room and threw herself on the bed, sobbing. She had let herself in for something dreadful. It was all her own fault—and she was very sorry.

Those were her two main conclusions.

Her whole behaviour was probably just what the gentleman to whom she owed her nickname would have expected and prophesied.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST ROUND.

WITHIN the last few days there were ominous rumours afloat as to Lady Tristram's health. It was known that she could see nobody and kept her room; it was reported that the doctors (a specialist had been down from town) were looking very grave; it was agreed that her constitution had not the strength to support a prolonged strain. There was sympathy—the neighbourhood was proud in its way of Lady Tristram—and there was the usual interest to which the prospect of a death and a succession gives rise. They canvassed Harry's probable merits and demerits, asking how he would fill the vacant throne and, more particularly, whether he would be likely to entertain freely. Lavish hospitality at Blent would mean much to the neighbourhood, and if it were indeed the case (as was now prophesied in whispers) that Miss Iver of Fairholme was to be mistress at the Hall, there would be nothing to prevent the hospitalities from being as splendid as the mind of woman could conceive. There were spinster ladies in small villas at Blentmouth who watched the illness and the

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courtship as keenly as though they were to succeed the sick Lady Tristram and to marry the new Lord. Yet a single garden-party in the year would represent pretty accurately their personal stake in the matter. If you live on crumbs, a good big crumb is not to be despised.

Harry Tristram was sorry that his mother must die and that he must lose her; the confederates had become close friends, and nobody who knew her intimately could help feeling that his life and even the world would be poorer by the loss of a real, if not a striking, individuality. But neither he nor she thought of her death as the main thing; it no more than ushered in the great event for which they had spent years preparing. And he was downright glad that she could see no visitors; that fact saved him added anxieties, and spared her the need of being told about Mina Zabriska and warned to bear herself warily towards the daughter of Madame de Kries. Harry did not ask his mother whether she remembered the name —the question was unnecessary; nor did he tell his mother that one who had borne the name was at Merrion Lodge. He waited, vaguely expecting that trouble would come from Merrion, but entirely confident in his ability to fight and worst the tricky little woman whom he had not feared to snub; and in his heart he thought well of her, and believed she had as little inclination to hurt him as she seemed to have power. His only active step was to pursue his attentions to Janie Iver.

Yet he was not happy about his attentions. He meant to marry the girl, and thought she would marry him. He did not believe that she was inclined to fall in love with him. He had no right to expect it, since he was not falling in love with her. But it hurt that terrible pride of his; he was in a way disgusted with the part he had chosen, and humiliated to think that he might not be accepted for himself. A refusal would have hurt him incalculably; such an assent as he counted upon would wound him somewhat too. He had keen eyes, and he had formed his own opinion about Bob Broadley. None the

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less he held straight on his course; and the spinster ladies were a little shocked to observe that Lady Tristram's illness did not interfere at all with her son's courtship; people in that position of life were certainly curious.

A new vexation had come upon him, the work of his pet aversion, the Gainsboroughs. He had seen Mr. Gainsborough once, and retained a picture of a small ineffectual man with a ragged tawny-brown beard and a big soft felt hat, who had an air of being very timid, rather pressed for money, and endowed with a kind heart. Now, it seemed, Mr. Gainsborough was again overflowing with family affection (a disposition not always welcomed by its objects), and wanted to shake poor Lady Tristram's hand, and wanted poor Lady Tristram to kiss his daughter—wanted, in fact, a thorough-going burying of hatchets and a touching reconciliation. With that justice of judgment of which neither youth nor prejudice quite deprived him, Harry liked the letter; but he was certain that the writer would be immensely tiresome. And again—in the end as in the beginning—he did not want the Gainsboroughs at Blent; above all, not just at the time when Blent was about to pass into his hands. It looked, however, as though it would be extremely difficult to keep them away. Mr. Gainsborough was obviously a man who would not waste his chance of a funeral; he might be fenced with till then, but it would need startling measures to keep him from a funeral.

"I hate hearsy people," grumbled Harry, as he threw the letter down. But the Gainsboroughs were soon to be driven out of his head by something more immediate and threatening.

Blent Pool is a round basin some fifty or sixty feet in diameter; the banks are steep and the depth great: on the Blent Hall side there is no approach to it, except through a thick wood overhanging the water; on the other side the road up the valley runs close by, leaving a few yards of turf between itself and the brink. The scene is gloomy except in sunshine, and the place little frequented. It was a favourite haunt of Harry Tristram's, and he lay on the grass one evening, smoking

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and looking down on the black water; for the clouds were heavy above and rain threatened. His own mood was in harmony, gloomy and dark, in rebellion against the burden he carried, yet with no thought of laying it down. He did not notice a man who came up the road and took his stand just behind him, waiting there for a moment in silence and apparent irresolution.

"Mr. Tristram."

Harry turned his head and saw Major Duplay; the Major was grave, almost solemn, as he raised his hat a trifle in formal salute.

"Do I interrupt you?"

"You couldn't have found a man more at leisure." Harry did not rise, but gathered his knees up, clasping his hands round them and looking up in Duplay's face. "You want to speak to me?"

"Yes, on a difficult matter." A visible embarrassment hung about the Major; he seemed to have little liking for his task. "I'm aware," he went on, "that I may lay myself open to some misunderstanding in what I'm about to say. I shall beg you to remember that I am in a difficult position, and that I am a gentleman and a soldier."

Harry said nothing; he waited with unmoved face and no sign of perturbation.

"It's best to be plain," Duplay proceeded. "It's best to be open with you. I have taken the liberty of following you here for that purpose." He came a step nearer and stood over Harry. "Certain facts have come to my knowledge which concern you very intimately."

A polite curiosity and a slight scepticism were expressed in Harry's "Indeed!"

"And not you only, or—I need hardly say—I shouldn't feel it necessary to occupy myself with the matter. A word about my own position you will perhaps forgive."

Harry frowned a little; certainly Duplay was inclined to prolixity; he seemed to be rolling the situation round his tongue and making the most of its flavour.

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"Since we came here we have made many acquaintances, your own among the number; we are in a sense your guests."

"Not in a sense that puts you under any obligation," observed Harry.

"I'm sincerely glad to hear you say that; it relieves my position to some extent. But we have made friends too. In one house I myself (I may leave my niece out of the question) have been received with a hearty, cordial, warm friendship that seems already an old friendship. Now, that does put one under an obligation, Mr. Tristram."

"You refer to our friends the Ivers? Yes?"

"In my view, under a heavy obligation. I am, I say, in my judgment, bound to serve them in all ways in my power, and to deal with them as I should wish and expect them to deal with me in a similar case."

Harry nodded a careless assent, and turned his eyes away towards the Pool; even already he seemed to know what was coming, or something of it.

"Facts have come to my knowledge of which it might be —indeed I must say of which it is—of vital importance that Mr. Iver should be informed."

"I thought the facts concerned me?" asked Harry, with brows a little raised.

"Yes, and as matters now stand they concern him too for that very reason." Duplay had gathered confidence; his tone was calm and assured as he came step by step near his mark, as he established position after position in his attack.

"You are paying attentions to Miss Iver—with a view to marriage, I presume?"

Harry made no sign. Duplay proceeded slowly and with careful deliberation.

"Those attentions are offered and received as from Mr. Tristram—as from the future Lord Tristram of Blent. I can't believe that you're ignorant of what I'm about to say. If you are, I must beg forgiveness for the pain I shall inflict on you. You, sir, are not the future Lord Tristram of Blent."

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A silence followed: a slight drizzle had begun to fall, speckling the waters of the Pool; neither man heeded it.

"It would be impertinent in me," the Major resumed, "to offer you any sympathy on the score of that misfortune; believe me, however, that my knowledge—my full knowledge—of the circumstances can incline me to nothing but a deep regret. But facts are facts, however hardly they may bear on individuals." He paused. "I have asserted what I know. You are entitled to ask me for proofs, Mr. Tristram."

Harry was silent a moment, thinking very hard. Many modes of defence came into his busy brain and were rejected. Should he be tempestuous? No. Should he be amazed? Again, no. Even on his own theory of the story, Duplay's assertion hardly entitled him to be amazed.

"As regards my part in this matter," he said at last, "I have only this to say. The circumstances of my birth—with which I am, as you rightly suppose, quite familiar—were such as to render the sort of notion you have got hold of plausible enough. I don't want what you call proofs—though you'll want them badly if you mean to pursue your present line. I have my own proofs—perfectly in order, perfectly satisfactory. That's all I have to say about my part of the matter. About your part in it I can, I think, be almost equally brief. Are you merely Mr. Iver's friend, or are you also, as you put it, paying attentions to Miss Iver?"

"That, sir, has nothing to do with it.'

Harry Tristram looked up at him. For the first time he broke into a smile as he studied Duplay's face. "I shouldn't in the least wonder," he said almost chaffingly, "if you believed that to be true. You get hold of a cock-and-bull story about my being illegitimate (Oh, I've no objection to plainness either in its proper place!), you come to me and tell me almost in so many words that if I don't give up the lady you'll go to her father and show him your precious proofs. Everybody knows that you're after Miss Iver yourself, and yet you say that it has nothing to do with it! That's the sort of thing a man may

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manage to believe about himself; it's not the sort of thing that other people believe about him, Major Duplay." He rose slowly to his feet and the men stood face to face on the edge of the Pool. The rain fell more heavily: Duplay turned up his collar, Harry took no notice of the downpour.

"I'm perfectly satisfied as to the honesty of my own motives," said Duplay.

"That's not true, and you know it. You may try to shut your eyes, but you can't succeed."

Duplay was shaken. His enemy put into words what his own conscience had said to him. His position was hard: he was doing what honestly seemed to him the right thing to do; he could not seem to do it because it was right. He would be wronging the Ivers if he did not do it, yet how ugly it could be made to look! He was not above suspicion even to himself, though he clung eagerly to his plea of honesty.

"You fail to put yourself in my place," he began.

"Absolutely, I assure you," Harry interrupted with quiet insolence.

"And I can't put myself in yours, sir. But I can tell you what I mean to do. It is my most earnest wish to take no steps in this matter at all; but that rests with you, not with me. At least I desire to take none during Lady Tristram's illness, or during her life should she unhappily not recover."

"My mother will not recover," said Harry. "It's a matter of a few weeks at most."

Duplay nodded. "At least wait till then," he urged. "Do nothing more in regard to the matter we have spoken of while your mother lives." He spoke with genuine feeling. Harry Tristram marked it and took account of it. It was a point in the game to him.

"In turn I'll tell you what I mean to do," he said. "I mean to proceed exactly as if you had never come to Merrion Lodge, had never got your proofs from God knows where, and had never given me the pleasure of this very peculiar interview. My mother would ask no consideration from you, and I ask

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none for her any more than for myself. To be plain for the last time, sir, you're making a fool of yourself at the best, and at the worst a blackguard into the bargain." He paused and broke into a laugh. "Well then, where are the proofs? Show them me. Or send them down to Blent. Or I'll come up to Merrion. We'll have a look at them—for your sake, not for mine."

"I may have spoken inexactly, Mr. Tristram. I know the facts; I could get, but have not yet got, the proof of them."

"Then don't waste your money, Major Duplay." He waited an instant before he gave a deeper thrust. "Or Iver's—because I don't think your purse is long enough to furnish the resources of war. You'd get the money from him? I'm beginning to wonder more and more at the views people contrive to take of their own actions."

Harry had fought his fight well, but now perhaps he went wrong, even as he had gone wrong with Mina Zabriska at Fairholme. He was not content to defeat or repel; he must triumph, he must taunt. The insolence of his speech and air drove Duplay to fury. If it told him he was beaten now, it made him determined not to give up the contest; it made him wish too that he was in a country where duelling was not considered absurd. At any rate he was minded to rebuke Harry.

"You're a young man——" he began.

"Tell me that when I'm beaten. It may console me," interrupted Harry.

"You'll be beaten, sir, sooner than you think," said Duplay gravely. "But though you refuse my offer, I shall consider Lady Tristram. I will not move while she lives, unless you force me to it."

"By marrying the heiress you want?" sneered Harry.

"By carrying out your swindling plans." Duplay's temper began to fail him. "Listen. As soon as your engagement is announced—if it ever is—I go to Mr. Iver with what I know. If you abandon the idea of that marriage, you're safe from me.

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I have no other friends here; the rest must look after themselves. But you shall not delude my friends with false pretences."

"And I shall not spoil your game with Miss Iver?"

Duplay's temper quite failed him. He had not meant this to happen; he had pictured himself calm, Harry wild and unrestrained—either in fury or in supplication. The young man had himself in hand, firmly in hand; the elder lost self-control.

"If you insult me again, sir, I'll throw you in the river!"

Harry's slow smile broke across his face. With all his wariness and calculation he measured the Major's figure. The attitude of mind was not heroic; it was Harry's. Who, having ten thousand men, will go against him that has twenty thousand? A fool or a hero, Harry would have said, and he claimed neither name. But in the end he reckoned that he was a match for the Major. He smiled more broadly and raised his brows, asking of sky and earth as he glanced round:

"Since when have blackmailers grown so sensitive?"

In an instant Duplay closed with him in a struggle on which hung not death indeed, but an unpleasant and humiliating ducking. The rain fell on both; the water waited for one. The Major was taller and heavier; Harry was younger and in better trim. Harry was cooler too. It was rude hugging, nothing more; neither of them had skill or knew more tricks than the common dimly-remembered devices of urchinhood. The fight was most unpicturesque, most unheroic; but it was tolerably grim for all that. The grass grew slippery under the rain and the slithering feet; luck had its share. And just behind them ran the Queen's highway. They did not think of the Queen's highway. To this pass a determination to be calm, whatever else they were, had brought them.

The varying wriggles (no more dignified word is appropriate) of the encounter ended in a stern stiff grip which locked the men one to the other, Duplay facing down the valley, Harry looking up the river. Harry could not see over the Major's

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shoulder, but he saw past it, and sighted a tall dog-cart driven quickly and rather rashly down the hill. It was raining hard now, and had not looked like rain when the dog-cart started. Hats were being ruined—there was some excuse for risking broken knees to the horse and broken necks to the riders. In the middle of his struggle Harry smiled: he put out his strength too; and he did not warn his enemy of what he saw. Yet he knew very well who was in the dog-cart. Duplay's anger had stirred him to seek a primitive though effective revenge. Harry was hoping to inflict a more subtle punishment. He needed only a bit of luck to help him to it; he knew how to use the chance when it came—just as well as he knew who was in the dog-cart, as well as he guessed whence the dog-cart came.

The luck did not fail. Duplay's right foot slipped. In the effort to recover himself he darted out his left over the edge of the bank. Harry impelled him; the Major loosed his hold and set to work to save himself—none too soon: both his legs were over, his feet touched water, he lay spread-eagled on the bank, half on, half off, in a ludicrous attitude; still he slipped and could not get a hold on the short slimy grass. At that moment the dog-cart was pulled up just behind them.

"What are you doing?" cried Janie Iver, leaning forward in amazement; Mina Zabriska sat beside her with wide-open eyes. Harry stooped, caught the Major under the shoulders, and with a great effort hauled him up on the bank, a sad sight, draggled and dirty. Then, as Duplay slowly rose, he turned with a start, as though he noticed the new-comers for the first time. He laughed as he raised his cap.

"We didn't know we were to have spectators," said he. "And you nearly came in for a tragedy! He was all but gone. Weren't you, Major?"

"What were you doing?" cried Janie again. Mina was silent and still, scrutinising both men keenly.

"Why, we had been talking about wrestling, and the Major offered to show me a trick which he bet a shilling would floor

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me. Only the ground was too slippery; wasn't it, Major? And the trick didn't exactly come off. I wasn't floored. So I must trouble you for a shilling, Major."

Major Duplay did not look at Janie, still less did he meet his niece's eye. He spent a few seconds in a futile effort to rub the mud off his coat with muddy hands; he glanced a moment at Harry.

"I must have another try some day," he said, but with no great readiness.

"Meanwhile—the shilling!" demanded Harry good-humouredly, a subtle mockery in his eyes alone showing the imaginary character of the bet which he claimed to have won.

In the presence of those two inquisitive young women Major Duplay did not deny the debt. He felt in his pocket, found a shilling, and gave it to Harry Tristram. That young man looked at it, spun it in the air, and pocketed it.

"Yes, a-revenge whenever you like," said he. "And now we'd better get home, because it's begun to rain."

"Begun to! It's rained for half-an-hour," said Janie crossly.

"Has it? I didn't notice. I was too busy with the Major's trick."

As he spoke he looked full in Mina Zabriska's face. She bore his glance for a moment, then cried to Janie, "Oh, please drive on!" The dog-cart started; the Major, with a stiff touch of his hat, strode along the road. Harry was left alone by the Pool. His gaiety and defiance vanished; he stood there scowling at the Pool. On the surface the honours of the encounter were indeed his; the real peril remained, the real battle had still to be fought. It was with heart-felt sincerity that he muttered, as he sought for pipe and tobacco:

"I wish I'd drowned the beggar in the Pool!"

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CHAPTER VI

THE ATTRACTION OF IT.

Mr. Jenkinson Neeld sat at lunch at the Imperium Club, quite happy with a neck chop, last week's *Athenæum*, and a pint of Apollinaris. To him enter disturbers of peace.

"How are you, Neeld?" said Lord Southend, taking the chair next him. "Sit down here, Iver. Let me introduce you —Mr. Iver—Mr. Neeld. Bill of fare, waiter." His lordship miled rather maliciously at Mr. Neeld as he made the introduction, which Iver acknowledged with bluff courtesy, Neeld with a timid little bow. "How are things down your way?" pursued Southend, addressing Iver. "Lady Tristram's very ill, I hear?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Wonderful woman that, you know. You ought to have seen her in the seventies—when she ran away with Randolph Edge."

A gentleman two tables off looked round.

"Hush, Southend! That's his brother," whispered Mr. Neeld.

"Whose brother?" demanded Southend.

"That's Wilmot Edge—Sir Randolph's brother."

"Oh, the deuce it is. I thought he'd been pilled."

Blackballs also were an embarrassing subject; Neeld sipped his Apollinaris nervously.

"Well, as I was saying" (Lord Southend spoke a little lower), "she went straight from the Duchess of Slough's ball to the station, as she was, in a low gown and a scarlet opera cloak —met Edge, whose wife had been dead only three months—and went off with him. You know the rest of the story. It was a near run for young Harry Tristram! How is the boy, Iver?"

"The boy's very much of a man indeed; we don't talk about the near run before him."

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Southend laughed. "A miss is as good as a mile," he said, "eh, Neeld? I'd like to see Addie Tristram again—though I suppose she's a wreck, poor thing."

"Why couldn't she marry the man properly, instead of bolting?" asked Iver. He did not approve of such escapades.

"Oh, he had to bolt anyhow—a thorough bad lot—debts, you know—her people wouldn't hear of it; besides she was engaged to Fred Nares—you don't remember Fred? A devilish passionate fellow, with a wart on his nose. So altogether it was easier to cut and run. Besides she liked the sort of thing, don't you know. Romantic and all that. Then Edge vanished, and the other man appeared. That turned out all right, but she ran it fine. Eh, Neeld?"

Mr. Neeld was sadly flustered by these recurring references to him. He had no desire to pose as an authority on the subject. Josiah Cholderton's diary put him in a difficulty. He wished to goodness he had been left to the peaceful delights of literary journalism.

"Well, if you'll come down to my place, I can promise to show you Harry Tristram; and you can go over and see his mother if she's better."

"By Jove, I've half a mind to. Very kind of you, Iver. You've got a fine place, I hear."

"I've built so many houses for other people that I may be allowed one for myself, mayn't I? We're proud of our neighbourhood," he pursued, politely addressing himself to Mr. Neeld. "If you're ever that way, I hope you'll look me up. I shall be delighted to welcome a fellow-member of the Imperium."

A short chuckle escaped from Lord Southend's lips; he covered it by an exaggerated devotion to his broiled kidneys. Mr. Neeld turned pink and murmured incoherent thanks; he felt like a traitor.

"Yes, we see a good deal of young Harry," said Iver, with a smile. "And of other young fellows about the place too. They don't come to see me, though. I expect Janie's the attraction. You remember my girl, Southend?"

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"Well, I suppose Blent's worth nine or ten thousand a year still?" The progress of Lord Southend's thoughts was obvious.

"H'm. Seven or eight, I should think, as it's managed now. It's a nice place, though, and would go a good bit better in proper hands."

"Paterfamilias considering?"

"I don't quite make the young fellow out. He's got a good opinion of himself, I fancy." Iver laughed a little. "Well, we shall see," he ended.

"Not a bad thing to be Lady Tristram of Blent, you know, Iver. That's none of your pinchbeck. The real thing—though, as I say, young Harry's only got it by the skin of his teeth. Eh, Neeld?"

Mr. Neeld laid down his napkin and pushed back his chair.

"Sit still, man. We've nearly finished, and we'll all have a cup of coffee together, and a cigar."

Misfortunes accumulated, for Neeld hated tobacco. But he was anxious to be scrupulously polite to Iver, and thus to deaden the pangs of conscience. Resigned though miserable, he went with them to the smoking-room. Colonel Wilmot Edge looked up from the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and glanced curiously at the party as they passed his table. Why were these old fellows reviving old stories? They were better left at rest. The Colonel groaned as he went back to his newspaper.

Happily in the smoking-room the talk shifted to less embarrassing subjects. Iver told of his life and doings, and Neeld found himself drawn to the man: he listened with interest and appreciation; he seemed brought into touch with life; he caught himself sighing over the retired inactive nature of his own occupations. He forgave Iver the hoardings about the streets; he could not forgive himself the revenge he had taken for them. Iver and Southend spoke of big schemes in which they had been or were engaged together—legitimate enterprises, good for the nation as well as for themselves. How had he, a useless old fogey, dared to blackball a man like

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Iver? An occasional droll glance from Southend emphasised his compunction.

"I see you've got a new thing coming out, Neeld," said Southend, after a pause in the talk. "I remember old Cholderton very well. He was a starchy old chap, but he knew his subjects. Makes rather heavy reading, I should think, eh?"

"Not all of it, not by any means all of it," Neeld assured him. "He doesn't confine himself to business matters."

"Still, even old Joe Cholderton's recreations——"

"He was certainly mainly an observer, but he saw some interesting things and people." There was a renewed touch of nervousness in Mr. Neeld's manner.

"Interesting people? H'm. Then I hope he's discreet?"

"Or that Mr. Neeld will be discreet for him," Iver put in. "Though I don't know why interesting people are supposed to create a need for discretion."

"Oh yes, you do, Iver. You know the world. Don't you be too discreet, Neeld. Give us a taste of Joe's lighter style."

Neeld did not quite approve of his deceased and respected friend being referred to as "Joe," nor did he desire to discuss in that company what he had and what he had not suppressed in the Journal.

"I have used the best of my judgment," he said primly, and was surprised to find Iver smiling at him with an amused approval.

"The least likely men break out," Lord Southend continued hopefully. "The Baptist minister down at my place once waylaid the wife of the chairman of Quarter Sessions and asked her to run away with him."

"That's one of your Nonconformist stories, Southend. I never believe them," said Iver.

"Oh, I'm not saying anything. She was a pretty woman. I just gave it as an illustration. I happen to know it's true, because she told me herself."

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"Ah, I'd begin to listen if he'd told you," was Iver's cautious comment.

"You give us the whole of old Joe Cholderton," was Lord Southend's final injunction.

"Imagine if I did!" thought Neeld, beginning to feel some of the joy of holding a secret.

Presently Southend took his leave, saying he had an engagement. To his own surprise, Neeld did not feel this to be an unwarrantable proceeding; he sat on with Iver, and found himself cunningly encouraging his companion to talk again about the Tristrams. The story in the Journal had not lost its interest for him; he had read it over more than once again; it was strange to be brought into contact, even at second-hand, with the people whose lives and fortunes it concerned. It was evident that Iver, on his side, had for some reason been thinking of the Tristrams too, and he responded readily to Neeld's veiled invitation. He described Blent for him; he told him how Lady Tristram had looked, and that her illness was supposed to be fatal; he talked again of Harry Tristram, her destined successor. But he said no more of his daughter. Neeld was left without any clear idea that his companion's concern with the Tristrams was more than that of a neighbour or beyond what an ancient family with odd episodes in its history might naturally inspire.

"Oh, you must come to Blentmouth, Mr. Neeld, you must indeed. For a few days, now? Choose your time, only let it be soon. Why, if you made your way into the library at Blent, you might happen on a find there! A lot of interesting stuff there, I'm told. And we shall be very grateful for a visit."

Neeld was conscious of a strong desire to go to Blentmouth. But it would be a wrong thing to do; he felt that he could not fairly accept Iver's hospitality. And he felt, moreover, that he had much better not get himself mixed up with the Tristrams of Blent. No man is bound to act on hearsay evidence, especially when that evidence has been acquired through a confidential channel. But if he came to know the Tristrams,

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to know Harry Tristram, his position would certainly be peculiar. Well, that was in the end why he wanted to do it.

Iver rose and held out his hand. "I must go," he said. "Fairholme, Blentmouth! I hope I shall have a letter from you soon, to tell us to look out for you."

One of the unexpected likings that occur between people had happened. Each man felt it and recognised it in the other. They were alone in the room for the moment.

"Mr. Iver," said Neeld, in his precise prim tones, "I must make a confession to you. When you were up for this club I —my vote was not in your favour."

During a minute's silence Iver looked at him with amusement and almost with affection.

"I'm glad you've told me that."

"Well, I'm glad I have too." Neeld's laugh was nervous.

"Because it shows that you're thinking of coming to Blentmouth."

"Well—yes, I am," answered Neeld, smiling. And they shook hands. Here was the beginning of a friendship; here, also, Neeld's entry on the scene where Harry Tristram's fortunes formed the subject of the play.

It was now a foregone conclusion that Mr. Neeld would fall before temptation and come to Blentmouth. There had been little doubt about it all along; his confession to Iver removed the last real obstacle. The story in Josiah Cholderton's Journal had him in its grip; on the first occasion of trial his resolution not to be mixed up with the Tristrams melted away. Perhaps he consoled himself by saying that he would be, like his deceased and respected friend, mainly an observer. The Imp, it may be remembered, had gone to Merrion Lodge with exactly the same idea; it has been seen how it fared with her.

By the Blent the drama seemed very considerately to be waiting for him. It says much for Major Duplay that his utter and humiliating defeat by the Pool had not driven him into any hasty action nor shaken him in his original purpose. He was abiding by the offer which he had made, although the

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offer had been scornfully rejected. If he could by any means avoid it, he was determined not to move while Lady Tristram lived. Harry might force him to act sooner; that rested with Harry, not with him. Meanwhile he declined to explain even to Mina what had occurred by the Pool, and treated her open incredulity as to Harry's explanation with silence or a snub. The Major was not happy at this time; yet his unhappiness was nothing to the deep woe, and indeed terror, which had settled on Mina Zabriska. She had guessed enough to see that, for the moment at least, Harry had succeeded in handling Duplay so roughly as to delay, if not to thwart, his operations; what would he not do to her, whom he must know to be the original cause of the trouble? She used to stand on the terrace at Merrion and wonder about this; and she dared not go to Fairholme, lest she should encounter Harry. She made many good resolutions for the future, but there was no comfort in the present days.

The resolutions went for nothing, even in the moment in which they were made. She had suffered for meddling; that was bad: it was worse to the Imp not to meddle; inactivity was the one thing unendurable.

She too, like old Mr. Neeld in London town, was drawn by the interest of the position, by the need of seeing how Harry Tristram fought his fight. For four days she resisted; on the evening of the fifth, after dinner, while the Major dozed, she came out on the terrace in a cloak and looked down the hill. It was rather dark, and Blent Hall loomed dimly in the valley below. She pulled the hood of her cloak over her head and began to descend the hill: she had no special purpose; she wanted a nearer look at Blent, and it was a fine night for a stroll. She came to the road, crossed it after a momentary hesitation, and stood by the gate of the little foot-bridge, which, in days before enmity arose, Harry Tristram had told her was never locked. It was not now. Mina advanced to the middle of the bridge and leant on the parapet, her eyes set on Blent Hall. There were lights in the lower windows; one window

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on the upper floor was lighted too. There, doubtless, Lady Tristram lay slowly dying; somewhere else in the house Harry was keeping his guard and perfecting his defences. The absolute peace and rest of the outward view, the sleepless vigilance and unceasing battle within, a battle that death made keener and could not lull to rest—this contrast came upon Mina with a strange painfulness; her eyes filled with tears as she stood looking.

A man came out into the garden and lit a cigar; she knew it was Harry; she did not move. He sauntered towards the bridge; she held her ground; though he should strike her, she would have speech with him to-night. He was by the bridge and had his hand on the gate at the Blent end of it before he saw her. He stood still a moment, then came to her side, and leant as she was leaning over the parapet. He was bare-headed —she saw his thick hair and his peaked forehead: he smoked steadily; he showed no surprise at seeing her; and he did not speak to her for a long time. At last, still without looking at her, he began. She could just make out his smile, or thought she could; at any rate she was sure it was there.

"Well, Mina de Kries?" said he. She started a little. "Oh, I don't believe in the late Zabriska; I don't believe you're grown up; I think you're about fifteen—a beastly age." He put his cigar back in his mouth.

"You see that window?" he resumed in a moment. "And you know what's happening behind it? My mother's dying there. Well, how's the Major? Has he got that trick in better order yet?"

She found her tongue with difficulty.

"Does Lady Tristram know about—about me?" she stammered.

"I sometimes lie to my mother," said Harry, flicking his ash into the river. "Why do you lie to your uncle, though?"

"I didn't lie. You know I didn't lie."

He shrugged his shoulders wearily and relapsed into silence. Silence there was till, a minute or two later, it was broken by

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a little sob from Mina Zabriska. He turned his head towards her; then he took hold of her arm and twisted her face round to him. The tears were running down her cheeks.

"I'm so, so sorry," she murmured. "I didn't mean to; and I did it! And now—now I can't stop it. You needn't believe me if you don't like, but I'm—I'm miserable and—and frightened."

He flung his cigar into the water and put his hands in his pockets. So he stood watching her, his body swaying a little to and fro; his eyes were suspicious of her, yet they seemed amused also, and they were not cruel; it was not such a look as he had given her when they parted by the Pool.

"If it were true?" she asked. "I mean, couldn't Lady Tristram somehow——?"

"If what was true? Oh, the nonsense you told Duplay?" He laughed. "If it was true, I should be a nobody and nobody's son. I suppose that would amuse you very much, wouldn't it? You wouldn't have come to Merrion for nothing, then! But as it isn't true, what's the use of talking?"

He won no belief from her when he said that it was not true; to her quick mind the concentrated bitterness with which he described what it would mean to him showed that he believed it and that the thought was no new one; he had in imagination heard the world calling him many times what he now called himself—if the thing were true. She drew her cloak round her and shivered.

"Cold?" he asked.

"No. Wretched, wretched."

"Would you like to see my mother?"

"You wouldn't let her see me?"

"She's asleep, and the nurse is at supper—not that she'd matter. Come along."

He turned and began to walk quickly towards the house; Mina followed him as though in a dream. They entered a large hall. It was dark save for one candle, and she could see nothing of its furniture. He led her straight up a broad oak

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staircase that rose from the middle of it, and then along a corridor. The polished oak gleamed here and there as they passed a candle in brackets on the wall, and was slippery under her unaccustomed feet. The whole house was very still—still, cool, and very peaceful.

Cautiously he opened a door and beckoned her to follow him. Lights were burning in the room. Lady Tristram lay sleeping; her hair, still fair and golden, spread over the pillow; her face was calm and unlined; she seemed a young and beautiful girl wasted by a fever. But the fever was the fever of life as well as of disease. Thus Mina saw again the lady she had seen at Heidelberg.

"She won't wake—she's had her sleeping draught," he said; and Mina took him to mean that she might linger a moment more. She cast her eyes round the room. Over the fireplace, facing the bed, was a full-length portrait of a girl. She was dressed all in red; the glory of her white neck, her brilliant hair, and her blue eyes rose out of the scarlet setting. This was Addie Tristram in her prime; as she was when she fled with Randolph Edge, as she was when she cried in the little room at Heidelberg, "Think of the difference it makes, the enormous difference!"

"My mother likes to have that picture there," Harry explained.

The sleeping woman stirred faintly. In obedience to a look from Harry, Mina followed him from the room, and they passed down stairs and through the hall together in silence. He came with her as far as the bridge. There he paused. The scene they had left had apparently stirred no new emotion in him; it had left Mina Zabriska trembling and moved to the heart.

"Now you've seen her—and before that you'd seen me. And perhaps now you'll understand that we're the Tristrams of Blent, and that we live and die that." His voice grew a little louder. "And your nonsense!" he exclaimed. "It's all a lie. But if it was true? It's the blood, isn't it, not the law, that

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matters? It's her blood and my blood. That's my real title to Blent."

In the midst of his lying he spoke truth there, and Mina knew it. It seemed as though there, to her, in the privacy of that night, he lied as but a matter of form; his true heart, his true purpose, and his true creed he showed her in his last words. By right of blood he claimed to stand master of Blent, and so he meant to stand.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, yes. God help you to it!" She turned and left him, and ran up the hill, catching her breath in sobs again.

Harry Tristram stood and watched her as long as he could see her retreating figure. There were no signs of excitement about him; even his confession of faith he had spoken calmly, although with strong emphasis. He smiled now as he turned on his heel and took his way back to the house.

"The Major must play his hand alone now," he said; "he'll get no more help from her." He paused a moment. "It's a funny thing, though. That's not really why I took her up."

He shook his head in puzzle; perhaps he could hardly be expected to recognise that it was that pride of his—pride in his mother, his race, himself—which had made him bid Mina Zabriska look upon Lady Tristram as she slept.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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A POSSIBLE PARTY

IN a certain sense it may be said with truth that the General Election of 1900 has not been a sensational one. Majorities have risen and fallen, safe seats have become rickety ones and rickety ones safer; a certain number have been lost and won: but the balance between these has been fairly even, there is little apparent change in the situation, and we have to deplore the fall of no champion of the first rank, or even of the second. And yet upon a further consideration this Election, described by one prominent politician as "inconclusive" and by another as "hollow," appears to be as remarkable in its result and likely to prove as momentous in its effects as any that have preceded it.

The result has been already dealt with statistically by innumerable pens; the figures have lost much of their significance by reason of their familiarity: but they are in fact very significant. For our present purpose we need not put them through their drill once more; it will be sufficient to point out that it is not only in their general aspect, nor in one respect alone, that they show a decisive victory and defeat. The latter word is here the better of the two, for beyond question the result has been not so much a triumph for the Government as a crushing reverse to their opponents: a reverse so thorough that we are at a loss to find a parallel to it. A law has been broken; the unnatural seems to have come about for once; we have witnessed what we thought never to

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see—two high tides in succession without an ebb between them. The tide of 1895 was high; not only is this one higher still, but the individual ripples which go to make it up, and also the total volume of water, are considerably greater: the Government have gained in members, in majorities, in uncontested seats, and in the total mass of their supporters. The Opposition have no longer the consolation of the law of the pendulum: a loss which must be disheartening for them, but which for the nation at large, to whom party government is more important than any party interest, may well seem almost disastrous, since it gives rise to the apprehension that the clock may be about to stop altogether.

This apprehension will not be allayed by an examination into the possible causes which have brought about the present position of affairs. Such an examination is unmistakably called for, and we can but hope most earnestly that it will be undertaken by all thinking members of the Liberal party—the party upon which the responsibility rests—and undertaken in a scientific and dispassionate spirit. The hope is no certainty; it is a faint, or, at best, a trembling hope. We note with dismay that Lord Kimberley, in his speech at Wymondham, delivered on the day after the completion of the Election returns, had apparently no better tactics to recommend than the traditional, gallant, and entirely ruinous method of the frontal attack. "Perseverance," he said, "is a characteristic of Englishmen, and a time will come when the party will regain its position." To believe this is to have learnt nothing; the Liberal party has not been beaten because it did not try hard enough, nor will perseverance in its recent methods lead it anywhere except to fresh disasters. We cannot here undertake to set out the evidence or the reasoning which have brought us to this opinion; we can only state our own view, and leave it to be confirmed or corrected by the investigation for which we plead. We can also suggest the lines upon which such an investigation must, in our belief, proceed, if it is to come to any good result.

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In the first place, the inquirer must free his mind from the influence of two false issues raised by many of the Liberal rank and file during the contest. They were perhaps good enough for electioneering purposes, but they do not give any clue to the meaning of this result. The first is the grievance of the old register. Now, whether or not it was, as has been alleged, a crime against the Constitution to go to the country in the circumstances complained of, it is, at any rate, evident that the probabilities are all against the Government having gained anything by their action in the matter. Not only is it almost a mathematical certainty that a minority only of the disfranchised voters would have been found on the Liberal side, but Liberals have practically given the point away by another complaint—the second of the misleading cries of which we spoke. The word "khaki" has been freely used to convey the innuendo that the Englishman's natural patriotism—always more instinctive than reasoning—was being exploited in the interest of one party. We do not doubt that this is true to some extent, and such tactics cannot be too strongly condemned. But if the country was, in fact, as the accusation ran both at home and abroad, "drunk with new khaki wine," it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the voters added by a new register would have been less subject to this form of intoxication than their more experienced companions. For ourselves, we doubt whether war-fever can be said to have had any great influence on the elector, and we are confirmed in this by the recollection of another Liberal hustings cry—that relating to the "mismanagement of the war." Politically speaking, this South African struggle has not been of an intoxicating kind; our feelings of relief over Ladysmith and Mafeking, and of pride in our returning volunteers, have been totally unconnected with our estimate of the services of the Government, except when, rightly or wrongly, they have been actually heightened by a sense of contrast.

But we cannot dismiss the word "khaki" so soon: there is, we believe, a sense in which it may yet prove to be the

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strength of the Liberal party. We must not forget that the party which has gained so complete a victory was not that of a popular Government in an undamaged position. In England every Government is the weaker for five years of office, unless it has during that time conducted the affairs of the nation in such a manner as to retard, if not to repair, the waste of natural decay. We see no reason to believe that the present Government had, up to a year ago, been more successful or more fortunate in this respect than any of their predecessors. Their domestic policy may have been popular from time to time with sections of their own party; it may even have been wise and just in itself; but there can be no question that it was not viewed with enthusiasm by the country at large. In foreign affairs their campaigning had been on steep and thorny ground, and to the eye of the mere onlooker—very probably an uninformed, shortsighted, and hasty observer, but none the less for practical purposes the sole umpire—their manœuvres had appeared ill-conceived and vacillating. To what an extent this was the case is shown by the public feeling on the Fashoda affair; that crisis ended as well as was perhaps possible under the circumstances, but its conclusion was greeted with relief rather than with acclamation. The episode of Port Arthur caused an outburst of positive irritation and left behind much discontent. We are not saying that these feelings were justified: it is more than possible that Lord Salisbury's services to his country may in the broader light of the future present a very different appearance, but we do not think that his foreign policy from 1895 to 1899 can be said to have been a source of strength to his party. But when we come to September 1900 all is changed, and changed unquestionably by the course of events in South Africa. The paradox, to put it briefly, as it has been stated by many Liberals, is this: one of the most direct and most important consequences of an undesirable and ill-conducted war is to give an unpopular Government all the advantages of a fresh and enthusiastic popularity

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To put this result down to widespread madness or intoxication may be a natural exhibition of human weakness; it may give for the moment an anodyne to wounded pride: but it is not scientific. Nor is it hopeful, except in a baser sense: it is unworthy of Liberalism to lie in wait for a reaction without first making absolutely certain that the reaction—which we admit is, to some extent, only too inevitable—will be of the nature of a moral or intellectual awakening and not of mere fatigue. The investigation which we are urging must be of the most direct and fearless kind; it must, above all, be conducted with that openness of mind which has for long been a Liberal ideal. The fourth (but by no means the least fruitful) source of Vulgar Errors is, according to Sir Thomas Browne, "a supinity or neglect of inquiry." A Liberal reading the chapter at the present time could hardly fail to be struck by these words, which follow closely after those above quoted:

> But now, our understandings being eclipsed, as well as our tempers infirmed, we must betake ourselves to ways of reparation, and depend upon the illumination of our endeavours. For thus we may in some measure repair our primary ruins, and build ourselves men again.

The first "way of reparation" for the defeated is to consider the sources of the adversary's strength. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri:* which, perhaps, after the lessons of the past twelve months should be translated, "It is disgraceful not to learn from your enemy." If he has shown qualities or used methods which are more effective than yours, and which you may honourably adopt, do not be too proud to imitate him: if he has let fall word or sign by which you may be guided, still less ought you to disregard them. Such words as those which we are about to quote may have been uttered in one form or another by many speakers, but no one has, we think, put the point so directly and clearly as Mr. Wyndham, and from few men could Liberals accept the lesson with so little bitterness or suspicion. In his speech at Dover Mr. Wyndham said:

> It is held sometimes abroad that this awakening on our part to the obligations of Empire denotes a new spirit of antagonism in this country towards the

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legitimate aims and aspirations of European Powers. That is not so. It denotes merely that we will fulfil our part of our duty, as it is incumbent on other nations to fulfil their part. The spirit in which we take up our portion of that task is not one of antagonism, but one of generous emulation to see which of the favoured nations of the world can do most in the shortest time to perform the duty owed by them to the countries still oppressed by savagery, barbarism, or imperfect civilisation.

The country has declared that it wishes these two tasks to be performed, and that in the present Government they find the only instrument capable of performing them. The Unionist party is a possible party, a united party, a disciplined party, because they have acted up to the requirements of the time, and have given a healthy and whole-hearted welcome to the policy of fulfilling their imperial obligations. The other party is distracted and impossible because it has fallen into apathy.

We believe that to be an accurate diagnosis, summed up in an illuminating phrase. The Liberal party in the year 1900 was not a possible party. There were, of course, on the register the usual number of people who would always find it better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven, who would, that is to say, under all conceivable circumstances, vote for the side to which they have been openly attached; "my party, right or wrong." But at election time the power of these loyal partisans is limited: the casting vote lies, as every election agent knows, with the "moveable margin," and they, on this occasion, decided that they had no choice offered to them.

Sir Edward Grey cheered the hearts of Liberals during the fight by roundly denying that in England either party can be said to have a monopoly of patriotism. It is significant that such a denial should have seemed necessary at all: there are probably few who are not by this time aware that the type of patriotism represented by Sir Edward Grey is no less high-spirited and high-minded than even that of Mr. Wyndham. Though its author may not have intended it so, the proclamation had almost the appearance of being addressed rather to his own party than to the opponents in the field against him. In any case, true and fitting though the protest was in the mouth of the speaker, it was not accepted by the country at large, and

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the reasons alleged for this may be summed up in three words, each conveying a charge which, if proved, would be destructive of a claim to practical, as distinguished from theoretical, patriotism. The Liberal party is accused of factiousness, sentimentalism, irresponsibility. Those who are proof against the sound of words, however explosive, those who know how often half the cartridges are blank, will face these charges coolly. They will remember that in politics bad names frequently stand for good qualities: it is often a mere question of degree whether a man is humane or sentimental, independent or irresponsible: and upon questions of degree opinions will always differ. Moreover, the particular charge of factiousness is one of which we may almost say that it is so necessarily true as to be unfair. The Progressive and the Conservative differ temperamentally as active and passive: strictly speaking, the Conservative can hardly be called factious so long as he is opposing action of any kind; but the Progressive is liable when in opposition to be confronted with the argument, "You would go as far yourselves, and farther, if you were in office"; and yet it is for the purpose of criticism that an Opposition exists, and even a forward step may not unreasonably be the subject of debate if the guides are suspected of secretly favouring a retrograde movement. So much then may be said at once by all good Liberals: but in their own private councils they will do well to look more closely into these charges against them, for there is no denying that, whether it is with justice or injustice that the party has been found guilty of them, these are real crimes. There is a sharp line between wholesome criticism and the fierce desire to give an opponent a fall: between honest and courageous protest against wrongdoing on our own side, and the encouragement, direct or indirect, of our country's enemies while the issues of war and peace are in the balance. As for sentimentalism, in a private individual it may perhaps be regarded as a foible: but it must not be forgotten that in the life of communities its indulgence involves a breach of trust and is to be classed among the luxurious vices.

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There is without doubt a large body of Liberals in this country who will be able to acquit themselves of such charges as these: it is to be regretted that they have been included in a condemnation which they at any rate did not deserve. If they had stood alone, they might well have cleared themselves before the country and become, if not a victorious, at any rate a possible party. The national interest would have been better served: for though a strong Opposition is only less necessary to the welfare of the country than a strong Government, a party is not really strengthened by the addition of mere numbers if the addition brings weaker links into the chain. We do not forget that it has been publicly denied—by Lord Crewe, for instance, among others—that there is any essential difference on the point of policy between the different members of the Liberal party. But to say this only adds one more to the subjects in open dispute among Liberals, for we have heard the opposite statement from no less an authority than Mr. Asquith. In addressing the delegates of the East Fife Liberal Association at Ladybank, he said:

> As regards the causes of the war there have, of course, been wide differences of opinion. I am one of those who think that the ultimate responsibility for the war does not rest upon the shoulders of the Government or the people in this country. The war was not of our seeking, but was forced upon us against our will. There are distinguished men, some of them of our own party, who have always taken a different view, and who have held that the war was provoked, or at any rate could have been prevented, by this country. . . .
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> It is quite true, as I believe, that when last year we were seeking to obtain from President Kruger adequate guarantees for the civil and political freedom of our countrymen in the Transvaal, it formed no part of the policy of any responsible statesman to put an end to the existing States of the two Republics.
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> But no lover of freedom need shed any tears for the disappearance of the South African Republic, an unhappy specimen of one of the worst kind of political impostures, a caricature, a mockery of liberty under a democratic form. . . . The Free Staters unhappily became joint aggressors . . . they invaded our colonies, they contemplated to annex our territories, and they showed themselves as great enemies as the Boers themselves. We are therefore as free in their case as in the case of the Transvaal to take such steps as seem best in the general interests of South Africa.

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By the side of this speech we may set the following extract from Mr. Morley's address to the electors of Montrose:

> There is not a man versed in our national affairs who does not see and know that we are expanding our responsibilities beyond the limits of our resources . . . profligately squandering the treasure that we should be diligently husbanding. . . . The tax-payer is finding out that you do not expand your frontier in two continents for nothing . . . As for the war, I have not one word to withdraw. . . . I regard it as a hateful incident in the retrograde policy. . . . I regard the incorporation of the two Boer States as the consummation of one of the most evil blunders in our history.

And in the same speaker's Oxford oration we find him answering by anticipation Mr. Asquith's words on freedom:

> Political liberty and real liberty? I distrust that distinction. . . . When we consider the dogged tenacity with which those men have flung themselves into this bloody struggle for the independence of their own community and country—aye, and even in this case twelve months ago we should all have declared it to be the most noble object for which a man could sacrifice himself and die—we can judge how likely men of this kind are to subside into quiescence under the rule which you have started under the most hateful circumstances that can possibly by human imagination be conceived.

In the face of differences such as these it is idle to remind us that upon questions of domestic policy all Liberals are at one. Even that is no longer true: while Manchester has been dreaming, man has grown: his fatherland is now the habitable globe and his domestic policy the welfare of the world. To do our duty under this "expanding responsibility" may be costly, even to the limit of our resources, and painful beyond even the experience of this South African war: it is certainly no work for boasting or for gold and scarlet trappings; it must be done by men of good will in sober khaki. There is no lack of these in England; it is of vital importance that they should dominate her councils, whether as members of a Liberal or a Conservative party.

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SCIENCE IN POLITICS

WHATEVER his faults, Prince Bismarck had at least the merit of realising that sentimentalism was out of place in politics. He never forgot, what in our own country is seldom remembered, that definite effects are produced by definite causes, and that his end could only be attained by facing facts, not by ignoring them or waving them aside with indolent complacency. There has seldom been a time when this country had greater need of statesmen possessing the qualities which made Bismarck great, or when the abandonment of the weak opportunism which would set our policy adrift at home and abroad was more urgently demanded, for in truth the future of our Empire must be permanently affected by the degree of sagacity shown in dealing with the problems which a perverse fate has accumulated for immediate solution.

The settlement in South Africa has the prior claim upon our attention. The difficulties attending this question do not appear less formidable as the necessity for dealing with them approaches. With regard to the objects to be attained there seems to be practical unanimity. It is generally agreed that any settlement worthy of the name must be calculated to ensure the maintenance of peace in South Africa for the future. There is at the same time a widespread desire to secure the largest measure of personal freedom consistent with the permanent supremacy of the Imperial power. Humanity demands from us an earnest effort to achieve the first of these objects,

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while the permanent curtailment of the liberties and franchises of British subjects is opposed alike to British sentiment and tradition.

Unanimity with regard to the objects to be kept in view does not unfortunately secure any general agreement as to the best means for their accomplishment.

We may be pretty sure that men of moderate views will be against any severity which appears to them unnecessary, while they will naturally expect that the mistakes involved in the unfortunate policy of 1881–84 shall not be repeated. If the repetition of these mistakes is to be avoided, a complete comprehension of the cause which led to them is essential.

Before, however, investigating this cause, a moment's attention to some points affecting the moral aspect of our proceedings in South Africa will not be wasted, because, illogical though it be, the opinion of many men with regard to the character of the settlement to be achieved appears to be affected by the view they hold as to the justice or injustice of the war.

A resort to force under any circumstances, they would say, is to be deplored: when the advance of civilisation enables us, metaphorically, to turn our swords into pruning-hooks and our spears into ploughshares, it will be well for all concerned. For the present, nevertheless, it is sufficient to point out, that both our internal and external relations are based upon force, and that, beyond question, the British people are determined, in the last resort, to rely upon force for the maintenance of what they deem to be their legitimate interests. It is of the first importance in the conduct of affairs to consider things as they are, and not as they might be or as we would have them. For present purposes, therefore, we proceed upon the assumption that such a determination is right; and no argument will be addressed to the conversion of those who conscientiously object to the application of force under any circumstances. Such an assumption is in no way inconsistent with a recognition of the obligation to exhaust all reasonable means of adjusting

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our differences before accepting the arbitrament of war. This obligation, some contend, was not in the present case fulfilled, and two points have been relied upon to substantiate the charge. It is claimed, first, that our differences with the Transvaal Republic should have been referred to arbitration; secondly, that our ends could have been obtained by peaceful means, or, as it has been expressed by some exponents of this view, by continued pressure on President Kruger.

The latter contention seems an extraordinary one. The extension of the franchise which Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner elected to put in the forefront of their claims was a demand which this country had no legal right to make: if it was to be enforced at all it could only be enforced by military operations. Mr. Kruger's firmness of mind, to put it politely, was notorious, while the advantage he would get by yielding to demands supported by no adequate sanction must have been difficult for him to appreciate. What conceivable pressure could be applied which was not based on the threat of the employment of force? At the same time, what could be more futile than to threaten without the intention, if need be, of carrying out the threat? The only reasonable complaint which can be made against the Government in this regard is not that they enforced by arms the claim when once made, but that they made it without foreseeing the inevitable result; that they adopted a course the natural consequence of which was to bring them face to face with humiliation or war; while they were totally unprepared for the latter. Whether it was really worth our while to raise the claim at all may legitimately be questioned; once raised, our ultimate resort could only be to the advocacy of Mr. Atkins.

With regard to the first point, reference to arbitration, the first condition implied by a reference to arbitration is that both parties are prepared to abide by the award. In the present case this condition was wholly absent. The only question suitable for decision by arbitration was the construction of the Conventions. Had any tribunal decided that upon the true

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construction the Transvaal was not under the suzerainty of the United Kingdom, no considerable section of the public would have accepted the conclusion. That our interference with the internal affairs of the Transvaal was contrary to our written agreement was plain without the assistance of an arbitrator's award. There was then, in truth, no question which could be referred to arbitration. If our action in South Africa is to be justified at all, it must be justified upon grounds quite beyond the competence of any tribunal of arbitration; on grounds of high policy which no such tribunal could for a moment entertain. The real question lying at the root of the matter was whether we could suffer a great military power to be maintained in South Africa, holding a civil population, mainly British, in political subjection; and fomenting disaffection among our colonial fellow-subjects by encouraging, as the South African ideal, the ultimate supremacy of the Dutch race. This question was answered with no uncertain voice not only by Great Britain but by the whole Empire. The answer may have been right or wrong, wise or foolish, but the question was not one which could have been submitted to arbitration.

The above considerations appear to support the conclusion that the proposition so confidently advanced that the war was inevitable is in a certain sense capable of being established. That wisdom was shown in the selection of the time, the adoption of the methods, and the choice of the dispute, whereby the inevitable was converted into the actual, does not necessarily follow.

It is important, however, to remember that, whatever views may be held with regard to the origin of the war, they should not be allowed to affect the consideration of the terms of settlement. Parliamentary government is only possible upon the condition that the majority of to-day should frankly accept the facts accomplished by the will of the majority of yesterday. To hold otherwise would be contrary both to our practice and traditions; and, indeed, it is obvious that if, whenever an Opposition were opposed to a war, they were to

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seek the first opportunity of putting things as nearly as possible *in statu quo ante*, national action would be reduced to futility.

Accepting, then, as we are bound to do, the *fait accompli*, it is of the utmost importance to ascertain, if possible, what was the real cause of the disastrous policy of the past.

Was not the mistake clearly attributable to a dangerous fallacy almost universally entertained then, and entertained by many with undiminished conviction to the present day—a fallacy which has marred our policy not only in South Africa but elsewhere for many years past? The fallacy consists in the supposition that generosity exhibited in our dealings with other countries will meet with a substantial return; in other words, in the belief that nations are actuated to an appreciable degree by gratitude. We are not forgetting the recent repudiation of all idea of generosity by some of the participators in the policy of 1881. Their disclaimer must, of course, be frankly accepted; at the same time it may fairly be pointed out, that if the Convention was not, as was at the time generally supposed, based upon generosity, it amounted to no more than a formal declaration of impotence. Had it been presented to the country in what it is now suggested was its true guise, it would most certainly have been rejected; and it seems, to say the least, unfortunate that the public should have been allowed to remain so long under an erroneous impression concerning it.

Whatever may have been in the minds of the authors of the policy of 1881, the opinion that in our foreign relations generosity is calculated to meet with a material return is continually finding expression, and appears to be widespread; yet it is not difficult to show, both by abstract reasoning and from practical experience, that such a belief is quite without foundation. In this connection, generosity practised by individuals at their own cost (which is highly laudable) must be sharply distinguished from generosity on the part of those who act in the capacity of trustees of the national interests. In the case of the latter the indulgence of generosity (beyond

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what is demanded from the self-respect of a civilised nation) is not permissible, unless an adequate return for concession may reasonably be expected. This return can only be looked for from the gratitude of the people concerned. If, therefore, it be true that the actions of nations or men in the mass are not appreciably affected by gratitude, it follows that the exercise of generosity in foreign affairs is not justifiable.

To examine the proposition *ab initio*, let us first consider the effect of generosity upon the average individual. Now the relation created between the giver and receiver of a benefit is closely analogous to the relation between creditor and debtor; but the latter relation is notoriously not conducive to good will. If good will, therefore, results from the former relation, the reason must be sought for in the difference between the two; but, where a return is looked for, the main difference lies in the fact that the obligation imposed by gratitude is indefinite and not enforceable by law, a distinction which does not seem calculated to make the obligation less irksome, particularly when we remember the constant tendency on the part of the donor to exaggerate the extent of the benefit and the consequent inability of the recipient to ascertain what return will be considered sufficient or when the obligation will be deemed to be discharged. Now if generosity is not calculated to secure good will, a conclusion in which we are very strongly confirmed by proverbial philosophy, the exhibition of gratitude must be attributed to some other motive, and the motive which most readily suggests itself is the dislike to incur the odium of ingratitude. If this conclusion is correct, the operation of gratitude in the case of an individual would naturally be far greater than in the case of a nation, where the share of the odium attaching to each individual would be infinitesimal. In the extreme rarity of the cases in which, in the case of individuals, gratitude is observed to outlive expectation, we have some measure of the effect it may be expected to have upon nations.

If we turn to our own experience, we shall find these

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conclusions as to the impotence of gratitude in foreign affairs amply confirmed. For thirty years and upwards in our relations with foreign countries, we have scrupulously regarded not only their rights but even their aspirations; we have carried the policy of conciliation to the verge of timidity, with the result that, to the genuine astonishment of most people, we find ourselves the best hated nation in Europe, or, indeed, in the world. To take the particular case of France: we have since 1870 continuously courted her friendship; we have given much and received little or nothing in return. In Madagascar we allowed our predominant trade to be practically destroyed almost without protest, yet when our interests were deliberately and ostentatiously disregarded at Fashoda, the tardy assertion of our rights led to an outburst of indignation in France which would have produced the most disastrous consequences had it not been for our enormous superiority in available force at the moment. It is not too much to say that the outcome of all our conciliation and concession in the case of France is the existence of an animosity towards ourselves quite as intense as, and ten times more dangerous than, the animosity felt towards Germany, who has despoiled her of her fairest provinces and subjected her to the deepest humiliation. The attitude of France towards England and Germany respectively ought surely to convince the most stubborn advocate of conciliation that you cannot buy the good will of your neighbours by concession; while, if you secure their respect, you possess a very tolerable substitute for their affection.

But, indeed, the history of South Africa itself furnishes the most striking evidence of the truth of the proposition under review. To take the most recent instance, the "wise clemency" shown by Lord Roberts in releasing burghers on parole was hailed by a section of the daily press as an indication of a sound policy, calculated greatly to shorten the duration of the war. Now, Lord Roberts has certainly done nothing to forfeit the confidence the nation has reposed in him, and there is no desire to criticise his action, which was doubtless determined by

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the necessities of the case. Had, however, his policy been that attributed to him, subsequent events would very speedily have exposed its futility, for its effect was directly and materially to prolong the resistance of the Boers. The burghers returning to their farms enjoyed a period of recuperation under a respected neutrality, and were given the opportunity, of which they readily availed themselves, to rejoin their commandos and once more render effective service against us.

The supposition that clemency is calculated to ensure an appropriate return, although erroneous, is natural enough. Nations are observed to be largely actuated by sentimental considerations; gratitude is a sentiment, therefore it is thought reasonable to suppose that nations will be actuated by gratitude. The error arises from the failure to appreciate that in this connection sentiments do not all stand in the same category. There are some sentiments which in the struggle for existence have exercised a favourable influence on the fortunes of the peoples who have entertained them. Race feeling may be cited as an instance. It is self-evident that, other things being equal, the most cohesive race is the likeliest to survive. Sentiment of this character tends to become a social instinct, and may be relied upon to affect powerfully the actions of its possessors. Gratitude, however, lies altogether outside this category, inasmuch as its exercise would not tend to advance the fortunes of a race.

In truth, self-interest is the mainspring of human action, and it is the refusal to recognise this law which has wrought havoc with much well-meant endeavour, both in domestic and foreign politics. The Dutch in South Africa may be relied upon to pursue what they believe to be their interests in the future as they have done in the past. The present situation would, it is reasonable to suppose, never have arisen had they not doubted our capacity, or our determination, or both, to maintain our supremacy. It must be confessed that our conduct in the past has given them ample ground for scepticism. Their race feeling prompted them to secure their own

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predominance in South Africa if possible, but they have given no indication of a fanaticism sufficient to induce them to sacrifice their material interests for an idea incapable of realisation. On the contrary, they have taken very practical means to attain an end which, upon the materials before them, they had reason to suppose within their reach. The first necessity of the case has been for us to open their minds completely on this point, and to convince them of the hopelessness of resistance to the Imperial power. That they should have been slow to realise this need not occasion surprise. It was of immense importance to the end in view that our military superiority should have been promptly, continuously and irresistibly established. The course which events actually took robbed us of a great part of the advantage which might have been derived from the war; it has tended to confirm the belief of the Boers that they are more than a match for our soldiers unless in enormous numerical superiority. Our early mischances made it more essential to crush every remnant of resistance. The idea again and again put forward of terminating the war upon terms other than that of unconditional surrender was as cruel as it was foolish. It would have been an invitation to renew the struggle upon any chance appearing to offer a more favourable opportunity.

There is another lesson which it is essential to enforce if peace in South Africa is to be permanent; and that lesson is that it pays better to be on the side of the Empire than against it. Hitherto England has proved herself far too faithless a friend and far too placable a foe. The history of our country affords instances, only too numerous, of unnecessary bloodshed and suffering resulting from an easy-going, short-sighted leniency which has misled those with whom we have dealt into a false estimate, both of our strength and of our resolution. Of this the Transvaal itself offers a most striking example. Looking at our past record in South Africa, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the action, at all events of the Free State and the Colonial Rebels, was largely induced by the

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belief that they had everything to gain and little to fear from the contest they engaged in with so light a heart. How, judging from the past, could they fail to draw the inference that success was probable, while at the worst they had only to lay down their arms, when all would be forgiven and forgotten? A character for weak placability once acquired has an unfortunate tendency to stick. In the present case Afrikanders have not hesitated to argue that rebellion against England should go unpunished; while five years' disfranchisement has been resented as an extraordinarily severe sentence. Such a penalty is, in fact, open to every objection except that of undue severity. The scientific method of dealing with rebels is the old-fashioned one—death and confiscation for the more conspicuous, pardon for the rest; and if modern manners are too soft for this, at all events the punishment inflicted should be short, sharp and definite. Punishment in such a case can only be justified when it is preventive or deterrent. We are not gods to adjust with nice discrimination the penalty to the moral guilt involved in the offence. The punishment must be exemplary or it fails in its only legitimate purpose. What effect five years' disfranchisement can have except to give the South African League a fleeting ascendency, and at the same time to irritate the Dutch, it is difficult to comprehend. There seems, indeed, real reason to fear that the majority of the rebels will escape scot free, plus the loot acquired from the farms of their loyal neighbours. That this will happen in many cases can hardly be doubted, but that it should occur so generally as to demonstrate the advantages of rebellion would be deplorable.

Hitherto the people of this country have succeeded to an admirable extent in laying aside party feeling during the progress of the war, and in giving a genuine support to the Government under circumstances which have at times sorely tried the patience of its supporters. It should, however, in fairness, be remembered, that up to the present the sacrifices made have been wholly at the cost of the Opposition. It may

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reasonably be asked that in matters of Imperial concern party sacrifice should not be entirely on one side. The readiness recently shown in some quarters to make party capital out of patriotic feeling is not an encouraging sign. It may still be hoped that in the new Parliament there will be found men on both sides determined to resist the encroachments of party spirit in Imperial affairs, and that they may prove sufficient in number and influence to secure a settlement upon its merits, without regard to its effect upon the fortunes of Government or Opposition.

With regard to the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies the difficulty of the task before the country seems at present to be but faintly appreciated. An impression apparently prevails that when peace is restored, and the people return to their usual avocations under a brief military occupation, you have only to give every one a vote, when Boer and Uitlander will lie down together like the lion and the lamb in the Millennium. The idea is not unnatural, for as a nation we are hard to convince that Parliamentary Institutions are not a panacea for all ills. As a matter of fact, representative government is suitable only to a community in the main united in its objects and aspirations. There is no true analogy between the differences separating British and Boer in South Africa, and Tory and Radical in our own country. In the former case, the elements necessary for the creation of a healthy rivalry between two parties, each in its own way seeking to advance the interests of the country, appear to be wanting. No doubt the representation might be so manipulated at the outset as to give the predominance to either Boer or Uitlander as desired, but the tendency of any such predominance would be to become permanent; and there would be an absence of the healthy alternation of responsibility to which we are accustomed. The reason is obvious. Domestic politics will, at all events for a long time to come, be subordinated to race feeling, and while a paramount distinction prevails minor considerations of policy have little or no weight at the polls. Under these

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circumstances the franchise of the minority will be little better than a mockery, for there will be no independent opinion to which, as at home, an appeal may be successfully made. On the whole, the special conditions of the case seem to point to the desirability of the maintenance for a somewhat prolonged period of an independent central executive, combined with a large measure of local self-government. If, however, practical advantage must yield to theoretical formulas, it seems at least essential that an effective veto should be retained in the representative of the Crown. However these questions may be determined, the object of this article will be gained if public attention is directed to the fundamental error which, in its ultimate result, led to the war. Although the precise mistake made in 1881 is not likely to be repeated, there is much, both in the conduct of the campaign and the criticisms at home, to arouse the fear that the old delusion as to the effect of generosity retains its influence. In the present case, justice and humanity alike demand the removal of the last shadow of a doubt with regard to the power of the Empire and the determination to use it. Conviction on these points must precede the reconciliation which may be expected to result from the just and equal treatment of all subjects of the Queen.

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ENGLAND AND GERMANY

THE General Election has come and gone, with all the usual accompaniments of addresses and meetings and speeches. In the result the Government has been returned with an undiminished majority. But whether or not the electors have been moved by all or any of the arguments addressed to them it is impossible to say. One thing is certain. There are many considerations that may have properly affected the decision given by the electorate on which no politician has ventured to touch. For instance, all who have the slightest knowledge of the history of the war are agreed that at least four-fifths of the British difficulties and reverses were due to the incompetence of our superior officers and the folly of some of our generals. Yet this topic was, by common consent, ruled out, and the electoral discussion proceeded upon the footing that the War Office was responsible for the early reverses in Cape Colony and Natal, and for the confusion that arose from the decisions or indecisions of those who at first commanded the British forces.

In the same way much was said during the Election about the necessity of having a strong Government. Many were the rounded periods which implored the voters to consider not only the South African question, but also the condition of foreign affairs elsewhere, and to return to office a powerful and patriotic Administration. But no one pointed out that one of the chief reasons for doing so was to prevent the

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extreme "Imperialists" from having too much influence in the direction of foreign policy. When Ministerial speakers asked for a majority as great as, or greater than, that which existed in the last Parliament, one of the unexpressed reasons for their request must surely have been the importance of a majority strong enough to resist the dictation of the Jingo tail. And it is more than probable that it was with the same object that men like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, looking at the question from a different point of view, demanded a strengthening of the legitimate Opposition.

Whether or not these considerations were present to the minds of political speakers in the Election, the possible conversion of the democracy to Jingoism seems to us one of the dangers of the future to be most carefully guarded against. By Jingoism is meant, not the steadfast acceptance of the responsibilities of empire and the determination in the last resort, but only in the last resort, to uphold the essential interests of the country by force of arms, but the love of war for its own sake. It is the feeling represented in France by the worship of *la gloire*, which makes Frenchmen, after a century's reflection, revere the memory of the tyrant who slew the manhood of their country and undermined its national existence. It is the feeling which produced in America the yellow press, rendered the war with Spain inevitable, and launched the country, without due reflection, on a course of policy of which, whether it be justifiable or not, no man can see the end. It is the feeling which constitutes the patriotism of certain organs of the London press which shouted for war in South Africa, and screamed over the difficulties and hardships which war entails, which clamoured to fight Russia over the possession of Port Arthur, and looks with suspicion on the peacefulness of the Anglo-German agreement.

It is one of the characteristics of Jingoism to oscillate between the extremes of boastfulness and timidity, and both these qualities have been to the fore in much that has been said upon the Chinese question. At the outset came many

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threats of what we would do if Russia did this or that—actions in themselves often defensible and almost always of very little importance to this country. When the Government, having some sense of proportion, declined to give effect to any of these vapourings, there followed tirades, violent or solemn—according to the individual humour of the Jingo—about the weakness and incompetence of the Government. To heighten the effect of these attacks, the skill and wickedness of Russian foreign policy were vividly described. The unflinching vigour with which that policy was carried out was held up to our admiration, and at the same time the duplicity of its methods was unsparingly condemned. We have heard rather less of all this of late. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of Muscovite guile must find it a little difficult to appreciate the merits of the Russian proceedings since the Pekin outbreak. To the ordinary English diplomatist they would seem rather inept. First, there was the march on Pekin, followed by some curious and apparently unsuccessful efforts to appear the dictators of all the most offensive acts in the occupation of the Chinese capital. Then came a sudden change. The Russian troops were to be withdrawn from China, and the Russian legation was to go to Tientsin. Negotiations were begun with aged and acute Chinese statesmen, so that Russia might pose as China's only friend. Meanwhile, Russian generals were slaughtering Chinese in Manchuria and annexing the province. Neither line of action was long pursued. Russian troops remain not only in China, but in Pekin, and thither the Russian legation has apparently returned. On the other hand, the most formal repudiations of the annexation of Manchuria come from St. Petersburg, and the losses of the Chinese in that region are, as far as may be, minimised.

There is nothing surprising in these events if it be once understood that the Russian Government is in some respects a very weak one. In Russia, as elsewhere, there are two schools of thought, the military and the financial. The financial advisers of the Czar have even better reason than most ministers of

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finance for disliking the costliness of a vigorous foreign policy. On the other hand, the soldiers are powerful, and have besides the assistance of a large number of publicists and others, who believe in the mission of Russia, or, as we should phrase it, the expansion of the Empire. Though nominally it is the Czar alone who directs the destinies of his country, in practice it is his advisers who really govern. While Count Muravieff lived the military section were predominant, and the central government usually endorsed the action of its representatives in distant parts of the Empire—action not less aggressive and unscrupulous than that usually favoured by men of all nations placed in such positions. Now things are somewhat changed. Whether it is that Count Lamsdorff is more peaceful than his predecessor or that the Czar is taking a more personal share in the government, outsiders cannot tell. Whatever the cause, the outcome is that the Russians in China have been more than once overruled from home, though apparently the central government is not strong enough uniformly to enforce its wishes.

We do not wish to say that Russian policy is being mismanaged in essentials. Of its methods we have never been admirers. They seem to produce the maximum of friction with others and the minimum of advantage to themselves. But the general lines of policy are settled for them by the geographical facts of the situation. Russian influence in Manchuria must be overwhelming, whether the country remain Chinese or not. For the Russians to go far beyond Manchuria, at least for many years to come, would be madness. They have already in Asia an enormous territory to develop of great natural resources with a very small population. To accomplish this, complete external repose is required, so that Russia may devote the whole of her energies to the task before her.

It is to be hoped that in the Far East we shall not hear much more of the Russian bogey. Indeed, there are unmistakable signs that Russia is shortly to be replaced in that office by Germany. The increase of the German fleet has

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long been regarded by certain writers as a sort of impertinence. And now some of them have discovered a gigantic policy of world-conquest which is to be carried out, as we understand, in about fifteen or twenty years. One of the first steps in this design is to secure a great Chinese Empire. In this way one writer has explained that Germany will be able to get to the other side of Russia. In other words, she will abandon her present excellent strategical position in Europe for the purpose of enabling Russia to strike from interior lines at German territory either east or west. Meanwhile, it is to be presumed that the English, French, and Russian fleets will have been swept off the seas, so that the maintenance of a line of communications from Hamburg to Shantung will present no difficulties. As soon as Russia is polished off, or perhaps in concert with her, India is to be attacked from Asia, or possibly the Germans may conquer it on their way to China. Some such nonsense as this has been seriously printed, and efforts are being made to instil distrust of Germany as an article of the extreme Imperialist creed. We can only say that, unless these Imperialists show more sanity and self-control, they will make Imperialism stink in the nostrils of every Englishman—a disaster which we should be the first to deplore.

Though the bogification—if we may coin a word—of one Power after another seems to us both undignified and unreasonable, there is no doubt that Germany is in some respects our most formidable rival. In commerce she alone in Europe is dangerous as a competitor. Her people are industrious and determined. Her ruler is able and energetic to the verge of restlessness. Some charge him with vanity; and it is certain that his desire to serve his country is complicated by his wish to glorify its ruler. Among his subjects he has fostered the growing sentiment in favour of a colonial empire—a sentiment founded not less on national feeling than on the supposed advantages that would accrue from it to the industrial interests of the country. But there are many difficulties in the way. Chief among them is the inability of the German colonist,

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especially if he belong to the official class, to regard the welfare of the colony as his principal object. He never forgets that it is a dependency and must be treated as such. To prefer the interest of the colony and its inhabitants to those of the mother country would seem to him absurd. Logically, this position is attractive, and is, in fact, accepted and acted upon by the men of every nation in Europe except ourselves. But in practice we believe it to be destructive of colonial expansion. Certainly Englishmen proceed on exactly the opposite principle. As soon as a British official is sent to administer a possession of the Crown he becomes absorbed in his environment. His one desire is to make his province prosperous and its inhabitants content; partly from a kind of local patriotism, partly from the national love of organisation, or rather of making things work successfully, and partly no doubt from higher motives. This desire is often so strong as to bring him into conflict with the authorities at home, and official records are strewn with protests and rebukes arising out of the divergent views of the home government and those in charge of outlying portions of the Empire. The most remarkable part of the whole is that a large section of English public opinion in such disputes will reject the point of view of the home government and, as in the case of the Indian cotton duties, will think that to govern the Empire in the interests of this country is almost immoral.

Without assenting to the extremest form of British doctrine and practice on the subject of the relations between Great Britain and the Empire, we believe that it is this characteristic of the British administrator which is the secret of our Colonial success. Such, however, is not the view held upon the Continent. The belief there is that all that is required to make a great Empire is enterprise and conquest. Our Continental critics regard Greater Britain as the result of national voracity, and attribute the superiority of British over German and other colonies to our extraordinary cunning and greed in always seizing on the tit-bits of the uncivilised world. This, they are beginning to think, has been possible to us because of

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our great naval strength, and accordingly the German colonial party, with the Kaiser at their head, make the increase of the navy the first article of their programme.

This it is which constitutes the real menace to the peace of Europe as far as Germany is concerned. As her navy is increased and her mercantile marine grows, it will become more and more inconvenient to her to have no access to the sea except along her northern frontier. If only Germany had a western seaboard, if she were but the owner of Antwerp or even Rotterdam, how greatly would her position be improved! Such thoughts as these must often have occurred to German statesmen. At present, indeed, any attempt to materialise them cannot be made. Unless Great Britain is rendered powerless by treaty or by war she would certainly resist, and her resistance would be fatal to the project. But times may change; some day Belgium and Holland may become States of the German Empire, and then, with the resulting improvement in her position as a sea-going Power, a Colonial Empire will, it is thought, be within the grasp of Germany. One thing is certain: until she is in a position to protect herself in China, her statesmen are far too shrewd to embark on any extensive scheme of conquest in that direction. At present a large German colony there would be merely a hostage given to Russia and England. It would be a perpetual source of anxiety without any corresponding profit.

The interest of Germany would seem, therefore, to be to keep things as they are. The "Open Door" not only suits her commercial interests, but also preserves for her the possibility of extending her political power, if that should become desirable. If once China were split up into protectorates or the like she would be driven either to take a share herself, with all the disadvantages of that course, or else to submit to be altogether ousted. Of Russia she is probably not much afraid. There may be some understanding between the two, though this seems improbable. Such things are more the fashion on the Continent than they are with us. But in this case no

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contrivance of the sort is really required. The officials in Berlin know as well as any one in this country the reasons against any serious Russian aggression in the Far East for some time to come. Difficult as it is for us to credit it, England is thought by Germans and others to be a far more unscrupulous and successful land-grabber than Russia. The Muscovite Empire spreads slowly from a single centre. The English are scattered over the whole world. A voyage to China is an object lesson in their ubiquity. Scarcely a port is touched at which is not dominated by their hateful flag. What wonder that the German people, and to a lesser degree the German Government, refuse to believe that our aims in China are exclusively commercial.

Holding this perverted view of our national character—confirmed in their error, it may be, by a perusal of certain English journals and reviews—the authorities at Berlin, after the Pekin outbreak, no doubt desired to be convinced that we did not intend to make that event a pretext for establishing ourselves in the Yang-tse Valley. On the other hand, the British Government could not but recognise that considerable dangers then threatened our interests in China. However sure they may have felt that the enlightened self-interest of all the Powers required them to abstain from territorial acquisitions, there is no doubt that the complications at Pekin had made a great change in the pre-existing situation. Loosely-worded declarations of national disinterestedness made before those occurrences could scarcely be construed to preclude any of the declarants from soothing their wounded honour by taking a slice of the territory owned by the nation that had so grossly wronged them. Moreover, though European Governments are moved by reason and justice, there are Jingoes in every nation. The foreign Jingo is, indeed, quite as powerful and more peremptory in his methods than his English counterpart. Before now it has been thought necessary to plunge a country into war in order to save it from revolution. Besides all this, there was the risk inherent in the existence in Chinese territory

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of considerable military forces of various Powers. Once there, they were bound to do something, and the temptation to receive some return for the expenditure of blood and treasure is very strong.

This we take to be the genesis of the Anglo-German agreement. The Germans wished for an assurance that we would leave the Yang-tse open to their trade. In granting that assurance we, in fact, gave them nothing. In return we have obtained not only a pledge that the Germans will not further extend their territorial privileges in China, but also an international pronouncement that the open door in the widest sense is desirable for the littoral and rivers of China, and a promise by the German Government, since assented to by all the Powers, that "as far as they can exercise influence" they will uphold that policy throughout all Chinese territory.

This is no victory for Great Britain. She gains nothing by it which will not be shared by the whole world. Nor is it a victory for Germany. It requires the disordered imagination of the rabidly pugnacious to see in it any concession to that Power, graceful or otherwise. It is, as we believe, an agreement equally advantageous to both parties to it, and by the assent of the other Powers to it the policy consistently advocated by the present Government is stamped with the approval of the civilised world. To secure the final success of this policy one thing more is necessary, and that is the re-establishment of a stable government in China. To this task Lord Lansdowne and his colleagues must address themselves, hampered though they be in their work by the impatience of a section of their countrymen, and the attacks which these mischief-makers seem bent on organising against all the European Powers in succession.

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LETTERS RELATING TO THE LOVE EPISODE OF WILLIAM PITT

INTRODUCTION

IT is at last possible, by piecing together the letters in the possession of Captain Ernest Pretyman, M.P., and Mr. Dickinson, Mayor of Bath and M.P. for Wells, to present the correspondence between Mr. Pitt and Lord Auckland with reference to Miss Eden; and this, by their kindness, I am now enabled to do. Mr. Dickinson, it may be mentioned, is the great-nephew of the Miss Eden in question, who afterwards became Lady Buckinghamshire. Parts of these papers have already been published by Lord Ashbourne, who had not, however, access to all the letters. And in any case there would be no need for reticence, for the episode is as historical as any affair of the kind, while it derives a peculiar interest from Pitt's persistent celibacy, as well as from the obscurity that overhangs his motives; for he gives no definite reason for his action.

The account of these letters, therefore, given by Lord Stanhope in his "Life of Pitt," on the authority of "a person entirely to be relied upon, who has more than once perused them," is too circumstantial to be accurate.

"Mr. Pitt began the subject. In his letter to Lord Auckland he avows in the warmest terms his affection for

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Miss Eden, but explains that in his circumstances he feels that he cannot presume to make her an offer of marriage. He further states that he finds each of his succeeding visits adds so much to his unhappiness that he thinks it will be best to remit them for the present. The reply of Lord Auckland, as I am informed, acknowledges as adequate the explanation of Mr. Pitt. He was already, he says, aware in general of the circumstances of pecuniary debt and difficulty in which Mr. Pitt had become involved. He does not deny that the attachment of Mr. Pitt may have been fully appreciated, and he wishes that the marriage should still take place. . . . There were yet two further letters as to the manner in which the notes of congratulation which had already begun to arrive at Beckenham might best be answered. Pitt desired that the blame, if any, should be borne wholly by himself."

The account in the "Journal and Correspondence of Lord Auckland," edited by his son, who was Bishop of Bath and Wells, is not substantially different. The Bishop gives an extract from Pitt's first letter, and adds: "he (Pitt) blames himself for not having sooner looked into his difficulties, which he now finds have become insurmountable." This, it will be seen, is a gloss of the Bishop's own, unless, which scarcely seems possible, he had access to other papers on which he based it. He adds that "several letters passed between him and Lord Auckland, suggesting arrangements by which the marriage might in time take place without imprudence; but they were unavailing." This too is scarcely an accurate description of the letters as we have them. There is, it may be noted, a tone of bitterness in the Bishop's subsequent allusions to Pitt.

"The person entirely to be relied upon" misled, as will be seen, Lord Stanhope and the authors who followed him. Pitt was a master of that marvellous circumlocutory diction which was required by eighteenth-century ideas of dignity, as well as by the apprehension that letters might be opened and so should not be too explicit. In this style he explains himself, and leaves the causes of action to inference. But it can scarcely be

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doubted that Lord Stanhope was substantially correct. Pitt's shattered and neglected finances made it impossible for him to make any provision for a wife. It would have been a mortification to his proud spirit to admit this. Moreover, he was well aware that his health was broken, and that he held to life by a precarious tenure. Under these circumstances he was forced to realise that, should he marry, his wife might soon be a widow, and a widow dependent on the bounty of the nation. Pitt could never have brooked such a contingency. These are obvious and sufficient grounds—indeed, they scarcely left him an option. But it may also be suspected that when things came to a point, and when Pitt was in a position to survey calmly the prospect before him, he shrank, after a life of retired and easy celibacy, from the unknown liabilities and engagements of marriage. Moreover, he may not have cared to be hampered by a family connection with a politician so eager and so ambitious as Auckland. Every consideration, then, except the personal fascination of a charming girl, prompted him to the course which he adopted.

All this, however, is mere surmise, though, as regards the financial reasons for Pitt's action, it is shared by Auckland himself. Pitt merely says that "the obstacles are decisive and insurmountable." But on the other side of the correspondence there is a strange feature which appears to have escaped Lord Ashbourne. It is clear that Auckland, in a letter written on the morning of January 23, 1797, had suggested that the Privy Seal should be conferred upon him. Pitt, in acknowledging this letter, which does not appear now to exist, says: "Another [gratification] and a most essential one indeed would be if I saw my way to an immediate accomplishment of the arrangement you point at." And then he refers to the difficulty of finding a means of dealing with the prior claims of Lord Mornington. Auckland, in a reply dated the same night, leaves us in no doubt of the "arrangement," which he urges, indeed, with passion. "It is essential," he says, "to me, and still more to mine, to have as soon as possible an ostensible

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and honourable pretext for throwing ourselves once more into the full tide of courts and of London society." It is further important that the public should see that the friendship between Pitt and himself is undiminished. He cannot see that Mornington's pretensions offer any obstacle, if Pitt should state at once that he wished to dispose immediately of the Privy Seal. "To me and to mine," he concludes, "it is essential *now*. . . . It would not perhaps be too much to add that, if deferred now, it ought never to be renewed." With regard, however, to this strange and ingenious proposal, by which office was demanded as a sort of compensation for Pitt's withdrawal, Pitt stood firm. He could not lend himself to a combination by which public office and his private affections were brought into direct relation.

He did not then give Auckland office. They however continued on terms of friendly intercourse, and fourteen months afterwards, when there could be no connection between the two events, Pitt bestowed on Auckland the post of Joint Postmaster-General. Finally, in January 1801, there was a breach, which in March became irreparable. Auckland is supposed to have conveyed to the King, through his brother-in-law the Primate, the intelligence of Pitt's projected Catholic policy, and in March he made a speech which in the opinion of Pitt cast doubts on the honour and good faith of the minister in leaving his post. In January, Pitt wrote Auckland a curt note of farewell. After the speech of March he never again spoke to him. The latter continued in office through the Addington Administration, but on Pitt's return to power he dismissed the Postmaster. Auckland himself thought that he had been hardly used, and his son-in-law Buckinghamshire (then Lord Hobart), who was now the husband of Eleanor Eden, wrote that he "could not reflect on his (Pitt's) duplicity and harshness without feelings that it would be impossible to express by any terms which it would be decent to put upon paper." Into that controversy it is needless to enter. Pitt however managed, with the remarkable facility of those days to

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settle an additional pension on Lady Auckland, so that her husband should not suffer in fortune by his deprivation of office. For this favour Auckland wrote a letter of warm and not undignified gratitude, signing himself "ever affectionately and sincerely yours." That was the last of their long correspondence.

And so begins and ends this strange, tender episode—this secret mirage in a long aridity of office. Hints of it were abroad, which will be found, here and there, in the "Auckland Correspondence"; but the facts were probably not known. Pitt, we may be sure, mentioned it to no one. He was himself probably surprised when he realised his situation, and found himself face to face with a position where it was honourably imperative to declare himself on so delicate and painful a point.

It has been noticed that one predisposing motive for Pitt's behaviour may have been that he could not but be aware, from the state of his health, that his life was in serious jeopardy. And so it seems logical and convenient to add to these letters Sir Walter Farquhar's account of Mr. Pitt's health, which Captain Pretyman permits me to do. It will be seen that two years before the Eden episode Sir Walter had found Mr. Pitt in a condition of debility which imperatively called for repose. In the very year of the above-mentioned correspondence with Auckland his health declined still further. Bad as it was, it was only maintained at all by unflinching devotion to his public duties. For Sir Walter tells us that on Pitt's resignation in 1801 his condition changed largely for the worse. His nights were restless and troubled; he vomited almost every morning; he shrank from all nourishment; the very sight of dinner brought on a fit of retching. He himself said with good-humoured irony that he had at last baffled the art of medicine. In this melancholy state he returned to office. While engaged in his desperate struggle, at once with Napoleon and with the House of Commons, "he could retain nothing on his stomach, nor could he sit down to dinner without being sick." It might seem difficult to enhance our admiration for

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his courage and spirit at that juncture, but Sir Walter's account of his illness sensibly raises the estimate of both. The Minister who was grappling with the mightiest of modern conquerors, and, at the head of a meagre and mediocre following, resisting the unholy alliance of all parliamentary forces, was sustaining this unequal combat without the capacity of even seeing food without nausea. In the meantime Farquhar constantly urged on him the vital and obvious necessity for retirement. "But Mr. Pitt's memorable reply was that his country needed his services, and he would rather prefer to die at his post than desert it."

Under these circumstances it did not need the skilled eye of a physician to see that death, at the post of duty, could not long be deferred. Soon after Pitt's summary answer to Farquhar he became overpowered by increasing symptoms of disease and the pressure of public business. He retired to Bath, where he became worse. After the arrival of dispatches the most alarming symptoms, we are told, invariably increased. There seemed no organic mischief, but he was a wreck. "The mind was constantly acting upon a weak frame of body, and exhaustion was the consequence of this sympathetic action. . . . The proceedings," says Sir Walter, "against his friend Lord Melville, and, more recently, the result of the Battle of Austerlitz, produced effects on the health of Mr. Pitt from which he never recovered." From Bath he returned home to Putney. At first there was a flicker of hope. The patient promised to give up business for a time, and there was a consequent improvement. So Farquhar leaves him one day, but returns the next to find him sensibly worse. Pitt avows the truth. "Sir Walter," he says, "I have been compelled to disobey your injunctions—I have done too much. When in conversation with persons upon important business, I felt suddenly as if I had been cut in two." So less than a fortnight after his arrival at Putney, he was dead.

One more personal point may be noticed. In Pitt's latest portraits he is represented with white or at least grey hair.

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This does not seem surprising to us, who are accustomed to see grey hair at an earlier age than Pitt's, under much lighter cares. But it is certain that Pitt's hair was untouched except by the art of the hairdresser. At Orwell there is a lock of it cut off after death. It is soft and brown, but the paper which contains it is full of hair-powder. So that the Minister who taxed that adornment must have continued to wear it to the last.

ROSEBERY.

Most Private.]

"DOWNING STREET: *January* 20, 1797.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Altho' the anxious expectation of public business would at all events have made it difficult for me to leave town during the last ten days, you may perhaps have begun to think that it cannot have been the only reason which has kept me so long from Beckenham. The truth is that I have really felt it impossible to allow myself to yield to the temptation of returning thither without having (as far as might depend upon me) formed a decision on a point which I am sensible has remained in suspense too long already. Having at length done so, I should feel myself inexcusable if (painful as the task is) any consideration prevented me from opening myself to you without reserve. It can hardly, I think, be necessary to say that the time I have passed among your family has led to my forming sentiments of very real attachment towards them all, and of much more than attachment towards one whom I need not name. Nor should I do justice to my own feelings, or explain myself as frankly as I think I ought to do, if I did not own that every hour of my acquaintance with the person to whom you will easily conceive I refer has served to augment and confirm that impression; in short, has convinced me that whoever may have the good fortune ever to be united with her is destined to more than his share of human happiness.

"Whether, at any rate, I could have had any ground to hope that such might have been my lot, I am in no degree

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entitled to guess. I have to reproach myself for having ever indulged the idea on my own part as far as I have done without asking myself carefully and early enough what were the difficulties in the way of its being realised. I have suffered myself to overlook them too long, but, having now at length reflected as fully and as calmly as I am able on every circumstance that ought to come under my consideration (at least as much for her sake as for my own), I am compelled to say that I find the obstacles to it decisive and insurmountable. In thus conveying to you, my dear Lord, what has been passing in my mind, and its painful but unavoidable result, I have felt it impossible to say less. And yet it would be almost a consolation to me to know that even what I have said is superfluous, and that the idea which I have entertained has been confined solely to myself. If this should be the case, I am sure this communication will be buried in silence and oblivion. On any other supposition I know that I but consult the feelings of those who must be most in my thoughts by confiding it to your discretion. And in doing so I have every reason to rely on your prudence and kindness, and on those sentiments of mutual friendship which I hope will not be affected by any change which may at the present moment be unavoidable in what have lately been the habits of our intercourse. For myself, allow me only to add that, separated as I must be for a time from those among whom I have passed many of my happiest moments, the recollection of that period will be long present to my mind. The greatest pleasure and best consolation I can receive will be if I am ever enabled to prove how deep an interest I must always take in whatever may concern them.

"They will not, I am sure, be less dear to me through life than they would have had a right to expect from the nearest and closest connection.

"Believe me, my dear Lord, under all circumstances,

"Ever sincerely and faithfully yours,

"W. PITT."

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Private & in Confidence.]

"EDEN FARM: 21*st Jany.*, ½ *p*ˢ. 4.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"This family would be unworthy of the sentiments expressed in your letter (which in my conscience & honour I think it is not) if a moment's deliberation were necessary to the giving the answer which will present itself to my pen.

"It has been impossible for Lʸ. Aᵈ. & for me not to remark that you entertained the partiality which you describe; and it has been for several weeks the happiest subject of conversation that we have had thro' the course of a very happy life, to consider it in every point of view. We had from an early period every reason to believe that the sentiments formed were *most cordially* mutual: and we saw with delight that they were ripening into an attachment which might lay the foundation of a system of most perfect happiness, for the two persons for whom we were so much concerned.

"And here you will allow me to indulge the feelings both of a father & of a friend. The person you allude to is possessed of a mind the most excellent in all its bearings that I have ever known: that mind has formed itself under my observation: it is good, generous, frank, cheerful & gentle; with a sufficient proportion of cultivation & accomplishments; with strong powers of reasoning, & with acuteness, and with firm principles of a serious kind whenever it is necessary to exert them. How far the external form keeps pace with such endowments is of less essential importance. But certainly she is the fair pride of our lives. Having said so much as a father, I am dispensed from saying anything of you as a friend, because I have already told you that we thought you highly worthy of her.

"Under such impressions, I confess that after the happy week which we all pass'd together, the separation of the last fortnight has been matter of evident regret to us all: tho' little has been said; under a tacit persuasion & confidence among us that from day to day we should know the meaning.

"Your letter is now come; & as I have no thought

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unknown to L^y A^d, she of course perused it with me. After some deliberation on its contents, we thought it fair to the person whom it most immediately concerned to avail ourselves of your implied permission to confide it to her. What she thinks & says of it (to L^y A^d) is exactly what you may conceive from what I have already said.

"We presume that the obstacles alluded to are those of circumstances. (If there are any others we hope you will confide them to us.) I do not mean circumstances of Office & of the Public; they might create a temporary suspension, but could create no permanent difficulty. As to circumstances of fortune, I may be imprudent in the idea, but I cannot think that they ought in such a case to create an hour's interruption in an intercourse essentially sought & loved by us all; still less that they ought to affect the ultimate result, tho' they may impede it. I am sure that the person alluded to has steadiness of mind to wait any indefinite period of Time for that difficulty if possible to be got over. I am sure also that it would be happiness to her, as it has often been to her mother, to share such difficulties, & to endeavour also to lessen them. I only regret that my own position puts it out of my power to remove those difficulties. I have about 2000£ belonging to her from a legacy, & what I owe to the others will not allow me to add much to it.

"I will not follow these small details (I really think them such) any further at present: my present opinion (which always means L^y A^d also) is that you should come to this place as soon as convenient, & especially in the eyes of observers as if nothing had happened. We can talk about the whole at leisure & again & again. At any rate, after what I have said, we shall be most anxious to hear further. Or (if you prefer it) let the persons most concerned express themselves to each other: I see no objection to their doing so. It is a subject of such inconceivable importance I trust to their respective happiness, that I should much lament to leave the decision alone with me. And so, my dear Sir,

"Believe me, sincerely & affectionately yours,

"A^d"

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"The messenger supposes that I detained him because I could not find some papers previous to writing."

Most Private.] "Downing Street, *January 22nd*, 1797.
"2 P.M.

"My dear Lord,

"If I felt much more than I could express in writing to you yesterday you will guess that these feelings are all, if possible, heightened by the nature of your answer. I will not attempt to describe the sense I have of your kindness and Lady Auckland's, much less how much my mind is affected by what you tell me of the sentiments of another person, unhappily too nearly interested in the subject in question. I can only say (but it is saying everything) that that consideration now adds to my unavailing regret as much as under different circumstances it might have contributed to the joy and happiness of my life.

"Indeed, my dear Lord, I did not bring myself to the step I have taken without having, as far as I am able, again and again considered every point which must finally govern my conduct. I should deceive you and every one concerned, as well as myself, if I flattered myself with the hope that such an interval as you suggest would remove the obstacles I have felt, or vary the ground of my opinion.

"It is impossible for me, and would be useless, to state them at large. The circumstances of every man's private and personal situation can often, on various accounts, be fully known and fairly judged of by no one but himself, even where, as in the present case, others may be equally interested in the result. On the present occasion I have had too many temptations in the opposite scale to distrust my own decision. I certainly had to contend with sentiments in my own mind such as must naturally be produced by a near observation of the qualities and endowments you have described, with those of affectionate attachment, of real admiration, and of cordial esteem and confidence.

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"If anything collateral could add strength to those sentiments, they would have derived it (as you know from what I have said already) from every circumstance, with respect to all parts of your family, which could tend to render such a connection dear and valuable to my mind. Believe me, I have not lightly or easily sacrificed my best hopes and earnest wishes to my conviction and judgment. Believe me, also, that further explanation or discussion can answer no good purpose. And let me entreat you to spare me and yourself the pain of urging it further. It could only lead to prolonged suspense and increased anxiety, without the possibility of its producing any ultimate advantage.

"Feeling this impression thus strongly and unalterably on my mind, I have felt it a trying but indispensable duty, for the sake of all who are concerned, to state it (whatever it may cost me to do so) as distinctly and explicitly as I have done. Having done so, I have only to hope that reading this letter will nowhere be attended with half the pain I have felt in writing it.

"I remain, my dear Lord,

"Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

"W. PITT."

Private & in Confidence.]

"EDEN FARM: *Jany. 22d*, 1797.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Till I received your letter this day I still maintained a persuasion that the obstacle in question might have been removed by a meeting, or at the worst that the separation might have been managed among us in some way less painful to those concerned; & less subject also to the Observations & Conjectures of a large circle of respective Friends, as well as of others of a different description, who had imagined that the union alluded to was within extreme probability. As to this last hope, I do not see the remedy; nor any precise line to adopt except that of gradually contradicting the report which

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has too long prevailed, with the delicate attentions due to all concerned. As to other points of nearer anxiety, we must look to the chance that youth, society, & good sense may gradually remove the impressions which we fear may have taken place.

"There is one remaining consideration, which is also a most painful one: the re-establishment of that friendly intercourse which has been in other points of view so pleasant and so valuable to us all. I fear with regard to other parts of the family that time may be necessary for the purpose. As between you & me, I hope you will contrive that we may meet as if this subject of correspondence had never existed & without any reference to it.

"If at any little interval from hence, you should wish to have back your letters & to return mine, you will be the best judge. Yours will be locked up carefully for the present.

"Believe me, My dear Sir,

"Sincerely & most affectionately yours,

"AUCKLAND."

Most Private.]

"HOLLWOOD: *Jany. 23rd*, 1797.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The Language to be held respecting the Reports in Question seems so material that I cannot help troubling you with a few words upon it. It seems to me clearly right only to contradict them gradually and cautiously, as the occasion may present itself, and without seeking one, which could not be done without exciting more observation than will be produced otherwise. As far as I may find it necessary to say anything on the Subject (which will be to a very few persons if any) I should try to let it be understood that nothing was more natural for a variety of reasons, than that I should have been led to pass so much of my time in your Society: that this was of itself enough to give rise to Conjecture: that it was also likely enough that nobody could have been so much in the Company of the Person alluded to, without being in

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some degree struck with her Merits & Accomplishments; but that it was now evident the Report was without any serious Foundation. I wish however to be entirely guided by your Opinion, whether this or any other way of stating it is the best.

"I think I ought not to delay returning you your Letters of yesterday and the day before, which cannot be too soon restored safely to your possession. As to mine, I have no Wish but to leave it entirely to your Option either to keep or return them.

"It will probably be necessary for me to return to Town to-morrow, and I am under an old Engagement to go if possible at the end of the Week, to Lord Cornwallis's in Suffolk, which I am the more bound to do, as he is on the Point of returning to India in consequence of the difficulties which have arisen there. As soon after I come back as possible, I hope you will allow me to propose to you our Meeting either here or in Town.

"Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

"W. Pitt.

"You will I am sure, forgive me, if I cannot help adding that it would be the greatest possible relief to me, to know that the Anxiety of the last two days has been as little distressful in its Consequences, as you could expect."

"Hollwood: *Jany. 23rd, 1797,*
"3 P.M.

"My dear Lord,

"I had sealed and was going to send away my other Letter, when I received from Town yours of last night, and that of this morning.[1] Affecting as the Contents are of the latter, and deeply indeed as I must share the Impression under which it is written, I will own that your continuing to communicate your inward Thoughts with the Confidence which

[1] This letter, in which it is clear that Auckland asks for the Privy Seal, is missing.

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has now so long subsisted between us, is one of the few Gratifications which my mind is capable of receiving. Another and a most essential one indeed would be if I saw my way to an immediate Accomplishment of the Arrangement you point at. As far as I have been able to command my Thoughts, I have been turning it in my mind, at every Leisure Moment during the last Ten Days; but I have not yet been able to find any Expedient by which I can acquit myself towards Mornington, which must be the first Preliminary Step. I will not however abandon the hope that some Mode or other of doing it may e'er long be struck out.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"W. P.

"Your Letter by the Post brought no inclosure. I will not fail to send to D'Ivernois and to expedite poor Dr. Maclean's business. Our Friend the General must certainly come home."

"Eden Farm: *Jany.* 23*rd.* 1797,
"8 P.M.

"My dear Sir,

"I will reply to your two letters in the order in which they were written. I am sure you will wish me to express my genuine sentiments upon them without managements (?) or reserves. Your ideas of the language to be held is consonant to what Lady Auckland carefully observed *previous* to the Christmas recess, not only to friends, but to the person most interested; till, having misconceived the matter, she no longer thought it right to discourage the other from looking seriously to the result. Neither the impression made nor the sentiments formed by others would have been what they unhappily are if nothing had taken place after the Christmas recess.

"I doubt whether you are in any degree aware how much this business has been observed and discussed in societies, correspondences, and newspapers. If I alone were personally

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affected by such observations and discussions, my sex and time of life might authorise me to think them little pertinent, and to leave them to their course. That, however, is far from being the case; nor is it possible for me, consistently with what is too well known, to confine myself (when I must say anything) to the sort of language suggested. You know how much it has been the habit of this family, in the undisguised cheerfulness which did exist in it, to receive all comers of the neighbourhood and others. You know also how regular our system of life is. Yesterday the two of the same name were utterly unable to quit their apartments, or to see friends who, being accustomed to meet them at church, called afterwards to enquire about them. The younger of the two still shows too much by her looks what has passed in her mind to be able to appear to-day; and there are several persons towards whom, notwithstanding the natural strength of her understanding, her feelings will betray themselves at a first meeting.

"Under these circumstances, the language which we purpose to hold to the very few to whom we can bring ourselves to say anything will be to the following effect: 'That we are much obliged to them for the kindness they had expressed on a certain subject, respecting which we had hitherto preserved silence—that we, who know so well the excellent and resembling qualities of both parties concerned, must know that a constant intercourse would not fail to excite sentiments of mutual esteem and admiration, and possibly even of affection; but that these sentiments, whether they have existed or not, *certainly never will* go further: that, being sorry to be convinced of this, we should feel it painful to say more, and we only wish the report to be discouraged, with all the delicate attention due to all concerned. I have actually written nearly in the above words to the Archbishop, to Mr. Halsett, and to one of my brothers; Lady A^{d}. has done the same to Lady Will^{by} and to Lady Catherine Douglas. I must also write to Mr. Beresford, and a little more particularly to Morton Eden, and possibly there are at most two or three others (such as the

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Duke of Marl[h]) to whom it may be necessary for us to write. As to *all* conversations on the subject, I am not likely to be exposed to them, and at any rate shall decline them.

"I return your papers enclosed.

"I now come to your other letter of this afternoon. You express very forcibly what I wished to say respecting the immediate accomplishment of the arrangement pointed at in my letter when you say that 'It is indeed a most essential object.' When I told you how essential it was to me and still more to mine to have as soon as possible an ostensible & honourable pretext for throwing ourselves once more into the full tide of courts and of London society, and of weaning ourselves for a time from a place in which every idea for a time is poisoned respecting all our objects and projects of amusement.[1]

"I certainly did not say all.[1] It is most important for all our sakes to shew to the Public what I am sure will be true in fact, tho' subject to severe difficulties in practice that there remains an undiminished friendship between us two at least: and that a pleasant intercourse may in time be revived between our families, tho' suspended for the moment certainly with great abruptness.

"These last ideas passed through my mind this morning, tho' I did not state them; they escaped me in writing. And I own to you that admitting the full pretensions of Lord Morn[n] and any possible engagement, I cannot see that he would or could for one moment resist your stating to him that it would be peculiarly convenient to you to dispose immediately of the Privy Seal. The keeping it open is of no more use than a vacant bishopric to him. And even if it could have produced an office for him it would not have given him any rank (he is already of the Privy Council), nor any emolument worth a thought when opposed to the serious request to which he must know circumstances have called you. (?) In short, let the pretension & the purpose be put into opposite scales—there will

[1] This is exactly the way in which these sentences are written.

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be opportunities abundant of ample compensation to the other.

"To me and to mine it is essential *now*, and without emolument or advantage or the cabinet, as I said this morning. It would not perhaps be too much to add that if deferred now it ought never to be renewed.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

"A^P."

Sir W. Farquhar first attended Mr. Pitt in the year 1795.

"I found him," he says, "in a state of general debility—the functions of the stomach greatly impaired & the Bowels very irregular—much of which I attributed to the excess of public business & the unremitting attention upon subjects of anxiety and interest.

"I thought myself called upon to urge the necessity of some relaxation from the arduous Duties of Office, in order to regain strength & afford the natural functions time & opportunity to rally. This Mr. Pitt stated to be impossible. There appeared at this time to be little or no constitutional mischief done, but the symptoms of debility with a gouty tendency, which Dr. Addington (as Mr. Pitt mentioned to me) had always remarked from his infancy, were likely to become formidable if neglected.

"In subsequent stages of my attendance during several years, I invariably & more urgently pressed the necessity of some relaxation from business, as I uniformly found a considerable accession of unpleasant symptoms in the Constitution from mental anxiety upon public affairs. All that I could do under such circumstances was to direct my attention to the stomach and bowels, & to strengthen & aid them by gentle bitters & mild medicines.

"For some years the health of Mr. Pitt was variable, & much affected by the change of seasons & of situation, but by

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great management & rigid attention to diet, he was generally relieved.

"Retiring from public business in the year 1801, whether owing to the particular state of the mind on the sudden change of habits & employments cannot be exactly ascertained, his stomach became more seriously affected, & after restless nights he was seized with vomitings almost every morning. The dislike to all kinds of nourishment encreased; a spare breakfast was made; & the sight of dinner always brought on Retching, —consequently the weakened Constitution received no support. Having devoted my attention chiefly to his diet, & employed the most approved remedies without effect, I recommended him to try the effect of sea air at Walmer Castle. The success was not equal to my expectations, even aided by a steady perseverance in the Stomach Medicines. In a Letter from him dated in Sept[r] 1802 at Walmer, he complained of severe morning sickness, & absolute dislike to all food, with all the unpleasant Symptoms of aggravated debility. In consequence of this Letter I went down to Walmer, & remained there for a Week. I found the Stomach rejecting everything, & the bowels obstinately refusing their office—the nerves seriously affected—the habit wasted—& the whole system deranged. These distressing and discouraging Symptoms continuing for some days unabated in spite of the most powerful remedies, Mr Pitt expressed himself with his usual good humour, that he believed he had at last baffled the art of Medicine, and that the Expedients to rescue him were at an end. Every argument was used to convince him of the contrary, & to encourage hope. I observed that such nervous feelings often yielded to very gentle means. A tepid Bath was ordered, & afterwards a volatile feetid Night Draught. I then retired, under his promise to send for me in the event of any change during the night. In less than an hour a Servant came into my room to say that his Master felt himself wonderfully relieved, & wished to see me. I returned to his Chamber, where I found him in high Spirits at the sudden and surprizing effect produced upon him. From

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this time, the severe & threatening Symptoms gave way, & the Stomach recovered in some degree its powers. I had previously, from a natural anxiety for my Patient, sent an Express for Dr Reynolds who was at Ramsgate, & who arrived at 5 in the Morning, to witness the extraordinary change. A mild & restorative Plan was ordered in Consultation, which succeeded, & was apparently followed by progressive amendment which continued for some time.

"On the 9th of Feb^{y} 1803 I received a Letter from Walmer, informing me that he had suffered severely from a bilious attack, which however had yielded to the Prescriptions of Mr Hulke the Apothecary at Deal, but he added the Gout had made its appearance in one of his Feet. No decided or continued Fit of the Gout followed, & Mr Pitt remained nearly in the same weakened state. Upon his return to Town some months afterwards, political Events again involved him in care, fatigue, & anxiety, which brought on a renewal of the former unpleasant Symptoms. He could retain nothing on his Stomach, nor could he sit down to dinner without being sick. It was evident to me that these debilitating Feelings were considerably encreased by the long & constant attendance in the House of Commons, & still more aggravated by the lateness & irregularity of the hour of dinner. I therefore suggested the indispensable necessity of guarding against such fasting, by having every day at 2 o'clock a hot Luncheon with 1 or 2 glasses of good brisk Ale. Mr Pitt first objected strongly to this, but particularly to the Ale, as his old & valued Friend Dr Addington had constantly forbidden his taking it, —however with his usual good nature he consented to make the trial. This Plan which was adopted and adhered to with great regularity produced the most beneficial effect, & enabled him to go through his Parliamentary Duties with comparative ease & comfort to himself.

"Every public event of importance which crowded on Mr Pitt's mind from that period until the Autumn of 1805 produced a corresponding effect upon the body, & I felt it my

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duty frequently to urge the necessity of his retiring from public business altogether, but Mr Pitt's memorable reply was, that his Country needed his Services, & he would rather prefer to die at his Post, than desert it.

"In the months of Oct^{r} & Nov^{r} 1805 he suffered much from an Increase of his usual pains in the Stomach & in the Head—the loss of Appetite, with the addition of flying pains in his feet & limbs. I recommended a trial of the Bath Waters which had formerly been used (about two years ago) & found to be of service to him; but he would not leave Town where anxious business detained him. At this period indeed, with the encreasing Symptoms of disease, an accumulation of public business appeared to overpower him,—still by following up the Plan generally resorted to, the gentle bitters with Rhubarb & Magnesia, he again rallied, but only for a short time. The Sensations of Gout recurred, & in December at length I prevailed upon him to go to Bath, there being about 6 weeks before the Meeting of Parliament. Upon Mr Pitt's arrival at Bath, he took the usual dose of Magnesia, as a preparation for the Waters, being anxious to lose no time. Finding himself free from all fever & heat he began under the advice of his medical attendant at Bath Mr Crook with one Glass of the Waters—on the succeeding day ventured upon two Glasses, & so on for 3 days, when he was attacked by a Fit of the Gout in the Ball of the Foot—the spot most desirable for it to fix in. It was what medical men call perfectly regular. Heat & Swelling throughout the Foot succeeded and completely confined him. The Bath Waters were given up, and the constitutional Health attended to. He wrote frequently during this time to me, & stated his conviction that this fit of the Gout would be of infinite service to him. About the 20th of December the fit was nearly over, tenderness remaining, and he was very anxious to resume the Waters. He did so in the gentlest doses about the 25th of December, & continued them for 3 or 4 days, when he again began to feel some gouty sensations in the Ball of his left Foot, which made him rather

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lame. Upon the 1st of Jan^{y} he wrote to me, expressing his fears that this attack might prevent his attendance in Parl^{t} so much benefitted as he had before hoped. On the 2nd of Jan^{y} I returned him an answer, regretting the slow progress he had made, & offering to go down immediately to Bath. On the same day he had again written a Letter which crossed mine on the road, expressing his own wishes to the same effect. This I rec^{d} on the 3rd, & in the course of the day left Town for Bath. I arrived upon the 4th, & found upon my arrival that Mr Pitt had gone out an airing. I waited his return at ½ past 8, and was very much shocked at his appearance. He was much emaciated, very weak, feeble, & low. The Gout was then in the left Toe. He attempted to join the Dinner Table, which at length he did with great difficulty. He eat very little, but drank some Madeira & Water, as had been his usual custom. I met Mr Crook who had been in attendance upon him, & received from him the account of all his proceedings. The Waters were given up, & 5 grains of Rhubarb were that night added to his absorbent Draught, with 30 drops of Paragoric Elixir. He had a better night, & upon the whole passed a tolerable day on the 5th. Dr Haygarth saw him upon this day, & agreed with me to continue the absorbent Draughts, with infusion of Cascarilla. Upon the succeeding day, the Symptoms of Gout in the left Foot were declining very fast. As the Stomach & Bowels appeared to be much disordered, it was agreed again to add Rhubarb to the absorbent night Draught, & to begin the next day Asses Milk, which had always been of service to him. The object of consideration now was to determine whether it was advisable for Mr Pitt to remain at Bath, to give a fresh trial to the Waters, or to change the air, & return by slow Journies to Town or its neighbourhood. Dr Falconer was therefore called into consultation, & that Gentleman & Dr Haygarth concurred in opinion with me, that even if the Waters had power to throw out more Gout, in the state of debility in which Mr Pitt then was, it ought not to be thought of. The Plan for changing the air & journeying slowly towards London was after due

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deliberation deemed the most adviseable. Indeed his own anxiety for the measure would have rendered it absolutely expedient. It is necessary to observe that his appearance at this time was that of a man much worn out. One day his eyes were almost lifeless, & another his voice hollow & weak, while his pulse was remarkably weak, and generally from 100 to 120. After the arrival of Dispatches these Symptoms were always considerably encreased. It was remarkable however that when in bed the Pulse ranged from 70 to 84 with a soft skin & without heat. These circumstances I thought it proper that Drs Haygarth & Folconer should witness, which they did, & took the opportunity also of feeling the Stomach and Bowels very particularly; and they certainly afforded Mr Pitt much comfort by the assurance that they could discover no organic mischief. He indeed appeared better, so that the journey was determined upon for the next day; but as his Stomach would take no sort of food it was agreed to give him an egg beat up with a tea spoonfull of Brandy, two or three times a day, & this was the only nutriment that would settle quietly.

"I left Bath with Mr Pitt on Thursday the 9th Jan^{y} about 2 o'clock, & it was arranged to take 5 days to reach Salthill. Upon our arrival at Chippenham however, although every precaution had been taken to secure proper accommodation, & he had fixed the stage, he was so dissatisfied with the House that finding himself better from the journey, he resolved to proceed to Marlborough where he arrived about 8 o'clock, and spoke satisfactorily as to his sensations. That night he took some Veal Jelly with relish & with two small desert Spoonfulls of Brandy with seven times as much water. Sir Sydney Smyth arrived at the Inn that night & requested earnestly to see Mr Pitt. This could not be granted, but he was promised an interview the next morning, if Mr. Pitt should be well enough to admit him. A good night followed the first day's Journey, & on Friday Morning he awoke with a calm good Pulse & a cool soft Skin. He took his Egg, & afterwards some Coffee, & saw Sir Sydney Smyth. The journey was again resumed, Mr Pitt

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having walked to the Carriage leaning upon Captain Stanhope's arm (who accompanied him) & saying he felt himself infinitely better. It was agreed that he should stop at Newbury, if he should feel himself at all fatigued. So far from this being the case he appeared to improve as he advanced, & we reached Reading before seven in the Evening, where he passed a good night, & started on Saturday Morning for Salt Hill. He arrived there about 3 o'clock, & after resting 2 hours set off for his House at Putney Heath, which he reached soon after 7. He was in tolerable spirits, & certainly appeared to have benefitted by the Journey. After some serious conversation with him, I most earnestly requested that there should be a consultation upon the subject of his health, as I could not rest satisfied without having the concurring opinion of some of the most eminent Physicians of London. After some hesitation, he, with his usual kindness to me consented & Drs Baillie & Reynolds were in consequence called in & a meeting took place on Sunday Morning the 12th, when, after a most minute examination of the case, the opinion of the Bath consultation was confirmed, as to the non-appearance of any organic mischief, & a Plan was agreed upon for Mr Pitt to pursue.

"It is in Justice to myself that I feel called upon to state that I most earnestly entreated Mr Pitt to remain at Salthill, instead of proceeding to his own House, from the apprehension of the business in which he might be involved by his proximity to London. I again repeated my conviction of the indispensable necessity there was of Mr Pitt's retiring from Public Life, at least for a time. He was determined upon this point, & declared his resolution of proceeding & submitting to the consequences, whatever they might be.

"Upon our arrival at Putney, I at length prevailed so far as to induce Mr Pitt to give me a pledge that he would open no Letters, & attend to no business. I then proposed, knowing the anxious state of his mind, that the Bishop of Lincoln should be requested to undertake the office of opening Letters, and answering generally such as required it. To this also

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Mr Pitt assented, & I proceeded immediately to the Bishop of London's at Fulham where the B^p of Lincoln was, & communicated the request to his Lordship who most cheerfully complied with it.

"After the consultation on Sunday with Drs Reynolds & Baillie, when a plan of proceeding was arranged by them with me, it was further agreed that I should make a report of the Results on Wednesday to them at my house in Conduit Street.

"On Sunday Mr Pitt continued so well, that he took an airing in his Carriage, & expressed himself much satisfied with his amendment. I remained that night at Putney. On Monday appearances were equally favourable, & I left Putney after repeated assurances from him that he would attend to no business, with a greater degree of satisfaction than I had experienced for some time past. I did not return to Putney till Tuesday afternoon, when all my anxiety & apprehensions were renewed by finding my Patient much worse—he complained of his sensations. I hoped it might be some slight accession from cold, & not immediately connected with his complaints—but his account of himself soon convinced me that it was of a more serious nature. 'Sir Walter,' said he, 'I have been compelled to disobey your injunctions—I have done too much. When in conversation with persons upon important business, I felt suddenly as if I had been cut in two.'

"From this period, the 14th of Jan^y, the Symptoms became truly & immediately alarming. I took up my residence at Putney Heath, & summoned Drs Reynolds & Baillie to join me on the following morning, & to continue in daily attendance.

"The debilitated state in which Mr Pitt then was, the low Fever which attacked him & encreased rapidly, & the impossibility of sustaining Nature during its progress soon convinced his medical attendants that the case was beyond the reach of medical Skill. He rapidly sunk under the influence of the

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Fever, & Thursday the 23rd of Jan^{y} 1806 closed the career of one of the best & greatest men that ever lived.

"The very early period in which Mr Pitt engaged in Public Affairs certainly tended to stretch Nature beyond her accustomed limits, & he wanted Constitutional Stamina to support him through the trying scenes of political Life. The mind was constantly acting upon a weak frame of body, & exhaustion was the consequence of this sympathetic action. During the 11 years of my attendance upon this Great Man, I uniformly remarked this evident Fact, & the Proceedings against his Friend Lord Melville, and more recently the result of the Battle of Austerlitz produced effects upon the health of Mr Pitt from which he never recovered.

"The early habit of the too free use of Wine operated unquestionably to weaken the Powers of the Stomach, & thereby to impede its natural & salutary Functions, on which the vigor of the Constitution depends. I therefore recommended dilution with water, which appeared for a time to be attended with good effects; but debility was perpetually calling for new aids & new props, which gave only temporary relief, & at last lost their efficacy.

"In such a state of things, aggravated by a constitutional tendency to Gout, it was impossible to oppose the accession & progress of any new disease; and when after his return from Bath, Mr Pitt was attacked by a low Fever, there was no power or stamina within capable of resisting it, & he naturally sunk under its force in a few days.

"Lord Liverpool, in returning the above statement 21 Jan^{y} 1816, says: 'It may be material however to observe that Mr Pitt had a regular Fit of the Gout in the year 1789, when he was about 30. And I have understood from those who saw most of him that the first visible effect of Public Affairs upon his Health was in the Autumn of 1793 after the retreat of the British Army from before Dunkirk. It is a singular circumstance that I never saw any Public Man who appeared so little desponding or who bore up so firmly against misfortunes. He

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had particularly the faculty of laying his cares aside, of amusing himself with an idle book, or a comparatively trivial conversation, at the time he was engaged in the most important business, & I have heard him say that no anxiety nor calamity had ever seriously affected his sleep. I am however fully persuaded that the public misfortune which he was doomed to witness had the most sensible effect in undermining his Constitution & in closing his career so prematurely.

"'I doubt very much whether Retirement would have materially prolonged his Life—that is Retirement attended by the contemplation of the misfortunes of his Country, & of the want of the success of those exertions which he was entitled to suppose might have led to a very different result. If he had fortunately lived to this day, the case would have been very different, & he might have quitted office with the natural hope of passing some years in a reasonable state of health & comfort.'"

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FIELD GUNS

IN those blank mid-winter days when South African misfortunes had ceased to surprise us, and when the announcement of some fresh catastrophe was morning by morning expected as an unpalatable breakfast-dish, we were accustomed to hear much of the inferiority of our field guns. It was a fashionable topic for the embroidery of newspaper correspondents. British "reverses" (an ingenuous *meiosis;* for our enemies' mishaps were always plain defeats or routs) had to be accounted for on any supposition other than the incapacity of our leaders; and the correspondent found the inferiority of the field guns a convenient means of explaining facts otherwise inexplicable.

Lord Roberts' masterful and consistent success has modified our views, and led us to think that it was not the material perhaps that was so much at fault. The "outranging" of our guns has dropped out of the journalists' jargon, and victory has restored our spirits as quickly as the mystic teaspoonful of vinegar revived the lyddite-stifled Boers. But even the "havoc" wrought by lyddite in head-lines; even the smuggling into Ladysmith of two 4·7-in. guns with a few rounds of ammunition, which gave our seamen an opportunity for that theatrical display on shore, so dear to the heart of navy and nation; even all this should not be allowed to obscure the vital question of the efficiency of our guns.

Correspondents are not artillerists, they are indeed, as a rule, technically ignorant; but in their complaints as to the

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superiority of the enemy's guns, we are not inclined to accuse them of wilful exaggeration. Their powers in that direction are generally consecrated to occasions of British prowess, not of British disaster; and there can be little doubt that Boer shells did fall, and occasionally burst, in our camps while our guns were unable to reply. It has not been established, however, that such shells came from field guns, and now that we have learnt with what facility the Boers can bring large artillery into action, it is reasonable to suppose that many of these long-range projectiles were fired from pieces of considerable power.

At the outbreak of the South African war our field material—in common with that of the great Continental Powers—was divided into two classes: field guns and howitzers. The field guns have a calibre of about 8 in., fire principally shrapnel shell with medium velocity, and produce their best effects when attacking troops in the open. The howitzers are very short guns of a much larger calibre, and fire a powerful high explosive shell with low velocity and a curved trajectory, for the purpose of dislodging troops under the cover of an intrenched position. The adoption of these howitzers for field purposes was a direct outcome of the bitter experience of the Russians before Plevna in 1877; an experience by which the rest of Europe was not slow to profit, though the lesson had apparently been previously learnt and forgotten, for each battery of English Horse Artillery in the Peninsula had a howitzer attached to it.

Before the war was very far advanced an entirely new element was introduced into the field in the larger calibre guns of 4·7 in. and even 6 in. The great advantages of such guns had always been sufficiently obvious, but except where railway transport could be arranged the weight of the piece and its ammunition had been considered prohibitive. The 4·7-in. gun, for instance, of which so much has recently been heard, weighs (without its carriage or ammunition) 41 cwt.; or more than the total weight behind traces of an ordinary field gun, carriage, and

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equipment. Then there is a gun-metal cradle in which the gun rests, weighing about 15 cwt. more; and this is attached to the field carriage, which in turn weighs some 20 cwt. Thus gun and carriage would entail the transport of at least 4 tons, over all kinds of roads. Then, again, the weight of the ammunition is a very serious item. Each shell for a 4·7-in. gun weighs 45 lbs., and the metal cartridge-case, with its charge, adds 15 lbs.; so that a single complete round amounts to 60 lbs., and a hundred rounds to 2¾ tons. A 6-in. gun and carriage weigh 10 tons, and a hundred rounds complete for its service 6 tons more.

These are figures that had staggered artillerists up to the outbreak of hostilities, but the Boers taught us that the difficulties involved in handling such guns could be overcome on bad roads, or no roads at all, even with bullock draught. When this lesson had been properly laid to heart, we sent out to South Africa a number of 5-in. 50-pr. B.L. guns which had been superseded from the Navy and were lying in store. These guns, mounted on obsolete 40-pr. carriages, were so successful in the campaign that there is little doubt that a gun of approximately this calibre, of medium weight but high velocity, will be added, in the near future, to all field-artillery equipments.

There are, therefore, three distinct types of artillery which have been made use of during the present war—the field gun for medium range and direct fire, the howitzer for short range and dropping fire, and the large calibre gun for long-range work. These types will certainly come again to the fore in any future wars; but as no question has been raised as to the efficiency of our howitzers or large-calibre guns, it may be convenient to postpone any discussion of them. We may also omit from our present consideration the small automatic guns (christened Pom-poms), for although their moral effect when new to our troops was great at first, it soon wore off; and, except once, they seem to have done little real execution on either side. The occasion referred to is, of course, Spion Kop, where these

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one-pounders, firing at times twenty to twenty-five rounds in as many seconds, considerably upset the *morale* of some of our best troops. But the conditions were in favour of the shell, the men being entirely without cover, and the bare rock increasing the destructive effect of the burst. Had the ground been soft the case would have been different, as experience has since shown; the loss under such conditions being quite insignificant, even in the open.

Confining, therefore, our attention for the present to the field gun, on which, after all, the brunt of the work in any campaign must fall, we shall find that its efficiency depends upon three main factors—mobility, rapidity of fire, and velocity of projectile. We have arranged these points alphabetically, and not in any fancied order of importance, for different authorities appraise their value quite differently. And here it must be said that in artillery, as in most other things, perfection is unattainable: if special prominence is given to any one of these three qualities, it must be at the expense of the others, and a successful field gun must be built on a system of compromises.

As regards mobility. It has been established by long experience that six horses (three pairs) are the greatest number which can be used conveniently and economically for dragging carriages about. Two horses pulling at a cart do not do twice as much work as one horse alone, and as the number is increased the less work per horse is obtained. The team fixed upon in all European armies is six, and no artillery officer would care to have either more or less. In this point, therefore, we are in full accord with the practice of our neighbours; and in so far as the strength of the animals (a very important point) is concerned, English horses are commonly supposed to have an advantage over others.

It is evident that the less weight behind a team the faster it can gallop when occasion requires, and the better can it negotiate bad country in general. The weight behind the horses of the latest-type quick-firing gun in the French service

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is approximately 34 cwt., and in the case of the corresponding German gun 33 cwt. The French artillery carries three gunners on the limber-boxes, adding, say, 4·5 cwt.; and the Germans carry five men, adding, say, 7 cwt.; so that the weight behind the traces cannot in either case be much less than 39 cwt.

Now, our present old-type 15-pr. (which is the service gun in South Africa) weighs, without its gunners, 41 cwt., and with four men, say, 47 cwt. But every effort has recently been made in England to reduce the weight behind the team to 30 cwt. for horse artillery, so that it may co-operate with cavalry, and to 35 cwt. (without the detachment) for field artillery, which is seldom called upon to move at higher speed than a trot. In our new-type 15-pr. the total weight behind the traces will be some 42 cwt., including a detachment of four men mounted on the axletree boxes and limber boxes.

With regard to weight, then, and mobility as far as it is affected by weight, it may be said that while our present gun, with its 47 cwt. against the French and German 39 cwt., is manifestly inferior, our new gun of 42 cwt. will be abreast of the times. This new gun is being manufactured, and will, no doubt, be introduced into the service, with the conventional mixture of ill-considered haste and exasperating delay. Of course, the wholesale sacrifice of material involved in a change of field equipment is a serious matter. The methodic and Straffordian thoroughness of the German mind faced the problem three years ago; every field equipment throughout their service was changed, and the new Krupps with their effective decoration, and the *ultima ratio regis* for a motto, were served out as liberally as bootlaces. But to such a course we could not harden our hearts, though our guns number perhaps only one-fifth of the German; and so, at the beginning of the South African affair, we were treated to the edifying spectacle of the English War Office scavenging Europe for any material it could pick up. Fortunately for our *amour propre*, some of the great Continental makers could not, and

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others would not, supply our demands; but an order for 18 batteries, or 108 guns, has actually been placed by our War Office with an unknown German firm, called the Rheinische Metallwaaren Fabrik! "It is not an open enemy" as the Psalmist says, "that has done us this dishonour." It is not Krupp, "for then we might have borne it," and reflected that if we must go to Germany for guns, we were at least going to a world maker, and should get as good material as could be had. It is nothing of the kind. These subterranean orders have been given to a firm that has never made a field gun, or any other gun, for any power on earth; and invitations, we are told, are being issued by the makers to foreign officers to inspect at Düsseldorf the field-guns that Germany is supplying to England; when all other countries are making it a matter of life and death jealously to preserve the secrets of their *matériel*. Criticisms such as these will, no doubt, be met by the specious argument of English manufacturers being unable to respond to a sudden crisis. We do not believe it. Mr. Goschen has recently repeated the same old story, in the House of Commons, apropos of the insufficiency of English shipbuilding resources, and some very pertinent questions have shown how far such statements could be relied upon; but we would go farther and say these "crises" are not heaven-sent things; they should never be allowed to occur.

Returning to our new equipment: there are other conditions beside weight that affect mobility; such, for instance, as the length of the wheel base, the angle at which the limber can be turned in relation to the trail of the carriage (called technically the angle of lock), and the height of the wheel.

The length of the wheel base and angle of lock together control the radius in which the carriage can turn. In the English carriage the trail is shorter than the German, and much shorter than the French. The French carriage has an exceptionally long trail, which gives an advantage in firing by minimising the jump, but a correspondingly impaired mobility. The angle of lock is approximately the same in the French,

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German, and English services, so that our shorter trail ought to give us some increase in mobility.

With regard to the wheels, our authorities adhere to the 5-ft. diameter; while Continental practice in general prefers a 4-ft. wheel. The arguments for the high wheel, are that it gives greater ease of movement on medium ground, keeps clear of larger obstacles, such as small boulders or big ant-hills on bad ground, and gives better "command." Against this it may be said that any increased ease of movement on fair ground can be but very slight; and that "command" must depend on the relative positions of gun and objective far more than on the height of the carriage. Of course the greater the height of the gun above the ground the greater theoretically is its "command"; but in practice, gun positions have constantly to be chosen in valleys, while the enemy are on heights, and a few inches difference in the height of the gun axis cannot, under such circumstances, be of much importance. As regards clearing boulders and ant-hills, it is probable that few officers would attempt operations at all on ground where such obstacles were Brobdingnagian enough to foul a 4-ft. wheel. No one would gallop his batteries over the "grave-yard" at Okehampton, where so many a gallant 5-ft. wheel has been reduced to a bundle of sticks.

The 4-ft. wheel is much lighter, is stronger, gives greater steadiness in firing or admits of a narrower wheel-track; and finally is much less conspicuous, especially if the men be made to kneel while laying the gun, as in our mountain artillery and the German field artillery. There is little doubt it is a better size; but prejudice dies hard, and we go on making our 5-ft. wheels.

Turning from mobility to the second point, rapidity of fire; we shall find that the number of rounds that can be got out of a gun in a given time depends principally upon the means adopted for controlling the recoil, the method of closing the breech, and the form of ammunition used. There are six guns in every battery, and under ordinary circumstances each gun

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would fire once a minute or once in ninety seconds. Thus, in action, the whole battery would discharge four or six shots per minute. This battery-fire could be increased with our old pattern guns to perhaps twelve rounds in the minute, but only at the cost of severe labour on the part of the detachments, who would have to run the guns up into position after each recoil. But there are occasions, however infrequent, such as the repulse of a cavalry charge, when it might become of vital importance to materially quicken the rate of fire. If any greater rapidity is to be obtained, however, it is necessary to prevent the carriage from recoiling, or at least to return it automatically to position after firing, so as to dispense with "running up," which is the heaviest part of the work. To obtain absence of recoil, different makers have tried different devices; but without entering into unnecessary technical detail, we may divide field carriages (as regards the means adopted for checking recoil) into two groups: those in which the gun in its recoil takes the whole carriage back with it; and those in which the carriage remains stationary, while the gun recoils separately in a special gun-metal or steel slide (technically known as "the cradle"), and expends its energy in displacing liquid, and at the same time compressing either a strong spring or air, in the buffer cylinder, instead of forcing back the carriage.

The weight of the gun and carriage are important factors in the question of recoil; and where gun and carriage form, as it were, a rigid piece, recoiling together in one mass, they admit of being made lighter than in the system which allows the gun to recoil while the carriage remains fixed. The velocity of the recoiling mass is in fact inversely proportional to its weight; and the lighter the "system" the greater will be the velocity with which it recoils. Supposing, for instance, that a gun and carriage weigh together 2000 lbs. and recoil together at a joint velocity of 17 feet per second; if the same gun is allowed to recoil alone, it will move at a velocity of 88 feet per second, taking its weight at 900 lbs.; or at 48 feet per second if it weighs only 780 lbs. To those unacquainted

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with such problems this may appear a small matter, but in reality it is the key to the whole question of recoil; for the product of the mass by its velocity gives us the force of the recoiling body; and its energy, which is proportional to the square of the velocity, has to be absorbed before it is brought to rest. The force in each case is, of course, the same, but the energy is very different. Thus with gun and carriage recoiling together the energy is 4 foot tons; with the 900 lbs. gun recoiling alone it is 9 foot tons; and with the 780 lbs. gun it is 10 foot tons; so that we see that for ease of checking recoil the recoiling weight should be made as heavy as possible.

But here compromise steps in, and we find advantage and disadvantage balancing one another. If gun and carriage recoil in one mass the energy is more easily controlled, but, on the other hand, the detachment have to keep clear in order to avoid being injured by the moving carriage. With the gun only recoiling, the difficulty of controlling the energy is greater; but the gunners need not keep clear of the carriage, because it does not recoil; and firing can consequently proceed with greater rapidity. Indeed, with some systems, it is possible for two men to sit on the trail while the gun is fired, and thus help to keep the carriage from moving; but whether any men would consent to sit as mere make-weights in the heat of battle has not yet been proved.

If carriage and gun recoil together, the maximum rapidity of fire which can be obtained from a quick-firing gun is eight rounds per minute, and many competent judges put it as low as five; but the carriage is simple and requires no attention.

If the gun recoils apart from the carriage the mounting is more complicated, and requires a certain amount of skilled attention; but the rapidity of fire is much greater, perhaps from twenty to twenty-five rounds per minute. The real tactical value of this rapidity in action must remain doubtful, until we have a much wider experience to guide us; and unless such fire was carefully controlled the ammunition-boxes might be emptied in a few minutes and the gun stripped of every round. We shall

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touch a little later on the question of the supply of ammunition in the field; but, as illustrating the requirements of a modern action, it is stated that one of the Boer Krupp 7·5 cm. guns fired no less than 454 rounds at Spion Kop, while the greatest number fired by a single German gun in any of the battles of 1870 was only 230, and the average number was under 100.

In our service that system has been adopted which allows gun and carriage to recoil together. The simpler a carriage is, say our officers, the less likely it is to be out of order on the day it is wanted. It may be true, yet what straining at a gnat, when the camel of the complicated 5-in. howitzer carriage is readily swallowed, cylinders within cylinders, compared with which the 4·7-in. naval mounting sent to Ladysmith is simplicity itself. But at any rate we are in good company in our decision; for the Germans (in their present type at least, though it is said that they have decided again to change their whole equipment, and to adopt the system which allows the gun to recoil separately) and Austrians both use a carriage which recoils with the gun, and in neither of these services can the rounds fired per minute be more than eight. If all shots are aimed, five rounds per minute will probably be a more practical estimate. Time (as we have said) has yet to show whether this rate is sufficiently rapid; meanwhile, it may be noted that some of those who have seen most artillery work in the African war consider the rate of fire, even of the present old type of gun, amply sufficient.

In the new English equipment, and in many of the field-carriages sent out to Africa, the recoil of the carriage is checked by a "spade" hinged under the axle-tree and attached to the trail by a spring. Under suitable conditions this spade can be dug into the ground and controls the recoil; but it has not proved wholly satisfactory, and in certain positions cannot be used at all. The Danish Government adopted this expedient in 1896, and the Germans have an inelastic plough hinged to the end of the trail. But it is expressly laid down in their drill-books that this plough is not to be used except under

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special orders, and its effectiveness may therefore be considered doubtful.

The French, on the other hand, use a carriage which allows the gun to recoil independently, and the Russians are introducing a practically similar type, to replace their present carriage which recoils with the gun. In these methods the carriage remains stationary, and the gun, after firing each round, returns to its original position, or requires very slight adjustment to bring it on the target again. The French claim that, without fatiguing the detachment, they can easily fire sixteen aimed rounds per minute, or twenty to twenty-five unaimed rounds. The future Russian carriage controls the recoil of the gun by hydraulic buffer and spring, while the French are understood to employ the hydro-pneumatic cylinder. With a characteristic love of mystery they have, it is said, shut up the brake apparatus in an inviolable steel case, nor are their own artillery officers to be trusted with the secret. If a carriage gets out of order, *tant pis;* it must be sent back to Belfort for repair; but better so than that the enemy should become possessed of such a masterly invention.

As regards the breech mechanism and the ammunition used, both French and German services rely for obturation (that is, the preventing of the escape of gas at the breech) on metal cartridge-cases, which contain the firing-charge, and into which the projectile is sometimes fixed, exactly as in the cartridge-case of the military rifle. In England the cartridge-case is not used with field guns, obturation being obtained by a system known as the De Bange pad. This very ingenious arrangement was the invention of a French officer, and acts on the same lines as the corks of certain pickle-bottles, in which an india-rubber pad or cushion is compressed until it makes the neck of the bottle air-tight. Thus the De Bange pad, made of a mixture of tallow and asbestos-fibre, is compressed between the breech-block and a heavy steel mushroom-head by the force of the explosion, so that it bulges out and "corks" the breech end of the gun.

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Now, so far as absolute rapidity of fire goes, the brass cartridge has the advantage, though the operation of loading, even without a cartridge-case, becomes so mechanical that, with a well-drilled detachment, there is only a question of a second per round between the two methods. On a "polygon," or manufacturer's show firing-ground, that second per round is important enough, and a gun is considered mediocre if it only fires, say, sixteen rounds per minute against twenty of another gun; but in action there is little in it, and the brass cartridge has substantial disadvantages. (1) Each case weighs two pounds, and this curtails the number of rounds carried. (2) The cases are liable to damage, and have to be fitted into special baskets or carriers, which again add to the weight. (3) The gun detachment is worried by the cases as they are flung out by the ejector. (4) There is the rather academic objection that the empty cases lying about may be dangerous to the horses.

The saving of weight by not using cartridge-cases enables us, with our 15-pr. equipment, to carry forty-six rounds of ammunition as against the German thirty-six; and, though it is quite possible to imagine situations where rapidity of fire might be the decisive factor, no artillery commander would hesitate for a moment to set a far higher value on an adequate supply of ammunition than on a possible gain of a second per round in firing. Whether for good or evil, this country stands alone in this opinion, for, so far as we know, no other Power has adopted the De Bange system in their latest model of field artillery. All of them retain the cartridge-case, but we are inclined to think that in this matter England has chosen the better part.

We may now consider the initial velocity given to the projectile by our own and other field guns—a most important and difficult subject. Without going into theoretical considerations, it may be useful to remember that: (1) Other conditions being equal, the gun with the highest velocity has the longest range. (2) Other conditions being equal, the

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higher the elevation given to the gun at firing, the longer the range. (We are not taking into account the case when an elevation of over 44° is reached, which can only occur with howitzers.) (3) Immediately a projectile leaves the gun, the resistance of the atmosphere begins to retard it, and the higher the velocity the greater will be the resistance. Thus, a projectile starting at 1800 ft. per second will lose 100 ft. of this rate in a shorter time than a similar projectile having a velocity of only 1500 ft. per second. (4) The larger the diameter of the shell the greater the resistance (due to the larger area, and therefore proportional to the square of the diameter), and consequently the quicker the loss of velocity. (5) The heavier the projectile the longer will its velocity be retained.

Range, therefore (taking elevation and velocity to be the same), varies inversely as the square of the diameter of the projectile, and directly as its weight.

The present German field gun has a velocity of 1526 ft. per second, the English 1570 to 1580, and the French gun (which it was said was intended to have a velocity of 1950 ft.) has now 1640. These velocities must, however, be considered in conjunction with the diameter and weight of the respective projectiles. The German shell has a weight of 15 lbs. and a diameter of 3·03 in.; the English 14 lbs. and 3 in.; the French 18·9 lbs. and 2·95 in.

The maximum elevation allowed by all three carriages may be taken at 16°; and, assuming that this elevation is given to the different guns, the English will range about 5800 yards, the German 6200, and the French 6400. These results are somewhat remarkable, as they show that, although the French gun has so considerable an advantage in velocity over the German, its range at 16° elevation is only 200 yards more. It is fair, however, to add that the French gun has no appreciable jump on discharge, while the German gun has 23′; which means that, instead of 16°, the shot when it leaves the gun has an angle of departure of 16° 23′; and with our own gun the actual angle of departure would be 16° 18′.

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The German gun with a lower velocity than the English has a distinct advantage in range ; and this is due partly to its heavier shell, and partly to the better shape of its time and percussion fuse. The German fuse forms a more or less continuous curve with the head of the projectile ; but our fuse sticks out in a blunted mass, lengthening the shell, and therefore adding to the difficulties of rotation without increasing its capacity.

If the ground is soft enough to admit of digging, a hole can be made for the end of the trail and the guns elevated to 20°. At this extreme elevation we shall find that the English gun ranges about 6500 yards, the German 7000, and the French 7200. It has been assumed, for purposes of calculation, that the form of the French fuse is as good as the German ; but, as a matter of fact, it is only a trifle better than our own, so that the range of 7200 yards assigned to the French gun may be taken as a maximum. It will be observed that for an additional elevation of 4° the English gun increases its range by 700 yards and the German 800 yards, and this shows that the German shell has a greater carrying power.

In estimating the value of initial velocity, it must not be forgotten that field guns rely upon the use of shrapnel for their fullest effect, and that high velocities diminish the value of shrapnel-shell. A shrapnel-shell is a thin steel case full of round bullets fired from a gun, and so arranged that at a point in its flight (which is determined by the fuse) the case opens and the bullets are released. Now a shell when it leaves the gun has two motions imparted to it : its forward velocity, and the spin given it by the rifling, whereby it rotates quickly round its own axis. The forward velocity lessens rapidly in flight, but the rotational velocity is not perceptibly diminished. It is this rotation that spins the shrapnel-bullets outwards when the explosion in the case releases them, and if the rotation (or, what comes to the same thing, the initial velocity) is too high, the bullets spin out too much in a right-angled direction to do their best work. The form which the shower of bullets takes, when

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spun from the shell and rapidly moving forward, is called "the cone of dispersion"; and it has always been the object of artillerists to keep this cone as "fine" as possible. In other words, the bullets should be sent skimming near the ground, and utilise the full effect of ricochets instead of being shot too straight down into the ground, or into the air, which is the tendency with a high velocity. The ideal gun would combine a flat trajectory with a small cone of dispersion, but the conditions which produce the two qualities unfortunately are entirely dissimilar. The only solution would seem to be to issue two charges: one for giving great velocity to high-explosive shell for long ranges, the other for medium velocities and shrapnel; but such a plan is open to the objection of complication.

It is pleasant to note that our officers are thoroughly satisfied with the ammunition sent out to South Africa. The fuzes especially were reliable and regular, and the effect of our shrapnel on anything in the open up to 4200 yards was overwhelming. The Boer common shell, on the other hand, were very frequently blind, and their shrapnel-fuzes (of French origin) most uncertain. There was a very marked difference in effect when our own captured guns and ammunition were being fired back against us. As regards the lyddite-shell, the fatuous exaggeration of newspaper correspondents at the beginning of the war made the actual performance seem afterwards a little disappointing. But though there was sometimes a difficulty in getting them to detonate, their destructive effect was unquestionably great. Such shell, with an angle of opening of 110° to 180°, must prove of inestimable value in attacking troops in good entrenchments, where shrapnel is of little effect.

As regards the guns opposed to us in South Africa, it is curious to reflect how few the Boers possessed. At the beginning of the war the newspapers spoke as if the enemy had limitless stores of modern guns upon which he could draw. There were strange tales of batteries shipped in piano-cases, with which Krupp and Schneider had outwitted the intelligence

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(Heaven save the mark!) of our Intelligence Department. The fortifications of Pretoria were crowded with the most powerful modern guns. Such stories were set afloat by the same correspondents, who now tell of guns being buried or sunk in rivers to account for the disappearance of material that never existed. No piano-cases ever left Essen or Creusot, and it is strange how very few guns did either. Of modern material (so far as can be ascertained) there were some twenty Krupp field guns and four 4·7-in. Krupp (not Creusot) howitzers. There were sixteen Creusot 14·33 lbs. field guns, and four Creusot 15-cm. guns (Long Toms), and four 7·5-cm. Maxim-Vickers, two of them taken by the Boers at the time of the Jameson Raid. These were all the modern-type guns (except the considerable number taken from us, and about thirty-five 1-pr. pom-poms) of which the two Republics could dispose. There were, indeed, seventy-two field guns under order from Creusot, and long overdue; but characteristic delay in deliveries stood us in good stead, and at the outbreak of the war the guns were not forthcoming. The French field gun which the Boers used had the French service calibre of 2·95 in., with a 14·33 lbs. projectile and a velocity (on paper) of 1837 ft. The maximum elevation allowed by the carriage is stated at 20°, and the range of the projectile at eight kilometers, or 8747 yards. Simple calculations prove that this range is exaggerated, and that the probable maximum would not exceed 7800 yards. But even this is a distinct advance on our own guns.

It was to this gun that the French press attributed all the earlier Boer successes, but the pæans soon died away, for the French material could not stand the fierce strain put on it, and piece after piece was sent back to Pretoria for repair. The German guns came through the ordeal with flying colours, and the German fuzes entirely eclipsed the French.

Summarising matters, we shall probably come to the conclusion that in mobility our field equipment is equal to that of the great Continental Powers.

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That, as regards the system of loading, we are right in adhering to the De Bange principle and abandoning the brass cartridge.

That, as regards rapidity of fire, though our gun fires very much more slowly than the French gun, it fires as fast as the present German, and sufficiently fast, perhaps, for practical needs.

That, as regards power, our gun is deficient; and that we need a gun that will fire shrapnel up to 6000 yards and common shell up to 7000 or 8000. There is no doubt this will be one of the central lessons of the campaign; and additional power will have to be provided, even at the cost of some mobility, but not at the sacrifice of a single round of ammunition. On the other hand, it must be remembered that atmospheric conditions would generally preclude firing at abnormally long ranges; and that it is only in exceedingly clear air, such as that of South Africa, that it would be possible to correct such distant fire.

It was no light matter—even on the windy plains of Troy—to finish up the war τολυπεύειν τὸν πόλεμον, to wind up into a ball all the tangled threads. There are many loose ends still to be wound up in South Africa, but that is being surely done; and we may take leave of the subject by joining in the general tribute of respect paid to that great man who, at a time of personal mourning and public dismay, took in hand a task of such critical difficulty and brought it to a triumphant issue, not by any isolated success or happy stroke of fortune, but by the irresistible force of genius, guided by sober and immovable discretion.

When all technical discussion as to our artillery is forgotten (and who thinks of ballistics in remembering Trafalgar or Waterloo?), when the patterns of guns have been changed a hundred times, history will recall this heroic figure as a type of the soldierly skill and devotion, without which even the most perfect material is worthless.

GALEATUS.

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A COMING NORTH AFRICAN PROBLEM

WHEN Lord Charles Beresford returned from his tour of investigation in China a year or two ago, and declared that there was a cloud on the Oriental horizon no bigger than a man's hand, and solemnly warned his country of the dangers of the approaching storm, good people at home turned down the page and said that the popular admiral had joined the ranks of the alarmists. But now that that cloud has grown until the whole face of the Eastern sky is darkened, and the hail of bullets has begun to patter, who is there to-day that will not pay his tribute to the man who had the foresight and the keen perception to read the signs of the times and the courage to proclaim their portent? At the same risk of being thought to be a false prophet of evil, and without the distinguished admiral's prestige to lend weight and cogency to my remarks, I venture to think that there is another storm brewing much nearer our own shores, in which we may be involved much sooner than we anticipate. I refer to Morocco. Of all the Mohammedan countries along the northern shores of Africa that once were self-governing, Morocco alone has not yet passed under the domination of the foreigner. Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria: it is to the Allah of Mohammed that the people still bow down, but it is the hated Christian that wields temporal dominion over them. What other fate can there possibly be in store for that most Western outpost of Islam,

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whose gaze is fixed, not upon the wide Atlantic that marks his boundary, but towards the East whence he came, and where also the Frank lies waiting his opportunity?

The same causes which led Spain to lose her vast colonial possessions are at work to-day in Morocco. The power to govern becomes gradually weakened, from causes that we need not here inquire into; tyranny, extortion and cruelty hold sway instead, and sooner or later the possession of the country passes into other hands. In the case of a colony, the inhabitants either rise in revolt and throw off the foreign yoke, as did the South American countries that once owed allegiance to Spain, or another Power steps in, as did the United States in the case of Cuba. In like manner, the country which has lost the art of governing itself becomes the prey, first, of the revolutionist, and afterwards of the invader, if the former fail to set the house in order. Morocco has long ago reached the first stage in the decay of nations, and is fast approaching the second. Never a Sultan comes to the throne but he has to defend his possession by the sword, and his reign, as a rule, is punctuated by rebellions, and not infrequently terminated by assassination. Time was when this state of things did not concern us as a nation. Red revolution might stalk through the land; murder and pillage might be the ordinary incidents of everyday life in this pastoral country; but we were in no wise affected. To-day circumstances are changed. Several of the leading Powers of Europe—Great Britain in particular—have considerable commercial interests in the country, and the possibility of their development and expansion under a more settled form of government is a point not to be lost sight of in these days of anxiety to discover and foster new markets for our manufactures. Those who know the country well—and their name is not legion, for the majority of visitors confine themselves to a more or less casual inspection of the coast towns, varied by an occasional ride of a few miles inland, but seldom far from the shadow of their consulate's flag—declare that Morocco possesses a potentiality of wealth far beyond the

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dreams of most of us at home. From the shores of the Mediterranean to the confines of the Sahara, Nature has showered her gifts with a lavish hand. Little is accurately known of its mineral wealth, for the creed of the Moslem forbids its adherents to seek below the ground the riches which Allah has hidden. There is, however, a consensus of opinion among travellers who have visited the interior that copper, iron, lead, and other minerals are there in abundance, and there is evidence to-day that, at any rate, alluvial gold was known to, and worked by, the Romans.

But, as regards its agricultural resources, Morocco is perhaps second to no country in the world. Two crops a year is the tiller's reward, and he generally works with no better implements than a primitive wooden plough, similar to what might have been used three thousand years ago, and a hand sickle, or even a dagger-knife that may be used one day for cutting the grain and the next for carving a neighbour. But there is no incentive to industry. By the Sultan's edict no wheat or argan oil is allowed to be exported, and if a country Moor were to cultivate more ground than is necessary to provide him and his family with his own requirements, he knows that he would merely succeed in arousing the rapacity of the nearest Kaid, or Governor of his province, and the fruits of his labour would be enjoyed by another. Hence huge tracts of fertile land lie waste and uncultivated. The Moor is a long-suffering individual, and his philosophical fatalism enables him to bear tyranny and oppression almost with equanimity, but, in spite of this, armed rebellion is the chronic condition of the people. And this is not confined to tribes like the Riffs or the Susi—who are not, strictly speaking, Moors but Berbers, and who have from time immemorial claimed independence from the Sultan of Morocco—but it applies to every province in the Sultanate. No revolution, however, has yet succeeded in materially and permanently ameliorating the condition of the people, though it may have brought about a change of ruler. And herein lies the opportunity of the foreign invader.

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It is a familiar tradition among the Moors that the Frank will one day batter at the gates of Fez, and to-day the fulfilment of that prophecy would seem to be within such measurable distance as to be within the scope of practical politics. That France has designs upon Morocco has for years past been patent to every student of Moroccan affairs. In point of fact, the process of absorption has already begun. Everything, however, has been, and is being, so quietly done that little stir has been made to attract the attention of the outside world. In commercial enterprise she had no hope of out-distancing her English rivals, being herself of late years hard pressed by the pushfulness of the Teuton, and it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that she turned her attention to political intrigue. The "protection" system prevalent in Morocco afforded her an excellent opening. A word of explanation here may not be out of place.

To escape the extortionate demands of the Moorish authorities, many Moors are only too glad to abandon their own nationality and become the protected subjects of some foreign Government that has Consular representation in the country. All that is requisite is to persuade some foreign subject domiciled in Morocco to nominate him as partner or agent in some trading or agricultural enterprise, obtain a certificate from the foreigner's Consul to that effect, and pay the annual fee. The Moor is then amenable only to the Consulate authorities that extend him such "protection," and is no longer liable to the domination of the Sultan, or any of his Kaids or Bashas. To secure this immunity he will readily pay a very heavy premium to the foreigner, either in cash down or on the basis of a percentage of his profits. The latter sometimes amounts to as much as one-half his income, the foreigner investing no capital and running no risk, financial or otherwise. It is notorious that many foreigners domiciled in Morocco have no other source of income than that derived from the practice of indiscriminate protection. Great Britain alone puts a check upon this abuse by restricting its subjects

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to one "partner" and two "agents" of Moorish origin, but by France the system has been extensively fostered. The result is that the populations of whole districts are now under French jurisdiction. This is, of course, more particularly the case among the tribes bordering on the Algerian frontier, of which the districts of Oudjda, El Mahaia, and El Amur may be cited. In Wazzan, too, on the road to Fez, the French have obtained a very considerable foothold, and in the Riff hundreds of the inhabitants have not only sought refuge under the tricolour, but have actually crossed the frontier and joined some regiment of Spahis in Algeria. There is not the slightest doubt that the same policy is being pursued farther south, in the region of Tafilet, so that the Sultan has lost his hold over a large number of the inhabitants dwelling on the Eastern frontier from the Mediterranean to Sus.

So much for the moral advantages gained. The material are not so easily defined. The frontier-line between Morocco and Algeria has never been very accurately delimited, and every opportunity is seized by France of pushing her Algerian boundary westward. It is done very gradually, and often without protest. And if a protest should be made by the Moorish Government, there is nothing easier than to withdraw, with apologies for the intrusion, and return at a more convenient season—*reculer pour mieux sauter*. The presence of a large body of troops on the Southern Algerian borders is stated by the Quai d'Orsay to have no connection with any scheme of aggression upon Moorish territory, but is required by the expedition which is endeavouring to work its way through to Timbuctoo and Senegambia. That as much territory *en route* will be annexed as can be held there is little reason to doubt, in support of which theory there comes news at the time of writing that the French force operating under General Lernere has occupied Adrhar, the principal town in the Tuat Oasis. The region is rich in resources, and blessed with an excellent climate and an abundance of water. The French, moreover, have old scores to wipe off with the Tuaregs, who

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are undoubtedly one of the finest races of natural fighting-men in the world. It was this warlike tribe that was responsible for the massacre of the French mission under Colonel Flatters some few years ago, and our Gallic neighbours are past-masters in the gentle art of nursing a grievance. The Tuaregs once subdued, there is nothing to prevent the acquisition of a belt of territory stretching from Algeria to Senegambia, save the natural difficulties presented by the Sahara Desert. Fashoda is not forgotten, and what is more natural than that France should seek to compensate herself in the north-west portion of Africa? Our neighbours have not followed Kitchener's plan of conquering a country with the railway, but have adopted the principle of letting the railway follow the conquest. The attempt to obtain a concession from the Moorish Government for a railway to connect Fez with Oudjda and the Algerian system has not yet been successful, and southward the railhead is still at Ain Sefra. But with a rich region like Tuat to tap, does any one imagine that Ain Sefra will long remain the terminus?[1]

The dream of a French belt from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic once converted into a reality, Morocco will then be hemmed in on all the land side by a hostile European Power. The first result would be a divergence of trade. At least two of the four most important caravan routes along which communication is maintained between Europe and the Great Sahara and the Western Soudan traverse this belt. With the command of the Agades route—*i.e.* from Algeria through Murzuk and Agades to Kashna and Gogo on the Niger—Commander Monteil maintained years ago that he could secure for France all the trade at the mouth of the Niger, while the Tuat route, which starts from Timbuctoo, and through Tafilet and Aulef finds an outlet at Mogador, would certainly be diverted to the Algerian ports. This may not appear to be a matter of much moment, but the trade of this country with

[1] Since this article was written the railway has been extended to *Djnnen bou Rezg* (see Map).

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Morocco represents something like £1,000,000 sterling, with enormous possibilities under a more settled and enlightened Government. Already, in violation of treaty stipulations, large quantities of cattle are deported from Morocco across the Algerian border for exportation from Oran, instead of being shipped from Tangier, of which town the bulk of the trade is in the hands of the English.

The next step will be the moving of their neighbour's landmarks. Nothing is easier than to provoke a frontier quarrel; and, on the pretext of restoring order, a punitive expedition is sent, and the French belt is widened. We have seen in Nigeria and elsewhere how France, by a policy of persistent encroachment, has succeeded in adding to her territory at the expense of this country. What chance then will Morocco have when the squeeze is once applied in earnest? Indeed, one or two frontier incidents have already occurred, resulting in a collision with the Moors in the south-east, and there is not wanting a Jingo party in Morocco who are already clamouring for reprisals to be taken, and who even talk of organising a revolution, with the object of placing a more bellicose Sultan on the throne. The death of the late Grand Vizier, Ba Hamed, a few months ago removed the one "strong man" from the arena of Moorish politics, and though a good many ministerial changes have since then taken place, no efficient substitute has yet been found, so the boy-Sultan has taken the reins of government more into his own hands. It is in the highest degree improbable that Abd-el-Aziz will do anything so foolish as to precipitate a struggle with any European Power, as the last war with Spain is still recent enough to act as a very powerful deterrent; so it is to France alone that we must look to find the probable disturber of the *status quo*. In point of fact France has already furnished Morocco with a *casus belli* if the Sultan were seeking an excuse for war. Morocco's claim to Tuat has always been regarded as of a very shadowy character, but there is no doubt whatever about Igli, which is some 200 kilometres within Moorish territory. There the

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French have established themselves, and the Sultan has addressed an appeal to the diplomatic body in Tangier on the subject. This, however, has evoked no satisfactory response, and the Sultan has therefore decided to send a mission to Paris to make representations to the French Government direct. The success of that mission is doubtful in the extreme.

The great Paris Exhibition has been a potent factor in preserving the peace for some two or three years past, but even with the opening of the great show close upon her France did not give a very edifying example of international courtesy. Abuse of this country in particular filled the columns of the Paris press day after day, with hardly two honourable exceptions. It may be said that the French press does not represent the French people any more than certain English members represented their constituencies in the matter of the Boer War, but the effect has been the same in any case. English-speaking people have taken French vituperation as a true expression of the feelings of our Gallic friends towards us, and have abstained in thousands from visiting the Exhibition. I do not suggest that this fact alone is responsible for the failure of the show, but it certainly is a contributing factor, as the French themselves have already begun to realise. But whatever the cause, the Exhibition is a financial failure. Hundreds of people will be more or less ruined by it, and, though there is little likelihood of a repetition of the Panama scandals, there is certain to be a pretty considerable agitation. Where this may lead to none can tell, but an antidote to internal trouble is nearly always sought by France in an external question. When the Dreyfus *affaire* was agitating the whole nation, and almost threatening the very existence of the Republican Government, a counter-irritant was found in the Fashoda incident, and all eyes were turned at once towards the Sudan, and the possibilities of a war with this country were eagerly and seriously discussed. And though, undoubtedly, the French Government behaved wisely in backing down at the last moment, it is very doubtful whether M. Hanotaux will ever again occupy the position of

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Minister for Foreign Affairs, on account of his responsibility in the matter.

The external excitement, however, is not likely to be found in a conflict with this country, in spite of the virulent Anglophobia at present raging in France, and of all the talk of a possible invasion of England while a large portion of the army is absent in South Africa. But Morocco offers a much more likely field. Her soldiers are near at hand, and the average Frenchman has already been educated up to the point of regarding the north-western portion of Africa as the natural inheritance of his country. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Moors themselves are not alive to the danger of a possible rupture. The question is discussed among all grades, and it is even stated that aggressive action from France after the Exhibition is over is regarded as highly probable at the foreign Legations at Tangier. The French Consul has been withdrawn from Fez, and at the time of writing has not been replaced. This occurred soon after the Igli grab, and the action was as usual attributed by the Moors to fear. Repeating-rifles in large quantities have for some time past been passing through the Moorish ports without let or hindrance from the customs officials, and as the importation of arms of all sorts is strictly forbidden by the Moorish Government, it can only be assumed that this is done with the sanction of the authorities, and full knowledge as to their destination. There has been some talk lately of the rise of a new Mahdi in the person of the Central African Chief Senussi, but I scarcely think that it is in anticipation of a Moslem Jehad against the hated Christian that these modern rifles are being distributed all over Morocco. It is perfectly true that this Senussi has many thousands of adherents, and not only throughout Northern Africa. He has his agents in India, in China, in South Africa (watching the progress of the Boer War), and here in England. If war should unfortunately break out between France and Morocco, there is little doubt that initial successes by the Moors would be the signal for a general uprising of the Mohammedans in

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North Africa, and our difficulties in suppressing the Boer revolt would be trifling compared with the task that would lie before France in the endeavour to maintain her hold on the Southern shore of the Mediterranean. If, on the other hand, the tide of war rolled in favour of France, the occupation of Fez would be one of the first steps in the campaign. And after Fez?

There is one point in which France much resembles this country, viz. that she is very loath to leave any country in which she has once established her troops, solemn promises to do so notwithstanding. And therein lies our concern. It is not to be supposed for a moment that our Foreign Office is not fully aware of what is going on, and thoroughly alive to the possible dangers of the situation, but whether we have got a cut-and-dried policy ready for the emergency is quite another matter. France has for many years cast longing eyes at Ceuta, the Spanish Gibraltar on the Moorish coast, and is believed to have even made overtures for its acquisition from Spain at the time of the Hispano-American War. With either Ceuta or Tangier in the hands of a powerful and hostile nation the value of Gibraltar would be enormously discounted. The fortifications of Ceuta, of course, need to be remodelled, but the expenditure of money on the works, and the mounting of a few more modern long-range guns, would render the place a very powerful set-off to "the Rock." Tangier is important to us to-day as the source of supplies to the garrison of Gibraltar. Every day cargoes of live animals are carried across the Straits, and Gibraltar without Tangier would be like a steamer without coal. It is absolutely vital to us, therefore, that Tangier should at least be in the possession of a friendly country. Ever since the memorable siege 120 years ago we have adopted the precaution of maintaining the garrison of Gibraltar permanently provisioned for a lengthy period, but nevertheless it would be nothing less than criminal folly to allow the control of the other side of the Straits to pass into the hands of a hostile naval Power. Moreover, the value of Tangier as a strategic base in

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time of war should by no means be lost sight of. Our greatest admiral recognised this 100 years ago, and the strategic value of the Northern Moorish coast has certainly not decreased since the opening of the Suez Canal.

This, then, is the problem we have to face. The majority of the Powers represented in Morocco are interested in maintaining the *status quo*. France, however, would appear to be going more than half way towards seeking an excuse to break it, and the policy of Russia seems directed solely to supporting France—morally at any rate—in her designs. The Czar cannot—or could not two years ago—number more than two subjects in Tangier, one of whom was a renegade, and the total of Russians in the entire Sultanate is quite inconsiderable. It cannot, therefore, be in the interests of these few subjects of the Czar that Russia established a Legation in Tangier some two and a half years ago, but much more probably the Minister was appointed solely with the object of lending countenance and support to the aims of France. Spain, which used formerly to look upon France as her natural ally in this part of the world, has been considerably disillusioned of late by the latter's pursuit of a distinctly selfish policy, and has herself been rather active recently in her demands for the recognition by the Sherifian Government of her rights in Morocco. In fact, it is only the jealousy of European nations that has been the means of bolstering up the tottering realm of Morocco so long. But, as Sir John Drummond Hay—the most successful Minister we ever had at Tangier—pointed out in 1889, "the rivalry and jealousy of foreign Powers about Morocco proceed from a knowledge of the important position it holds at the entrance of the Mediterranean," and he added that "at no very distant period serious questions which will affect the vital interests of Great Britain may arise." An even more distinguished man, the present Prime Minister, two years later ventured on the prophecy that Morocco will one day "be as great a trouble to Europe, and carry with it as great a menace to the peace of Europe, as the other Mohammedan countries further to the

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east used to be twenty or thirty years ago." That day would appear to be rapidly approaching. By many, for the reasons given above, trouble is looked for in the coming winter. France has not for many years had so large a number of soldiers on the frontier of Morocco as she has to-day, and their repeated incursions into Moorish territory have provoked an appeal from the Sultan to the diplomatic representatives of the other European Powers in Tangier. This appeal, however, has not been productive of any apparent result, and this month (October) the Sultan will leave Marrakesh for Fez with an army of 30,000 men gathered from all quarters of the Sultanate.[1] Assuming that the Sultan's appeal to the Powers is productive of no result—and the Powers are probably too much occupied at present with the Chinese puzzle to devote much attention to moribund Morocco—France may be emboldened to adopt a still more forward policy. Are we content, then, to see Morocco converted into a second Algeria, or are we prepared to safeguard our interests by the occupation of Tangier in the event of an outbreak of hostilities? When Germany seized Kiao Chau as compensation for the murder of her missionaries in China, Russia promptly replied by the occupation of Port Arthur. We protested, but ultimately came in a bad third with the acquisition of Wei Hai Wei. In Morocco there are only three places of strategic importance to a naval Power, and Ceuta and Melilla are already in the hands of Spain. It behoves us to see that Tangier does not fall into the possession of France, and we should be unwise in our generation if, foreseeing the threatened danger, we were unprepared with a definite policy when the problem presents itself for settlement.

HENRY M. GREY.

[1] The recent decision of the Sultan to remain in Marrakesh until the spring, instead of going to Fez as he had intended, probably resulted from the disturbed condition of the country in the south-east, and the prospect of rebellion among his own tribes.

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INTERNATIONAL ETHICS

IT constantly happens that when we are trying to discuss a question of foreign policy with absolute impartiality, we find ourselves gradually drifting into a maze of arguments on morality, political expediency, utility, or abstract justice, from which we cannot extract any logical conclusion. This is not always owing entirely to ignorance or inexperience in political matters, for we often see men of considerable ability, and even great statesmen, having recourse to arguments which seem to us either grossly immoral or absurdly Utopian. We may say that a certain political action is immoral, or that a certain course of politics is wicked, but we are never quite sure what we mean by those terms when applied to the conduct of Governments; and if we resolve to be impartial and hear both sides of the question, we are generally in doubt. The problem seems insoluble. The more we strive to discover a principle of right and wrong, the more we are beset with difficulties, and the more hazy do we feel as to what is right and what is wrong.

In the morals of private life, on the other hand, however great differences of opinion as to the origin and nature of the moral principle there may be, we are not confronted with such overwhelming difficulties. We have some rule of conduct to go upon. We know in the abstract that theft is wrong, so that when we hear of a concrete case—of a man who has stolen his neighbour's money, for instance—we all look upon him as a bad

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man. When we discuss a quarrel between two friends of ours or between two strangers, the only obstacles to our forming a just estimate of the case are the difficulty of getting at the true facts and considerations of personal interest. But if we know all the facts and are quite impartial, we can easily decide justly as to which side is in the right. Thus, when a judge has to give a sentence, if he knows the circumstances and the law, and is a man of average intelligence, he has merely to apply the law to the case in question, and will pass a sentence that will be unexceptionable, save to those who are the losers by it. There are, of course, cases of exceptional intricacy in which it is not easy to be really just and equitable, but in the majority of cases his judgment will be in accordance with the principles of justice and positive law.

In a general way the greater part of a man's acts may be classified as right or wrong, for we have in our mind's eye a clear division of human action; certain deeds belong to the category of what public opinion regards as moral; while others are generally disapproved of as immoral. This public opinion is, of course, subject to changes: in different ages and in different countries the common ideas on morality are different. But there is always a distinction between good and evil. In one century and in one country or group of countries that have reached the same degree of civilisation, most of the actions of private individuals will be judged pretty much in the same way. There are, of course, many degrees of opinion, but there is always a main moral principle which is the guide to our conduct. This principle may not always be acted upon, but it is recognised as such nevertheless.

In questions of foreign politics, on the other hand, these distinct classifications are absolutely wanting. When a controversy between two nations arises it is almost impossible to decide which of the two is morally in the right. Morality seems to be so inextricably mixed up with political expediency that it is extremely difficult to grasp the moral issue as distinct from the political one. Before entering into the causes of the

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obstacles to finding a moral principle in international politics, we must review the methods by which such questions are generally studied and judged.

There are two main schools of international politics which are based on some sort of logical rule of conduct. The one is the school whose only principle is brute force, its only maxim that might is right. Its teaching was accepted without question by the Romans, and by all the nations of antiquity. Christianity, by discountenancing violence in private life, had at first a certain influence in softening this doctrine, even in foreign politics, and the pretensions of the Church to universal dominion were an indirect negation of it, for they naturally presupposed a superiority of moral influence over brute force. But in the feudal monarchies and in the mediæval Republics the old principle was generally practised, if not openly avowed. Machiavelli recognised it, and in fact regarded it as the basis of all politics. It is only in recent times that its authority has been seriously questioned. But even in the present day many of the greatest statesmen in the most civilised countries have declared that every nation has the right to do all that it is strong enough to do, without any regard for the rights of weaker states. The modern embodiment of this doctrine is Bismarck, its most important practical application the rise of Prussia and the formation of the German Empire.

The influence of this school of political thought is so great and so universal, that even those who reject its teaching as grossly immoral often find themselves basing their judgment on it almost involuntarily. That this frequently happens is shown by the change in public opinion caused by success in war. When two countries are at war, whichever of the two met with most sympathy at the commencement of hostilities, public opinion in the end generally veers round in favour of the victor. An instance of this was the revulsion of feeling in England during the American Civil War in favour of the North after Sherman's successes. Another is the instability of the attitude of the Continental press caused by the changes in

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the fortunes of the present South African war. It may be urged that this change is due to the fact that, when we see that we have been mistaken in our estimate of the relative military strength of the belligerents, we are inclined to doubt whether we may not have been mistaken also in our opinion as to the moral side of the controversy. Selfish reasons for wishing to be on good terms with the strongest have their influence also. But whether these be the real motives of the change or not, it is an undoubted fact that success—*i.e.* might, does increase the general opinion as to the victor's virtues and the vices of the vanquished. The Germans and the followers of Bismarck have been harshly criticised for their cynical avowal of a doctrine which, if applied to the private intercourse of men, besides being contrary to every moral law, would lead to an appalling state of anarchy. But it should not be forgotten that in foreign policy it has followers all the world over, and that it indirectly influences the judgment of an enormous number of people of the most varied opinions. Nor should we forget that the consequences of practically applying the principle of brute force in politics are by no means always the same. The unification of Germany, although it was brought about by a series of acts of violence and aggression, and with a total disregard for the rights and feelings of the smaller States and of Austria, has unquestionably been the cause of much happiness and of enormous material and intellectual progress, which is advantageous not to Germany alone, but to all the rest of the civilised world as well. On the other hand, the partition of Poland, which was accomplished with neither more nor less injustice, has produced about as much misery as almost any other event in modern times, without being redeemed by a single advantage to the oppressed or even to the oppressor. Such material progress as Poland has made in recent years would have been far greater had the partition never taken place.

The other system by which men have tried to classify acts of foreign politics, is expressed by the maxim that nations

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should conduct themselves towards each other as if they were private individuals, and that what is immoral for one man to do to another is equally immoral when the subjects of the controversy are sovereign States. Although there may be certain limits to this principle, the main rules of conduct in international questions should, according to this school, be essentially the same as those of private life. A considerable number of political thinkers have advocated this system, and certain statesmen of the school of Bright, Cobden, and Gladstone have tried to give it practical application. The recognition of the rights of nationalities, protection of weak States, intervention in favour of the oppressed, and even the abandonment of sovereignty over a certain territory by one nation in favour of another or of the inhabitants of that territory, are its natural consequences. Such practical applications have necessarily been rare. But we have examples in the cession of the Ionian Islands by England to Greece, in the intervention by England, France, and Russia in favour of Greek independence, and in Mr. Gladstone's policy towards the Transvaal in 1881.

Here also we see what widely different effects the application of the same principle may produce. No one will affirm that the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece has had any evil results for England, or deny that it has proved most acceptable to the islanders themselves and to the people of Greece. But of the Transvaal policy of 1881 it must be confessed that, while it did not soften the feelings of the Boers towards the English, it has proved more disastrous to South Africa than any policy which it is possible to conceive.

Both these systems are open to such serious objections that neither can be accepted as an absolute rule of conduct. The Bismarckian principle of brute force, were it to be universally acted upon, besides producing a constant state of warfare and the suppression of all small nations, would cause a serious deterioration of moral character in the victors, for there can be no reasonable doubt that a constant series of conquests and

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wars, by obliging the conquerors to be continually repressing rebellions and keeping subject nations down by force and terrorism, renders them suspicious, tyrannical, cruel, and callous to suffering. Such a policy would be reflected in private life. The consequences of this state of affairs would be to impede all social and economic progress. Moreover, the strongest nations in a military sense are not always by any means the most civilised, nor is their rule always beneficial, even when not imposed by actual violence. A comparison between the moral and material conditions of, say, Russia and Sweden will make this sufficiently clear.

The objections to the opposite system are no less important. Generosity towards our enemies in foreign politics very frequently is equivalent to injustice towards our own people or towards friends to whom we owe duties greater than to our enemies. Thus the policy of abandoning the Transvaal in 1881, while it was intended as an act of generosity towards the Boers, was manifestly unjust to the numerous loyalists who had staked their all in the country, and were afterwards subjected to every indignity and wrong by the victors of Majuba, and to the natives who regarded England as their protector from the rapacity and cruelty of the burghers. Moreover, this kind of generosity is often interpreted as a sign of weakness by other nations, who may be thus stirred to acts of an unfriendly or even hostile nature. The ultimate misfortunes caused by a policy of this description are often out of all proportion to the good which they may effect. Even so consummate a statesman as Bismarck imagined that he saw in the cession of the Ionian Islands a sign of the decline of England, probably because he was so deeply imbued with the gospel of brute force that he could not conceive the possibility of a Government giving up a possession from pure altruism.

Another reason for not accepting this system in its full extent is that, when a civilised country rules over vast uncivilised dependencies and has barbarous and turbulent neighbours, a recourse to violent measures is often necessary.

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The ethics of political generosity are even less understood by Indian frontier chiefs than by Prince Bismarck. In the third place, this principle would lead one civilised State to go to war with another, because the latter was misgoverning its own subjects or oppressing a conquered province. The dangers of creating such a precedent are so evident that there is no need to insist upon them. They are so great and real that even when, as in the case of the Armenians, the European Powers had every right as well as duty to intervene in their favour, the fear of international complications and mutual jealousy prevented any step being taken to stop the infamous massacres.

It will be seen that neither of these two systems can provide us with a reliable guide to conduct or judgment in foreign politics. No Government could regulate its actions entirely on brute force or on mere private morality. The motives which influence Governments in their actions cannot be always of one uniform character. It is the same with our private judgments on international questions. Even those who habitually proclaim that might is right often abuse a foreign nation, because it puts that very principle into practice, or because they think it does. Consistency, always a rare virtue, in politics is almost non-existent.

But, putting both these absolute principles on one side, Governments and individuals in political matters will be always in doubt. In action there will be no rule of conduct, in discussion no standard of right and wrong. If, in some particular case, we feel decided as to which side we ought to sympathise with, it is usually because our own country happens to be one of the two litigants, or because we are closely allied by ties of blood and language and tradition to one of them, or because the institutions and civilisation of the one bear a closer resemblance to our own than those of the other. Great bravery in the field, religion, and personal sympathy all exercise considerable influence on our judgment and turn our attention from the purely moral side of the question. But if we are really unconnected with either nation, and can abstract

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ourselves from all feelings of instinctive sympathy, we are at a loss for serious argument on which to base our opinions. We begin to ask ourselves if there is such a thing as right and wrong in foreign policy. There are several reasons for this difficulty.

In the first place, almost every international controversy is substantially different in character from every other. In private quarrels the cases group themselves naturally together into various categories, so that, whenever a fresh case arises, we can always remember numerous precedents of a similar nature, which enable us to judge of the moral side of the question as well as of the legal rights; in foreign politics, although there may be several common elements in different cases, in each particular controversy there are special facts which are not to be found in any other, and which give it at once a distinctive character. While we can easily find two cases of private law arising from precisely the same circumstances, in both of which the same rules of law and equity hold good, in foreign politics we cannot even imagine two absolutely parallel cases. This is, of course, partly owing to the fact that in private life and in private law the number of cases to which we can refer is so much larger than those in international politics, that it is far easier to classify individual human actions according to a moral standard. This is one of the principal causes of the uncertainty of the science of international law. The most learned jurists write the most elaborate and scientific treatises on the subject, examining every possible contingency that may arise; but the moment an international question of serious importance does arise, the most extensive knowledge of history will not enable them to discover a parallel case, nor the firmest grasp of international law help them to solve it. There is always some new element or combination of elements in each particular controversy that is wanting in every other, and that gives it a distinctive character of its own.

Let us again take the principle of intervention in international law. Few questions have been studied with keener

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zest or have given rise to more discussions, both theoretical and practical, than this. All the greatest international lawyers have written on the subject, and a large body of rules has been formed that was thought to comprise every possible case in which intervention of one State in the internal affairs of another was or was not permissible. And yet, when the Transvaal trouble arose, and the right of the British Government to interfere on behalf of the Outlanders came under discussion, all the rules and principles carefully laid down by classical writers on the subject have proved quite inapplicable to this particular question. It has been constantly repeated that the problem was an exceptionally difficult and complicated one, owing to the very peculiar conditions of the country; to the anomalous position of the Outlanders, who outnumber, or at least are equal to, the Boers; to the differences of character and education between Boers and British; to the unfortunate wording of the London Convention; and so on. But the same may be said, more or less, of every other really serious international controversy. The Cretan question, the Armenian question, the Egyptian question, all have distinctive features of their own, which render each quite unique in its way, so that the methods by which one is solved satisfactorily would be disastrous if applied to any other. Take the position of Egypt. We cannot imagine any other country being in such a position, so we call it anomalous. If by anomalous we mean different from anything else, then every question of foreign politics is anomalous.

In the second place, not only is there no code of international morals comprising every possible controversy between States, but it cannot even be said that there are a few generally accepted principles on which to base our judgment, and to which the foreign policy of the State should conform, or which at least should be an ideal of conduct to which it should aspire. The very fact that two such radically opposed theories as those we have mentioned should exist side by side in the same countries and in the same age—that people, if they do not always accept either of them unreservedly, are more or less

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influenced by them—shows what a perfect chaos the morals of foreign politics are. Not only are we uncertain as to the practical application of a particular principle to a particular case, but we do not really possess any generally accepted principles at all. When we abstain from an immoral action in private life, we often do so because we are afraid of public opinion; but in foreign politics public opinion does not exist, save in a most uncertain and rudimentary form. For our private morality we have a rule of conduct to which we aspire, although in practice few live up to it. It is embodied in the Sermon on the Mount. Our conduct may not always be in accordance with its precepts, but we feel instinctively that we ought to try to make it so, and we admire those who succeed in doing so. Our laws, if they are not based upon that ideal, are not in open conflict with it. Even those whose moral ideas are not founded on any religious dogma base their code of morality on principles not substantially different from those of the Gospel. But in Scripture we find no rules of foreign policy that are applicable to our own day. The Old Testament contains only exclusively national rules of conduct, which have been followed in more recent times by peoples who, being excessively religious and fanatical and narrow, have, like the Israelites of old, imagined themselves to be the Chosen of the Lord. Such principles, if accepted by each nation for its own benefit, are equivalent to the doctrine of brute force. In the New Testament, on the other hand, we find no trace at all of a guide to conduct in foreign politics. The idea of the nation in the modern sense is hardly alluded to, and a code of international morality is not even thought of.

This fact explains how it is that we often meet with people of deep religious convictions and genuine moral feeling, who in private life are constantly striving to live up to the Christian ideal, but who in all questions of foreign policy express sentiments of the most savage ferocity and Machiavelian cynicism. There seems to be no contradiction between proclaiming that we should love our enemies and forgive them, and in hating the

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enemies of our country and desiring their absolute ruin, and even praying to the God of love and mercy for their confusion. The same is the case with our sentiments regarding a country towards which we have feelings of friendship. We take sides without stopping seriously to consider which of the two belligerents is morally in the right. We may utterly disapprove of a man who breaks into his neighbour's house and steals his plate, whereas if the Government of one country invades and annexes the territory of another, especially if the aggressor is a civilised Power and the annexed territory belongs to a barbarous potentate, we are by no means overcome with virtuous indignation. It would be wrong, as Mr. Lecky observes,[1] to argue from approval of acts of the most flagrant political dishonesty and violence to the general moral sentiments of those who utter them. If Austria were to occupy Salonica, wresting it from the Turks, we should not absolutely disapprove of her action, because it would mean that a valuable and fertile province had passed from a savage and retrograde Government to a civilised Power. But it would be wrong to argue from this sentiment to our approval of a man who steals an old picture from a friend's house, because the thief was a man of culture and æsthetic tastes, while the owner of the picture was a Philistine who did not know a Titian from a Teniers.

A third reason for the difficulty of judging the actions of Governments is the influence of our own national prejudices. We cannot, in discussing an international controversy, entirely divest ourselves of our nationality. We cannot judge a nation as impartially as we can a man. We find it very hard to understand the motives which inspire the actions of foreign States, because we do not understand the national feelings and traditions of foreigners. There can, therefore, rarely be true impartiality in our opinion of a controversy between two different nations. We naturally place our own country before all others, and even in judging of a dispute between two foreign States we are governed by personal sentiments. In a

[1] W. E. H. Lecky, "The History of European Morals," vol. i. ch. i., p. 158.

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struggle between a despotic Power and a constitutional State the sympathies of Englishmen are generally on the side of the latter. An admiration for bravery, a certain sentimental sympathy for the weaker of the belligerents, similarity of race or religion, are all elements which greatly influence our opinion and prevent us even from trying to find a moral standard for international politics.

In consequence of this want of a moral standard, some thinkers have fallen back on the utilitarian theory. We must look only to the ultimate effects of political actions in order to judge them, it has been said, and according as they are beneficial to humanity or the reverse, we must call them moral or immoral. If a conqueror establishes a government which is more civilised and more honest than the one which he has superseded, we must praise him and regard him as a great statesman and as a benefactor to humanity. If, on the other hand, a semi-barbarous potentate annexes a small but civilised country, the consequences being disastrous to progress, we must sympathise with the vanquished. By means of this theory we can form a somewhat more practical estimate of the policy of colonial expansion. When that policy brings about a general improvement we must applaud it; when it is merely the result of greed of conquest, and does not produce any increase of moral and material well-being, we should regard it as most immoral. If we compare the expansion of the British Empire with that of Russia by this standard, we shall be in no doubt as to which of the two empires we should desire to see triumphant. For whatever may be thought on purely ethical grounds of the means by which Great Britain has extended its colonial possessions, the effects of this empire have been almost wholly beneficial to the subject races, and it has contributed more to the general welfare of humanity than any other on record. Russia by her expansion has, it is true, introduced a rudimentary civilisation into Central Asia, and has put an end to several barbarous and cruel Governments, but it has set up in their place an infamously corrupt and tyrannical administration.

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While the constant moral and intellectual progress of England is reflected in all her remotest colonies, Russia has no similar progress to offer to the peoples she has conquered, for the inhabitants and government of European Russia are little less backward than those of the Trans-Baikal or Turkestan.

But can the utilitarian doctrine alone furnish us with a true basis of international morality? It undoubtedly marks a progress over the theory of brute force, and is free from the impossibilities and contradictions of the theory which would have us apply the rules of private morality to foreign politics. It is also free from some of the objections which have been made to it in the sphere of private morals, for if a useful act cannot in private life be regarded as equivalent to a virtuous one, in politics there is no such absolute divergence between the two. A political action which promotes the happiness of a great number of people must be regarded in a manner as righteous and praiseworthy. Even if the prosperity which it brings about is purely material, it always reacts beneficially on the moral condition of those who are affected by it. An increase of wealth does not necessarily make a man better, but if a whole population, which before was poor, ill-governed, and wretched, becomes prosperous, its moral character will certainly be elevated.

But we are now confronted by another obstacle. Let us assume that political acts which cause a notable advance of civilisation and happiness are to be approved of, even if brought about by violence. But how are we to judge such acts if, while they promote the happiness and prosperity of one people, they cause the ruin and desolation of another? It is a question which we cannot elude. Such cases are unfortunately by no means rare in political history, and if the utilitarian theory or any other is to supply us with a standard of political ethics, it must answer it satisfactorily, judging nations as equals, just as in private morals and private law all men are equal. In struggles for empire between two States the victory of the one often means the irreparable ruin of the other, or at least a great

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diminution of its power and influence. If we accept the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, we should declare in favour of the nation that has the greatest population. But the country with the largest population may be by no means the best governed or the most civilised. Take the Spanish Monarchy in the sixteenth century. In its struggles with England and the Low Countries, if we were to judge by the standard of population alone, we should regard the result as an unmixed calamity, whereas it is now universally admitted that the decline of Spanish power has been, on the whole, of great advantage to humanity. If two nations of a different degree of civilisation are fighting for supremacy, the ideal happiness of the one which it will try to impose on the conquered will be essentially different from that of the other. The one will desire to live in peace and prosperity, to educate itself, and improve morally, materially, and intellectually; the other's felicity may consist in warfare, pillage, and deeds of violence. Such was the contrast of ideals in the wars between Turkey and the Christian Powers. In considering this struggle we must remember that each nation has a certain right to live as it pleases, and the victory of the civilised Power over the barbarian will be quite as distasteful to the latter as the victory of the latter would be to the former.

We seem to be in an absolute *impasse* as to the relative morality of each nation in a fight for supremacy. The principle of brute force would lead to continual warfare and anarchy. The equalisation of public with private morals is incompatible with the very nature of States. Utilitarianism brings us to desire the happiness of one country at the expense of another. But there is a higher ideal than the material, or even than the moral and intellectual well-being of one single nation, in the sphere of politics. When we witness a struggle between two countries, or a civil war between two parties in one State, before giving our sympathies and our practical aid to the one or the other, it is not sufficient to reflect upon which result will be most conducive to the greatest happiness of the

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greatest number, or upon the general effects of the success of either belligerent on the inhabitants of the two countries. We must consider the influence that the outcome of the struggle will have on humanity in general. A great nation, besides its material power, has an enormous moral influence for good or for evil on the rest of the world. Such an influence is not always in proportion to the size and population of a State. The moral influence of the Greek Republics or of the Italian Communes was far greater than that of many a vast Oriental empire. But a large and powerful empire in modern times can exercise a very considerable influence. The influence of an empire like that of Great Britain constitutes a moral force throughout all the world of the first magnitude. English ideas, English manners and customs, English institutions and forms of government, and even the English language, are spread all over the world, and exercise a moral pressure in the most civilised States of Europe, as in Siam and China. Were the British Empire to fall, its moral force would end by disappearing, and would cease to influence the minds and the lives of men. Other empires, and with them other moral forces, would take its place. Those who desire nothing so much as the downfall of Britain, and who are for ever hurling their abuse on the British nation and everything connected with it, would do well to reflect on what other Power would succeed England and influence the world in the same way. The great moral force of England is now exercised in favour of political freedom and the progress of civilisation. Were Russia, for instance, to take the place of the British Empire, would its moral force be exercised in the same or in as beneficial a direction? We very much doubt it. These considerations should help us to find some solution of the problem we are discussing.

There are certain historical episodes whose real importance can only be understood when we reflect on what the consequences would have been had their event been different from what it was. Such is the case of the struggle between Persia and the Greek States. Had Persia succeeded in overcoming

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her heroic foes, it is quite possible that the mass of the inhabitants of Greece would not have been much worse off under Persian rule than under their own far from perfect Governments. They would not have been more vicious nor their cities less splendid. They could not have been more disturbed by wars and civil broils than they were. What advantages their art and their literature produced were limited to a small number of people, and in any case the whole population of Greece was so small that its happiness and prosperity might appear less important than that of a single Persian satrapy. But if we do not merely contemplate the consequences of the actual result of the struggle to the people of Greece, but stop to consider what an appalling calamity the triumph of an Oriental despotism over the Greek city-republics would have been for humanity in general and for European civilisation in particular, then we shall realise the full meaning of the struggle and the enormous advantages that have accrued to the world from its results. Greek poetry, Greek art, Greek thought, and the Greek ideal of freedom, unrealised though it was in Greece itself, are gifts to humanity for all time, and together they have laid the foundations of Western civilisation. We can therefore affirm, without fear of error, that the triumph of the Greek States is an event which we should regard as an inestimable blessing, not because it was the outcome of a struggle between brute force and intellect, nor because it saved Greece from Eastern despotism and resulted in the victory of freedom, but because it gave to the world Greek civilisation, which, imperfect and vicious as it was, has greatly contributed to the general progress and elevation of humanity.

But if we can now understand the full importance that this event has had on the history of mankind, it is, nevertheless, extremely difficult for us to understand contemporary events in the same way, and base our judgment on that knowledge. With regard to private morals, we have a certain intuitive feeling that a particular act is right or wrong without regard to whether it be useful or not. But in politics such an intuition

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is as yet not possible, or rather it does exist, but only in a rudimentary degree. When we know that an act will prove morally and materially beneficial to mankind we can say that it is wise and good, but it is almost impossible to predict what will be the ultimate consequences of contemporary events. We can only see what will profit some one particular nation, or be beneficial to mankind for the moment. Not having as yet a clearly defined feeling of right and wrong in foreign politics, it is impossible for us to form for ourselves a code of political ethics. But by a careful study of past history, and by thoroughly realising the consequences of past events, and by improved moral education, we may hope to develop a national conscience that will guide us in our judgment and in our actions as members of the State. Those who to-day proclaim themselves the exponents of the national conscience in England, are apt to base their views too much on pure sentiment, and they do not realise the gulf that separates public from private morality. The policy which they would like to see followed would, in many cases, not only lead to national disaster and humiliation, but would prove eminently detrimental to the progress of civilisation. There are people who, in all colonial questions, and especially in those relating to India, have such an exaggerated veneration for the aborigines of Asia and Africa, even for the most savage and bloodthirsty, that they absolutely condemn all strong measures to which it may be necessary to have recourse. This adoration they extend to more civilised enemies of this country. And even when their country is actually engaged in warfare, they are so tender toward its enemies that they feel obliged to be doubly severe towards their own compatriots. Such an attitude, besides exposing those who take it up to the accusations of making party capital out of their country's difficulties, does nothing but pervert the national conscience from its true line of development. To be constantly told that your country is always in the wrong, whatever she may do, does not help you to understand what is right and what is wrong.

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We should not, however, despair of ever establishing a rule of conduct in political matters, because of the serious obstacles which such a task presents. Our standard of political virtue is far less developed than that of private virtue. For our guidance in private life we have a whole body of moral laws upon which we can try to act, and which are being constantly elevated; with regard to our relations with foreign States we have but the gleams of a conscience. It is these gleams of a moral political instinct that we must do our best to improve and develop. If there is this difference between the two branches of our moral education, it is chiefly owing to the fact that political morals, being far more complicated than private morals, take a much longer time to develop, and require a much higher degree of civilisation to be understood. Our continual moral progress in private life is a proof that an improvement, even in foreign politics, is possible.

There are two reasons for believing that such an improvement is not only possible but probable. One is the gradual growth of a moral sense in home politics. In the Roman and Greek idea of government the citizen was nothing beside the State, and could claim no rights from it. His liberty was protected from the tyranny of one man, but he was subjected to the absolute despotism of the Republic. Acts of the most flagrant injustice were the consequences of such a system of government. A very similar view of the relative position of the State and the citizen was held in the Italian city-republics, and was one of the chief causes of their overthrow. But in modern times this conception has been considerably modified. The practical embodiment of the new order of ideas is the British Constitution. It protects the rights of the citizen not only against despotism, but also against violence and abuse of power on the part of the majority. There may be occasional injustice and violation of the law, but public opinion feels so strongly on the subject that, in England at least, they are now almost impossible. In Continental States, where the political conscience is less developed, the rights of the citizen are not so

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sacred, but there is a constant improvement, and we have recently seen a clear proof that the violation of the rights of the citizen by order of those in authority can excite an outburst of purely altruistic indignation all over the world. That that outburst failed in its object in this particular instance is of no consequence. The fact that an obscure French officer, whose name five years ago no one had heard of, should suffer an unjust and terrible punishment for political reasons, raised a storm of hatred against his persecutors, and this in itself proves that there is a certain moral sense in political matters when foreign relations are not called into question.

A second reason is to be found in the great extension and improvement of the laws of war, and in the general respect with which they are regarded by civilised nations. If an act of violent aggression by one State against another does not excite a feeling of indignation against the aggressor outside the country which is attacked, unless international jealousies be aroused, a massacre of prisoners or the sack of a town would, we feel sure, be regarded as infamous and abominable all over the civilised world. The moral progress of humanity makes itself felt even in events which seem to be a direct negation of it.

If we bear these two facts in mind we should not despair of a real progress being eventually effected in the sphere of foreign politics.

L. VILLARI.

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AN IMPERIAL FLAG

IN "Oceana" the late Mr. J. A. Froude gives a most interesting account of a conversation which he had in 1885 with Mr. Dalley, the then acting Premier of New South Wales, who had recently distinguished himself in the cause of Imperial Federation by sending a military contingent to serve with the British troops in the Soudan. The creed of the great Australian statesman, with respect to the relations which ought to be for ever maintained among the various members of the Empire, may be generally summed up in the words, "One Queen, one Fleet, one Flag"; and it may perhaps seem strange to many that Mr. Dalley laid special stress upon "one Flag." He, like other Britons beyond the seas, had been greatly hurt by some of the provisions of the Colonial Defence Act of 1865. That Act, as well-intentioned a measure as was ever passed, was the unfortunate occasion of the introduction of the following paragraph in the "Queen's Regulations":

> Any vessel provided and used under the third section of the said Act shall wear the Blue Ensign, with the seal or badge of the colony in the fly thereof, and a blue pendant. All vessels belonging to, or permanently in the service of the Colony, but not commissioned as vessels of war under the Act referred to, shall wear a similar Blue Ensign, but not the pendant.

As Mr. Froude said, the Australians, and others, "do not like a bar sinister over their escutcheon, as if they were bastards, and not legitimate; and surely, of all ill-considered measures in our dealing with the colonies, the indignity of

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forcing upon them a difference in the flag was the very worst. No affront was, of course, intended." Yet Mr. Dalley "seemed to speak with bitterness" on the subject. And his feelings are to this day very common in the self-governing colonies.

The badges used in accordance with these regulations are very various, ranging as they do from coats of arms, through birds and beasts, to constellations; and there can be no possible objection to their employment as distinctions. For that purpose somewhat similar badges are used by the Board of Trade, and the Victualling, Customs, and Ordnance services; and it is with similar objects that shipping firms fly house flags, and yacht clubs use their own burgees as well as badges.

But there are cases when it is not desirable that distinctions should be made. There are occasions—and they are likely to come with increasing frequency—when the Empire thinks, acts, and moves as a whole; when all Britons, no matter where, bow together in common grief, rise together in common anger, shout together in common joy. Surely there ought to be a common flag for use on such occasions. Yet, strangely enough, there is not. There is, I mean, no one flag which every British subject, sailor, soldier, civil servant, professional man, country gentleman, and blacksmith, can hoist with equal right and equal propriety above any and every building in which he may be. We have nothing equivalent to the Stars and Stripes of the United States or to the Tricolour of France. Each of these is the common inheritance of every child of the nation. We have a dozen or more distinctive flags, yet not one which is, as it were, supreme as the emblem of the British Empire, without reference to locality, office, rank, colour, profession, calling or race.

This is a serious lack. We specially want such a flag now, when the Empire has so gloriously demonstrated its oneness, and when Federation is daily drawing nearer. Indeed, it seems a little ridiculous that we should even talk of Imperial Federation as a possibility, without at the same time con-

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templating the necessity for a single flag by means of which that Federation may express itself.

But, some one will say, the Federation will naturally express itself by means of the British flag, the distinctive badges being, of course, dropped for the occasion.

Perhaps that "some one" will be able to explain to me what the British flag, to which he alludes, is. For the British Navy, the flag is the White Ensign; for Colonial marines, it is the Blue Ensign with a badge or seal in the fly; for the Royal Naval Reserve, it is a Blue Ensign without anything in the fly; for the British Army, it is the Union Flag; for some yachts it is the White Ensign, for others the Blue, and for yet others the Red; for the ordinary mercantile marine it is the Red Ensign; and although a private citizen in England, Scotland, Ireland or Wales is entitled to use the Red Ensign, and that only, the rule is so little known, or so generally looked upon as doubtful, that a patriotic gentleman of my acquaintance, a stockbroker, keeps British flags of each of the four chief varieties, and hoists them in regular rotation above his country bungalow, "so that they may all wear out equally." As this gentleman takes the trouble to insist that his flags shall be correctly made, and does not hoist the Union upside down, as so many people do, I regard him as a really good man struggling with adversity, and as one who, if he knew what was right, would hasten to do it, even at the cost of buying a new flag. But, as things stand, the position is more than a little ridiculous. It is quite clear to me, if not so clear to him, that, no matter what occurs, my friend the stockbroker has no right to rejoice with the same flag as that used by his brother, the post-captain now on the China station, or his other brother, the gunner commanding Pothouse Fort, or his third brother, a skipper in the Cunard Company's service, or his sister's husband, who belongs to a distinguished yacht club, and is away on a cruise. And, moreover, I have a strong suspicion that my friend's New Zealand cousin ought on no account to rejoice with the Red Ensign to which the

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stockbroker and I are entitled, though he is in every respect equally British, and equally a subject of her Most Gracious Majesty. I think that he ought to rejoice only with a flag that bears on its fly a red cross of four stars on a blue field, especially as he happens to be a member of the Government.

And is not all this great nonsense? Distinctive flags, as I have said, are useful when we want to point out distinctions; but they are in the way when we want to symbolise unity. For that purpose there should be one supreme flag, which may fly with or without the others, and which shall imply nothing sectional, nothing local, nothing departmental, but simply and solely "This is the label of the British Empire, of its Navy's might, of its Army's glory, of its Trade, of its Past, of its spreading Future, and of its common Loyalty."

A hundred years ago the Empire had no self-governing colonies, and was, in many other respects, a very different thing from the Empire of to-day. Yet it was then faced by just the same sort of difficulty about the flag as that which faces it now. England and Scotland had been united, dynastically at the beginning of the seventeenth, and legislatively at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and a flag denoting this had been heraldically compiled out of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, the patron saints of the two kingdoms. At the opening of the nineteenth century, on the occasion of the union of Ireland with England and Scotland, a new flag had to be devised, in order that Ireland might not deem herself the despised sister of the three. The problem to be solved was a hard one; for Ireland's patron saint, St. Patrick, never having been martyred, had no cross, and not one of the conventional badges of Ireland, three crowns, a harp, and a shamrock, was of such a nature as to lend itself to satisfactory heraldic blending with the old Union Flag. To meet the case, a cross, or saltire, was invented or adopted to represent Ireland. This saltire is probably taken from the arms of the Fitzgeralds, who, though originally of Norman extraction, were for several centuries the most powerful family

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in the island. With the aid of this saltire the existing Union Flag was designed in such a manner as to indicate heraldically the union of the three countries and the predominance of England in that Union. The new flag obtained its authority from a Royal Proclamation of January 1, 1801. It was, perhaps, not a perfect combination; but, like its immediate predecessor, the old Union, it served its turn admirably, and will still serve to the end of time to denote what it was intended to signify—the union of the three kingdoms.

But it does not signify the British Empire, inclusive, of course, of the three kingdoms. In 1801, when there were no self-governing colonies, it stood only for the United Kingdom, and for any daughter states; and nothing has since been added to it to make it cover more than it then did. The ideal modification of it to suit the present and future would lie in the addition to it of crosses, or other members or badges, to indicate that the Empire consists not merely of England, Scotland, and Ireland, but also of the Dominion of Canada, the Australian Federation, Cape Colony, Natal, India, and a great many other lands. It is obvious, however, that the existing Union Flag is already sufficiently complicated and crowded, and that to make even half-a-dozen additions to it would not only spoil its undeniable beauty but also turn it into an inextricable and painful patchwork.

Some other flag is needed. It must be a simple flag, or it will lack dignity; it should be a beautiful flag, or it will be unworthy of its mission; it ought not to be a new flag altogether, or it will suggest that the Empire is a mere political association, instead of a gradual, far-branching, and homogeneous growth, sprung from one root.

To find a flag that shall combine in itself all the points that are most desirable, and one which shall at the same time be obviously appropriate, and shall appeal to the traditional memories of the British peoples, is not easy; yet it seems to me that, without taxing any one's inventive faculties, we can find an excellent clue to the problem.

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It is, I suppose, well known that all the sovereigns which are current about the world are not struck at the Royal Mint on Tower Hill. Yet a British sovereign is equally a British sovereign, whether it be minted in London, or at Melbourne, Sydney, or Perth, and presently it will be the same even if it be minted at Pretoria; nor am I aware that the modern sovereign from Sydney differs, save possibly to the eye of an expert, from the sovereign in London. Canada's currency is not the same as that of the United Kingdom and of Australasia; but I shall scarcely misrepresent Canada if I say that, supposing that she too minted one-pound pieces, she would contentedly mint them of one or other of the two imperial patterns which, I believe, are issued, and which certainly pass current indifferently. Each pattern bears on one side the Queen's head, but while one bears on the other the escutcheon of the United Kingdom, the second and more favourite type has the familiar device of St. George and the Dragon.

One may take it, therefore, that St. George and the Dragon, though originally an English emblem, is now accepted as an Imperial one.[1] The Irishman does not seriously complain that the emblem usurps a place which ought to be tenanted by the Shamrock, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, a St. George sovereign is as unobjectionable, nay, as absolutely welcome at the Cape as in Scotland, in Jamaica as in Australia, and in Malta as in London. St. George, in fact, has come in the course of ages to stand for more than mere England. There is no patron saint of the Empire as a whole, but if one had to be chosen by vote, it would be St. George; and the Saint is, indeed, to some extent already associated with the colonies, seeing that the Colonial Order of Knighthood is that of St. Michael and St. George.

No practical person, of course, will contend that the figures of St. George and the Dragon would suitably find a place on the flag of the British Empire. Pictures, indeed, are entirely

[1] Tasmania has adopted the device of St. George and the Dragon as the central ornament of some of her fiscal stamps.

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out of place on flags intended for general use and hard wear. Such flags must not be over costly; they must be capable of being easily reproduced in all sizes, yet in unvarying uniformity of design; they must be plain of pattern so as to be easily distinguishable at a distance; and they cannot be too simple either in design or in colouring.

If, therefore, we cannot have St. George and the Dragon on the field of the Imperial Flag, we need seek no farther than the familiar and historically glorious cross of St. George in order to find the best of all possible substitutes. I venture to suggest the simple, beautiful, and eminently practical St. George's Flag as the most fitting ensign for the British Empire.

Although it is, and has been for nearly a thousand years, an English flag, it has long since ceased to be ordinarily used alone as such. It figures in the Union Flag and Jack and in the White Ensign, but it is no longer employed by itself except as what is called a "flag of command." All British flag-officers fly it when they are in commission as an indication of their rank. A full Admiral flies it as it is, without addition; a Vice-Admiral adds one, and a Rear-Admiral two balls in the upper near canton, by way of difference. I know of no other purpose for which the St. George's Flag, pure and simple, is now used, either by us or by others, although the St. George's cross figures in the hoist of every British man-of-war's pennant. So far as I can discover, the flag is not employed for any purpose whatsoever by foreign Powers; and it has, therefore, acquired no meanings or associations save what are entirely British. On the other hand, in the service of our race, no flag has had so long or so glorious a history as the flag of St. George. It is the true "meteor flag of England," the true "flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," for, as Mr. F. E. Hulme correctly says, for centuries, no matter what other flags or banners might be carried into action by Englishmen, "this was ever foremost in the field." It was probably borne by William the Conqueror; it was certainly borne at

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Cressy, in 1346; at Poictiers, in 1356; at Agincourt, in 1415; at the capture of Rouen by the English, in 1418; and in all the other expeditions and battles of the great Edward and the great Henry. And, besides being used alone, it was also placed in the chief of every British standard and guidon of those times,[1] to show that the bearer, great though his rank and family might be, prided himself first of all upon his nationality. Imitations of these old guidons were most appropriately used as sledge-flags by some of the officers of the Arctic Expedition of 1875–76. They were in the form of broad pennants, and the hoist in each case was occupied by the cross of St. George upon its white field, while the fly bore the crest or arms of the particular officer.[2]

All the Elizabethan explorations and wars were prosecuted under the St. George's Flag; and, even in the time of the Commonwealth, the red cross of St. George never disappeared from the ensign of the dominions over which Oliver Cromwell ruled. But since then it has gradually ceased to be used by itself as an ensign, though it has always been the leading and most conspicuous feature in both the Union Flags and in all the Ensigns of which the Union forms or has formed part. Because it is the oldest and most glorious feature in these ensigns, and because at the same time it no longer, in the mind of ordinary people, typifies anything sectional, it seems to me that it is pre-eminently the flag for the British Empire.

If it should be adopted—and I devoutly hope it may—its legalisation should, however, be accompanied by certain important provisions.

First, it should be stipulated that the St. George's Flag is to be equally bearable and wearable by every subject of her Majesty, without reference to race, colour, and locality.

Secondly, it should be stipulated that it is to be the common Imperial Ensign for all men-of-war, whether of the United Kingdom or of the Colonies; and that no other

[1] Harleian MS. 2358.

[2] Several of these were shown at Chelsea in 1891.

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ensign is to be flown at the peak or ensign staff of such vessels.

Thirdly, it should be stipulated that, as a distinction for men-of-war, whether of the United Kingdom or of the Colonies, the existing British man-of-war's pennant should serve; but that British and Colonial men-of-war may (not must) also wear at the truck, as distinctions, distinctive flags —the White Ensign, the Canadian Ensign, the Australian Ensigns, &c.

Fourthly, it should be made illegal to hoist the White Ensign in Imperial or Colonial ships-of-war except as above permitted.

Fifthly, it should be made illegal to tamper with the Imperial St. George's Flag or Ensign by adding to it, or altering it in any unauthorised manner, or by making it of proportions or colours different from those of the sealed pattern.

Sixthly, it should be ordered that all St. George's Ensigns and Flags, no matter what their superficies, shall have twice the length of their breadth, and shall bear a cross the uniform width of which equals one-fifth of the breadth of the whole flag.

Seventhly, it should be directed that the Imperial Flag shall have precedence over all other British and Colonial flags and ensigns, except only the Royal Standard, which last shall never be hoisted save in the presence of Royalty, or on certain specified anniversaries, and then only by order.

Eighthly, it should be understood that, with the exceptions already set forth, the Imperial Flag will not of necessity displace any existing flags or ensigns, British or Colonial, all of which may continue to be flown as heretofore.

Ninthly, regulations should be made for enabling flag-officers in commission to denote their rank by the use of some flag other than that of St. George, preferably by means of a plain white flag bearing one, two, or three large red balls.

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Commodores can be given a white broad pennant, with similar balls to indicate their class.

The effect of such regulations as these would be not only to discourage the use in Colonial men-of-war of sectional ensigns—of ensigns, I mean, with distinctive badges in the fly—but also to legalise and encourage the use in all ships, public and private, belonging to the Empire, of one ensign only; and this would be not the least of the advantages to be gained. In the days of the revolution in Chile, again during the rebellion at Rio de Janeiro, and yet again during the war between Japan and China, I heard many complaints from British and Colonial merchant skippers respecting the existing rules about ensigns. Foreigners, they said, appear to imagine that, while Americans and Frenchmen are all of one class, and enjoy equal privileges, there are three classes of British subjects. The first-class flies the White Ensign when it travels, whether it be in a man-of-war or in a yacht, and expects to be conducted to the best anchorages, and to be treated with exceptional consideration. The second-class travels with a Blue Ensign, and gets second-class treatment, whether it be in a yacht or in a merchantman, or even in a Colonial man-of-war. The third-class gets only third-class treatment, and because it hoists nothing better than the Red Ensign is really regarded as a class which is somewhat despised even by other Britons. And the misunderstanding is kept up by the fact, inexplicable to the foreign mind on any theory save the incorrect one, that though a yacht may be as large, as smart, and as modern as any in the world, it may happen that she is entitled to fly only the Blue, or even only the third-rate Red, while a much smaller, older, and less efficient yacht alongside her displays all the glory of the White Ensign. My suggested reform would at least make it plain that the Empire expects equal consideration from foreigners for all ships flying the flag.

Nor is this all. Owing to the rather complicated design of existing British flags, and to other causes, they are almost

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always incorrectly made, except in the Navy. This has often been pointed out. In 1891, Professor Laughton, R.N., having undertaken to lecture before one of the Societies on the subject of the flag, applied to the authorities of the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea to lend him some bunting wherewith to illustrate his subject. I happened to be a working member of the Committee, and well do I remember the astonishment with which we discovered that, although we had on the premises many hundreds, possibly many thousands, of so-called British ensigns, Red, White, and Blue, we had not a single correct one, except a few trophies and some Admiralty bunting which could not be lent!

Again, in Switzerland, in 1898, I was hurt by the fact that a friend of mine, a British pro-consul, flew above his house an incorrectly made Red Ensign. There was nothing very astonishing in this, seeing, as I have said, that British ensigns are commonly made incorrectly, and that this particular one was of Swiss manufacture. The astonishing feature remains to be told. We determined to present our friend with a correct Red Ensign; and, with that object in view, we ordered a flag from one of the big co-operative stores which profess to be associated with the naval and military services. In due course the flag arrived, but, when I unpacked it, I found it to be, if possible, more incorrect than the old one! I returned it with an indignant letter; whereupon the secretary of the stores calmly replied that the pattern which he had sent was the pattern usually preferred, though it was admittedly a wrong pattern; and that, if I desired a correct ensign, he would order one to be made for me, as such things were not kept in stock!

This is a scandalous state of affairs. I am told that a letter which I wrote on the subject to the *Times* has produced some good effect upon the flag-makers; yet we still see many more incorrect flags than correct ones. If the Imperial Ensign were of simpler design than the flags of the United Kingdom, and if it were clearly laid down by authority that the Imperial Flag was to be of such and such colours and proportions, and

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of no others, there would be no excuse for variations and no difficulty in attaining uniformity. At present, many a book which pretends to give information about the flag is absolutely misleading. I know Government publications which show the flag in an incorrect form, and improper flags are by no means unknown in the British Army. In no other land in the world do such inconsistencies prevail.

To sum up: we want for the Empire a flag which shall be common to all its members, a simple flag, an easily distinguishable flag, a beautiful flag, a significant flag, and a flag with old and splendid historical associations, yet one not actually used as a national ensign by any State, or, as a signal-flag, by any Code. The St. George's Flag seems to be the only one which fully meets the requirements; and nothing would be more appropriate, and, I believe, welcome to the Empire generally, than its adoption by proclamation on the first day of the new century.

W. Laird Clowes.

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AN ACADEMY OF THE DEAD

"UNLESS our breed of great men is exhausted (and I for one do not deny this)"—so said Mr. Frederic Harrison on a recent occasion—"some expansion or annexe to the Abbey is a necessity of the age." Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Harrison's parenthetic pessimism is overhasty, and that not even five years of flagitious Tory rule have absolutely severed the tap-root of England's greatness. It is agreed, then, that there is a reasonable probability of our having a certain number of great men (and women) to bury, for some generations to come. It is further agreed that Westminster Abbey, as it stands, cannot comfortably accommodate any more. When our next great poet dies, we shall have to alter two words in Ben Jonson's lines, and say:

> We cannot lodge thee by
> *Chaucer*, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lye
> A little further, to make thee a roome.

"House full" might be permanently inscribed over the doors of the Abbey. There is not even the "standing-room only" which (according to tradition) was allotted to Ben Jonson himself. How, then, is England henceforth to dispose of her "dear sons of Memory, great heirs of Fame"?

Various schemes have been put forward, as we all know, for enlarging the precincts of the Abbey, by cloisters or otherwise, or for establishing a new Pantheon elsewhere. Into the details of these proposals we need not at present enter. It is

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clear that, whatever scheme is eventually adopted, the result will be, potentially at any rate, to alter the whole conditions of national sepulture. For the past fifty years at least, space in the Poets' Corner, and in the Abbey generally, has been at an enormous premium. It has been evident that we could offer national house-room, so to speak, only to the greatest of the great. But with the enlargement of the hallowed precinct this condition will pass away. We shall find ourselves suddenly possessed of ample space to accommodate, if we so choose, during centuries to come, even the smallest of the great. Shall we so choose? Shall we make any eminence, any popularity, any notoriety not absolutely criminal, a ground for admission to our enlarged Pantheon? Or shall we resolutely strive to maintain the very high standard of eligibility forced upon us, of recent years, by what is, after all, an accidental restriction of space? Or, again, shall we attempt some compromise between the two possible extremes? These are the questions I propose to consider.

Most people will concede, I think, that some sort of Pantheon (I use the pompous term for brevity's sake) is a desirable possession. Westminster Abbey, in its quality as a national burying-place, ranks high, not only among the sentimental treasures, but among the practical, effective assets of the Island Race. It is not only a valuable, it is a unique asset. How far behind it, in the concentration of great memories within its walls, stands even Santa Croce!—and I can think of no other edifice that can for a moment enter into competition with it. At any rate, without impiously weighing dust against dust, one may safely say that other nations have not even an accepted and convenient symbol for the idea embodied in Westminster Abbey. The heroic epigram of "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" was possible to an Englishman only. One fails to imagine any even remotely equivalent expression in French, German, or Italian. The great church is consecrated, not by any formal act of pope, or king, or legislature, but by the spontaneous hero-worship of a whole

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people. In the course of a few centuries, the Pantheon of Rome or of Paris may have acquired some approach to a similar consecration; but the Abbey has an easy start of them. Other nations, in short, are trying to imitate the hopelessly inimitable possession which destiny and time have conferred upon us. We may take it, then, that the tradition of offering our great men a resting-place beside their peers, in ground hallowed by the age-old reverence of the race, is a valuable one, and by all means to be cherished.

It may at first sight seem a clear corollary that the completer the collection of great memories in such a burial-place, the more nobly must it fulfil its function. Splendid as is the assemblage within the Abbey walls the list of absentees is, of course, still longer and still prouder. To take literature alone, what must be the wealth of that nation whose Pantheon is illustriously peopled, yet does *not* include Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Pope, Swift, Fielding, Gibbon, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Scott, Lamb, Thackeray, Carlyle, Ruskin—"J'en passe, et des meilleurs!" Ought we not to aim in future at avoiding such flagrant omissions as these, and giving national sepulture to the remains of every man of genius who has not deliberately declined it in advance!

In the abstract this is a plausible principle, but in the concrete it is beset with difficulties. I do not say, and I do not think, that the difficulties are fatal. Still, they demand careful consideration.

Let it be recognised in the first place that a complete Pantheon is impossible, because there will always be people who die before their genius has achieved anything like national recognition. For instance, supposing the all-inclusive principle to have obtained from the first, it is very doubtful whether Shakespeare would have found a place, and quite certain that Keats and Shelley would not. As it is, we do not feel the irony of these gaps in the roll, because it is obvious that completeness has never been aimed at. But once establish the principle of making the assemblage all-embracing, and such

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notorious lacunæ would seem to grin at us, as who should say, "Behold the fallibility of contemporary judgment!" It may be suggested that such national oversights are much less likely to occur in the argus-eyed modern world than in the seventeenth, or even the early nineteenth, century. But if there are now more people on the look-out for genius, there is also a far larger number of would-be geniuses clamouring for consideration, and therefore far more chance of real greatness passing unheeded in the welter of mediocrity. To invert the old saying, you cannot see the trees for the wood. There will always be men whose names, when they die, seem writ in water, but afterwards prove to be graven in perennial bronze.

The danger of wrongful omission, however, is one which can easily be faced. It is well, after all, that great memories should not be absolutely centralised, but that there should be places of pious pilgrimage throughout the country and the world. Charlotte Brontë, for example, lies better among her Yorkshire moors than in the roar of London; and no one could wish for Robert Louis Stevenson any fitter resting-place than that which fate has apportioned him. Even the probability of omissions arising from sheer inappreciation need not deter us. It would be foolish to refrain from giving effect to what insight we may possess, because we know that our insight is subject to the imperfection of all things human.

Far more serious than the danger of wrongful omission is that of wrongful inclusion. This it is that makes it really debateable whether we should suffer wider space to bring in its train a principle of wider receptivity. Should we not run the risk of crowding our sanctuary with Macphersons and Montgomeries and Tuppers—men of ephemeral notoriety, whose admission would fatally discount the prestige of the Pantheon, and render each generation a laughing-stock in the eyes of its successors? From this danger we are practically exempt so long as we keep the standard exceedingly high, admitting only the greatest of the great, and not even professing to include all of them. But the risk would undoubtedly arise as soon as we

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began to admit any degree of distinction short of the obviously highest.

And here let us note an interesting point. The question we are discussing is closely analogous to another often-disputed question: Ought we to have an English Academy? An enlarged Westminster Abbey would be practically an Academy of the Dead, and the objections to it are very much the same as the objections currently urged against an Academy of the Living. It is very probable that a good deal of mediocrity—perhaps even of charlatanism—would slip into both. Grotesque as the idea may appear, it is not even impossible that people would be found to wire-pull and intrigue in order to assure themselves a place in the Academy of the Dead, just as they certainly would in order to force their way into the Academy of the Living. We should now and then, no doubt, be treated to the distasteful spectacle of a gigantic "boom" being employed as a battering-ram to beat in the doors of Westminster Abbey. It would certainly not be their fault, nor that of their publishers, if sundry authors and authoresses of "biblia a-biblia"—literature which is not literature—did not worm their way in among the veritable immortals.

But need we shrink in horror from such a possibility? I am not at all clear on the point. Why should not a national burial-place record some of the nation's manias, along with its just enthusiasms? Must there be never a monument which we pass with a smile, among those to which we pay grateful reverence? There is no lack of such monuments in the Abbey as it stands. Do they profane it? No—they make it human. It is history, not criticism, that we should read on the walls of a national burial-place; and a nation's errors and crazes—nay, even its jobs and its snobberies—form not the least instructive part of its history. Human nature is fallible; we are ready enough to confess it in the abstract; why should we be so desperately unwilling to record it, by way of concrete example, on the tablets of our Pantheon? Is not this also a Pharisaism, to repress our natural instincts of hero-worship, because expe-

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rience tells us that posterity will probably smile at some of our enthusiasms?

The main practical difference, so far as England is concerned, between an Academy of the Dead and an Academy of the Living, is that the foundation, at any rate, of the former actually exists, a solid and venerable fact, while the latter would have to be created out of nothing. In France the case is just the reverse; the Academy of the Living is a solid and more or less venerable fact, while in the Panthéon there exists only the meagre nucleus of an Academy of the Dead. It is an interesting question (on which, for the present, I offer no opinion) whether it would be worth our while to try to create an Academy of the Living. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, as to the policy, the duty, of maintaining our Academy of the Dead. The question is only whether we should avail ourselves of the opportunity offered by the inevitable enlargement of space, and try, in future, to make our Academy widely representative instead of narrowly select.

But there is another important difference between the two Academies: the French Academy can co-opt its recruits, the English Academy (in the present stage of psychical research, at any rate) obviously cannot. How, then, are new Academicians to be selected? It would never do to leave the Dean of Westminster the irresponsible janitor of an enlarged Pantheon, with or without a chapter of clerical advisers. We must run no risk of having a Gibbon or a Byron blackballed. Election by committee would probably be the best method. A Board of Custodians should be appointed, something like the Trustees of the British Museum, but probably more numerous. As vacancies occurred in the Board, they might be filled up alternately by co-optation and Government nomination. In this way there would be no great danger of its degenerating into a mere clique. Nay, the probability is that the Board of Custodians might in time acquire a high prestige of its own, so that in securing guardians for our Academy of the Dead we

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might find ourselves possessed of something nearly equivalent to an Academy of the Living.

It may help to clarify our views on the matter if we try, in conclusion, to construct an imaginary Pantheon for the past fifty years. Let us suppose that the necessity for a more spacious national burial-place had made itself felt in 1850 instead of 1900; that the precinct had accordingly been enlarged, and the wider principle of inclusion adopted and acted upon. Of notable men and women who now lie elsewhere, whom should we in that case expect to find gathered into the fold?

Let us begin by putting aside statesmen, soldiers, sailors, men of science and divines, and narrowing our inquiry to the field of literature and art. The great writers who, during this period, have been buried in the Abbey are only five in number: Macaulay, Dickens, Grote, Browning, and Tennyson. Two or three others would probably have been added to the list, but for their own clearly-expressed desire to be laid to rest elsewhere —a desire which would, of course, have been respected under any circumstances. But one cannot help wondering whether it may not have been the very scantiness of accommodation in the Abbey that led Carlyle (for instance) to renounce in advance all claim to admission. He may have wished to bar any possible discussion as to his right of entrance—discussion which could arise only by reason of exiguity of space. In common life, if you happen to know that Smith or Jones feels he ought to invite you to stay with him, but cannot without the greatest difficulty manage to put you up, you hasten to relieve him from embarrassment by finding, or inventing, a previous engagement. In the same way a proud man might not unnaturally assign himself a previous engagement at Ecclefechan, Coniston, Laleham or Kensal Green, in order to prevent any possible discussion over his bier as to the convenience of inviting him to a place in the congested Abbey. One shrinks from seeming to expect an invitation which may not be accorded, though one might have been very willing to accept it had it come as a matter of course. While the limits of our

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national burial-place are so narrow, even the greatest genius can scarcely regard his admission to it as a matter of course, and may therefore take steps to bar his candidature, which he would not dream of taking were his calling and election beyond dispute.

We may assume, I think, that in the case of Thackeray, Carlyle, and Ruskin, only the plainest injunction on their part could have kept them out of the enlarged Pantheon. After them, we come upon a group of five poets whom every one, surely, will allow to have been amply entitled to admission: Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, William Morris. It is a distinct loss to posterity that these men and women of exquisite genius should not have been brought within the pale of national hero-worship. The same remark applies with even greater force in the case of George Eliot; it may almost be called a scandal that her resting-place should be hidden in the crowded purlieus of Kensal Green, even though she have Thackeray to keep her company. Then, if ever there was a man to whose ashes the nation ought to have done honour, it was surely John Stuart Mill. Landor, too, and Hallam, though of an older generation, died within the period we are considering, and ought clearly to have been gathered into the fold.

Let me now make a list of what I may call doubtful cases. Those that occur to me off-hand are the following: Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, Buckle, G. H. Lewes, George Borrow, Lord Lytton, "Owen Meredith," Charles Kingsley, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, J. R. Green, Froude, Freeman, Kinglake, Seeley, Maine, Fitzgerald, Jowett, Pater, Symonds. In some of these cases the Board of Custodians might have had a good deal of difficulty in coming to a decision. Eight or ten out of the twenty-three I have enumerated might probably have been rejected, and I, for one, should not have complained. But supposing the whole three-and-twenty had been admitted to the precinct, would any great harm have been done? I cannot

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see it. No doubt there are several names in the list which will scarcely be remembered fifty years hence; but there is none which is quite without desert, none which is altogether unworthy of being recalled to the notice of posterity by so much as a memorial tablet. The age of pompous epitaphs is past, and there can be no very withering irony in the mere carving of a name, to which future generations are free to accord whatever tribute they think fit—a tear, a smile, a shrug, or an unrecognising glance.

I have mentioned in all thirty-five writers of the past half-century who might conceivably have been admitted to the national burial-place, but have in fact been excluded. We may probably assume that, even if there had been ample space at command, some fifteen of these writers would, for one reason or another, have been laid to rest elsewhere. Would not England have been sensibly the richer for having garnered up the memories of the remaining twenty in her national treasure-house? I cannot but think that she would.

There is a tendency to make St. Paul's the Westminster of the great painters; and against that tendency I have nothing to say. But I suggest that in a truly national burial-place room should be found for such men as Richard Doyle, George Cruickshank, John Leech, Charles Keene, George Du Maurier, Randolph Caldecott—men who have given incalculable pleasure to their own generation, and whose work is perhaps better assured of immortality than that of even the greatest novelist or poet.

Finally, I am moved, with fear and trembling, to raise a question which will probably be discussed with some acrimony, but which can scarcely be overlooked. Ought actors to be admitted to the national Pantheon? My own views on the matter are very definite, and illustrate my whole position. It may be clearly foreseen that, on the death of more than one actor and actress now living, their devotees will agitate for their burial in the Abbey. Should such an agitation succeed, *before the enlargement of the precinct*, I should regard it as nothing

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short of a national scandal. It is true that Garrick and one or two players of inferior fame already rest in the Abbey, while Mrs. Siddons is commemorated by a monument. But, for one thing, these admissions took place before the pressure on the house-room of the Abbey was anything like so severe as it has since become; while, for another thing, it is the emptiest flattery to pretend that any actor or actress of to-day possesses anything like the genius of Garrick or Mrs. Siddons. Whatever sceptical ingenuity may suggest to the contrary, our records are clear and convincing enough to lead us unhesitatingly to that conclusion. But if, or when, the precinct is widened, the case will be entirely altered. There are several actors now living whose right of entrance to a largely representative national burial-place no unprejudiced person would contest. Among those who have died during the past fifty years, Macready, Charles Kean, Samuel Phelps, Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) and Fanny Kemble would clearly have been entitled to admission; while I, for my part, should not have cried out had the honour been extended to the great comedians, Alfred Wigan, Charles Mathews, Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale. Such a case as that of Adelaide Neilson would present a nice question for the Board of Custodians. Would there be any harm, I wonder, in a tablet here and there which should recall little beyond the memory of great beauty and an untimely fate?

On this note of interrogation I lay down my pen. I have tried to suggest several aspects of a many-sided case, about which two things alone are certain: first, that some action must presently be taken; second, that before taking any decisive action we must try to arrive at a reasonable understanding as to the principles which ought to guide it.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

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THE RELIGION OF RABELAIS

THE end of an old, or the beginning of a new century (and one of these alternatives cannot be denied us) is equally conducive to retrospect. Time himself seems to take up his account-book and sum up his profits and his losses. Amongst these there is perhaps no gain on which he more prides himself than the advance of science in the last hundred years. Scientific thought—the patient investigation of Natural Laws, and the explanation of the abnormal by the natural—have had a far-reaching influence on men and morals. We have grown more indulgent; much that we have hitherto condemned we now assign to physical causes, and the progress of science, at first considered hostile to religion, has helped us to practise the precepts of Christianity and to dignify our perception of the divine.

But this scientific philosophy—the reconciliation of natural and supernatural, which we have come to consider as the property of the nineteenth century—really began almost four hundred years earlier. Rabelais was its progenitor, Rabelais is its epitome. His intellectual principles go as far as those of any modern; and it is only in knowledge and in methods that he and his time were behindhand. Naturalist and doctor before all, he referred many human ills and most human failings to the "humours" of the body or of climate, and yet he was not a materialist. His Titanic jollity and jesting, his chaotic grossness, his Jan Steen-like powers of painting, these—the qualities

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by which he is usually known—have almost overcrusted his more spiritual philosophy. Yet it is there; he asserted his belief in God as strongly as his belief in Nature, though he may be said to have always seen God by the light of Nature rather than Nature by the light of God. It is in Nature that he seeks for evidence of divinity, whether he marvels at the intricate beauty of shells and plants, or bids Prince Gargantua and his tutor look on the stars and "pray to the Creator . . . ratifying their mortal faith and glorifying Him for His immensity of kindness."

Nature in Rabelais' lips must be understood to include humanity. "If," he says, "we would achieve a sure and satisfying knowledge of the divine, two things are necessary—God's guidance and man's company." With us of to-day, any reconciliation of the spiritual and the material has been a conscious struggle, a gradual adjustment of facts; but with Rabelais it was a natural expression of views which he never felt to be conflicting. Our creeds may be the more experienced; but his are the more vivifying—rich as they are in the splendour and robustness of youth.

With the facts of his life we are not here concerned, except in so far as they affected his beliefs. He early became a monk, but after a time he grew disgusted with the ignorance and coarse morals around him. The Abbot of the monastery seized Rabelais' books, and Rabelais took French leave of the Abbot. Still in his monk's dress, he wandered southward through the provinces, stopping at the Universities and enjoying life in every form. Then he turned doctor—medical lecturer—studied at Montpellier and lectured at Lyons. In that town he dissected a corpse before a crowd of students. He was the first Frenchman to venture on an experiment which, without the permission of the Pope, had hitherto been impossible, because theologians thought that it interfered with the resurrection of the body. But science was growing stronger than theology, and Lyons welcomed the new doctor. Here was printed, in 1533, the first part of his "Pantagruel"—the "New Gospel,"

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as it was called at Court—and here he was when the great Cardinal du Bellay found him and took him as his secretary to Rome: a bad day for Popes and Cardinals. Later on he was made Curé of Meudon (he had never left the Church), and varied his clerical duties by a good many absences. He was probably a better traveller than he was a parish-priest. In 1552 he resigned his living, and a year later he died.

The combination of bold anatomist and officiating churchman was significant of the man. Rabelais, like Erasmus, had no taste for martyrdom; on the contrary, he thought it an obstacle to the progress of liberty. Compromise was sacred to him, not from any absence of courage, but from the presence of good sense. He had done well to settle in Lyons, which was then the centre of Reform. France, the home of culture, is perhaps the only country in which for some years Renaissance and Reformation went hand-in-hand. The fact was that there it was more an intellectual than a moral movement—a general war against ignorance in which scholars, poets, mystics, wits, Calvinists, liberal Catholics, translators of the Gospels, and lampooners of the monks, made common cause. Margaret of Navarre, the King's sister, was long at the head of the party, and Rabelais' dedication of his third book to her sufficiently shows the popularity of knowledge. It was called heresy directly it endangered authority and the ideal state of things could not last; but Rabelais' stay in Lyons happened to coincide with a fortunate moment for the first Reformers.

The love of knowledge was with him a religious doctrine. "Give yourself up to the study of Nature's truths," he exclaimed, "and let nothing in this world be unknown to you! What an abyss of wisdom do I see before me!" A still more important article of his faith was his aversion to the monks. He hated untruth and hypocrisy, and he hated asceticism worse than either—whether it was that of the monastery, or the intellectual asceticism of the Schoolmen; whether it came from the Protesting Calvin or the Catholic Savonarola. His strongest weapon against it was mirth. "Rire c'est le propre de

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l'homme," he said once and for all; and at this mighty trumpet-sound the cloister walls trembled and fell, the fresh air of heaven blew in, and religious terror slunk away.

His sarcasms at the expense of the monks and their "Moque-Dieu" prayers were endless, and he lost no opportunity of proclaiming the duty of health, of enjoyment, of manly exercise and family life.

"Depart, poor folk, in the name of God the Creator," says Grandgousier to the pilgrims . . . "and henceforth do not be so ready for these idle, futile journeys. Keep your families; work, each man of you, at his own calling; educate your children, and live according to the teaching of the good Apostle, St. Paul. If you do this, God and His angels will guard you."

Asceticism seemed to him not only false, but presumptuous. It was always the *via media* that he chose for himself and others, prompted both by wisdom and by humility.

I have good hopes [he writes] that God will hear our prayers . . . and that our desires will be fulfilled so long as they are moderate. The wise men of old called moderation golden: they meant that it was precious. You will find that none of the prayers failed in which you have asked for no more than the moderate. . . . "All very well," you say, "but God might just as well have given me sixty thousand as the thirteenth part of one-half. For He is omnipotent." . . . And who taught you, you poor people, thus to argue and prate about the power and predestination of God? Humble yourselves before His holy face and acknowledge your imperfections.

Or this—the same thought expressed in homelier language:

Oh, how small is the number of those to whom Jupiter hath shown such favour that he hath destined them to plant cabbages. For they always have one foot on the ground and the other is not far off it. Let those who will, dispute about happiness and sovereign good; but, according to my opinion, whosoever planteth cabbages, at the instant findeth happiness.

All this, it may be said, is only the religion of good sense and good humour—the religion of the Frenchman—on an Olympian scale. The cheerful scepticism which sees and accepts things just as they are has been the distinction, perhaps also the limitation, of France. Had Rabelais stopped here, he would have remained a philosopher and made no

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more exalted flight than Montaigne. He went farther and believed in the permanence of soul. The interdependence of body and soul was one of his dogmas, and Descartes' theory that soul was an essence apart, complete in itself, would never have appealed to him. Thank the good God, he says, when you eat and drink, "for by this sweet bread and wine, he cures you of all your perturbations, whether of body or of soul." But, for all his naturalism, he declared the supremacy of spirit. When Gargantua writes to his son, he tells him how he should mourn if the boy were only to resemble him in "the lesser part of me, the body, if the better part, the soul, which makes men bless your name, were to prove degenerate and debased."

Tradition has it that Rabelais died saying, "Je vais cherche le grand Peut-être." Another story (which was known soon after his death) tells how the Bishop of Evreux possessed a Galen, annotated by Rabelais. By the side of a passage in which the elder Doctor denied the immortality of the soul, the younger and greater had written, "Hic vero se Galenus plumbeum ostendit." The Bishop, according to report, made use of the note to undeceive Henri IV., who had always looked upon Rabelais as an atheist. But, quite apart from these tales, true or apocryphal, we have, in his great book, his own testimony as to his creed.

> "I believe," says Pantagruel, "that all thinking souls (*toutes âmes intellectives*) are beyond the power of Fate's scissors. All are alike immortal; whether they belong to angels, demons, or human beings."

And elsewhere he bids us await death like the good poet, Rominagrobis, "with joyful bearing, frank countenance, and radiant looks," that we may here have a foretaste of "the sweet felicity that the good God has prepared for His faithful, his chosen servants, in the life beyond—the Life of Immortality."

What the nature of a future life might be Rabelais did not try to define; the hair-splittings of theology were the object of his greatest scorn, and he had no wish to belittle infinity by formulæ. When his company of pilgrims, led by Prince Panta-

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gruel, enter the great Temple of Bacbuc, the priestess gives to every man wine from the same cup and the same fountain; but in each one's mouth it tastes differently and becomes another wine. This allegory represents Rabelais' whole attitude towards Truth; to him it was an absolute reality, taking a million forms in a million minds. Yet no one could find such words as he with which to blazon forth the Infinite; they seem the very emblems of Truth.

"Go, my friends," says the priestess, when she has given the wine, "go, in the keeping of that Intellectual Sphere whose centre is everywhere, whose circumference is nowhere, and whom we call God. The Egyptians hail their sovereign Deity as the Abstruse—the Hidden One. And because they invoked Him by this name, entreating Him to reveal Himself to them, He widened their knowledge of Himself and His creatures, guiding them by His bright lantern."

Christianity, expressed in action, seemed to him the clearest ray which the lantern had hitherto vouchsafed. For him, Christ was "the Saviour King, in whom all oracles, all prophecies, found an end: just as the skulking shadows vanish at the light of the clear sun." And later he embroiders his thought with that strange mixture of noble religion and Renaissance adornment, so often seen in the Church sculpture of his day.

"Pan is dead"—cries a voice, only heard by Pantagruel's pilot, as he steers the ship amidst the Grecian isles—"All the same," says Pantagruel, "I interpret this to mean that great Saviour of the faithful, who was slain shamefully in Judea through the envy of the Pontiffs, the Doctors, and the Monks. And the interpretation seemeth to me in no wise repellent, for He can well be called Pan according to the Greek tongue; seeing that He is our all. All that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is Him—in Him—from Him—by Him. He is the good Pan, the great Shepherd, who, as the passionate Corydon attesteth, loveth not only His sheep but His shepherds."

Rabelais' colossal genius sets him apart in his age, but he was not alone in his views. Many of them were shared by other thinkers—a handful of men scattered over Europe, who formed the Broad Church party of those days—the party of Reconciliation. Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, with their school, were the best known amongst them, and much that they

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thought or wrote would have pleased Prince Pantagruel. "There is only one God, it is the names we give Him which differ," says Conrad Mutian, a disciple of Erasmus: "But let us not name Him; these are mysteries which should be wrapped in silence, like the mysteries of Eleusis." "Religion," he writes elsewhere, "should be the doctrine of pure Humanity." The works of Erasmus supply a harvest of such sayings. "If," he writes in one place, "you would gain the peace which is the ideal of your religion, you must speak as little as possible of dogmatic definitions, and on a great many points allow everybody a free and personal judgment." Christian myths, he tells us, would hardly be better than Pagan, if they were not taken allegorically. It is the business of the sage to liberate the meaning from the symbol—he must leave the dogma to the mob.

Sir Thomas More was haunted by the same ideas. He pursues them among his Utopians, who

> define virtue to be life ordered according to nature. . . . Their churches be very gorgeous, not only of fine and curious workmanship, but also . . . very wide and large, and able to receive a great company of people. . . . Religion is not there of one sort among all men, and yet all the kinds and fashions of it, though they be sundry and manifold, agree together in the honour of the divine nature, as going divers ways to one end: therefore nothing is seen or heard in the churches, but that seemeth to agree indifferently with them all. If there be a distinct kind of sacrifice peculiar to any several sect, *that* they execute at home in their own houses. . . . They call upon no peculiar name of God, but only Mythra; in which word they all agree together in one nature of the divine Majesty, whatsoever it be.

These men, in spite of their liberalism, were not conscious innovators. They were deeply attached to the old bottles, and did not see that their new wine was likely to burst them. Rabelais, in the prologue to his fourth book, addressed to the Cardinal de Châtillon, says that he would certainly light his own funeral-pyre—"à l'exemple du phœnix"—if one word of heresy were found in his pages. He disliked Luther as much as did Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More went to the scaffold in the cause of Papal supremacy. Rabelais' fidelity to his Mother Church did not hinder him from mocking its Head, not to

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speak of its minor dignitaries. In the Isle of the Papomanes, the Sacred Decretals are unmercifully laughed at; and when the soldier, Epistemon, descends into Hades, he finds that Pope Julius II. has turned into a pieman who bargains with a lawyer about his pies and ends by getting thrashed for asking fraudulent prices. Perhaps both Rabelais and Erasmus had too much sense of humour to be leaders of action, but they set the future going in a way they never dreamed of, and remained leaders of thought in generations beyond their ken.

Rabelais stands apart from his comrades for more reasons than one; and it is not only his mighty genius which carries him past them. The warmth of his beliefs distinguished him from the rest. Erasmus and his intellectual followers were cold towards humanity, except as an idea; they loved learning and refinement, despised fools, and hated ignorance and the mob. Sir Thomas More was, it is true, full of benevolence, but the masses, for him, were still the lower classes, and it was more as a thinker that he benefited them in his distant Utopia, than by any active intercourse. Rabelais alone loved them—not as objects of philanthropy, but because he loved his kind and because good nature and honesty, the virtues he most cared for, were oftenest found among the people. His best fables are about peasants, and cabbage-planters were his heroes. Probably his very faults—his natural coarseness and unbridled jollity—had a good deal to do with his sympathies; but for all that, they were grounded upon a generous love. "Men," he said, "were born for the aid and succour of men." There was no scorn in Rabelais' large and sunny nature. "There is only one thing I dislike, and that is contempt of the commonplace"—so he speaks through the mouth of Pantagruel. He did not even scorn fools; the worst he did was to laugh at them and put them into particular pigeon-holes. There are, he says, several sorts of fools, "the metaphysical fool, the predestined fool, the fool elect, and the fool imperial." Shakespeare himself could not show a greater amenity.

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The thought of Rabelais bore blossom in his own times and in those immediately after him, but it did not bear fruit till a much later day. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to gauge his work or determine who are his spiritual descendants, and yet it is hard to refrain from casting a glance in that direction. He belonged, as we have said, to the Reconcilers—to those who wished to combine the old with the new, and knowledge with Religion. But it is not too much to say that the modern school of science—the lovers of Nature and Reason, the students of their laws—are descended in direct line from Rabelais, though king and dynasty are alike unconscious of one another. Newton and Locke, Darwin and Herschel, Huxley and Pasteur, would all have delighted him. When we come to the unscientific, we do not trace his lineage so clearly. In France, as M. Brunetière has pointed out, Gargantua's naturalism too easily turned into other *isms*—materialism, individualism, and what not, leading men far enough from Rabelais' noble beliefs. Even his philosophy of cabbage-planting and the value of the obvious turned to cynicism in the mouth of Voltaire, who was his fellow in irony as well as in his hatred of shams. Perhaps it needed the heart of the giant Gargantua to ennoble the creed of common sense. He and his "esprit Gaulois" became, as it were, part of the French soil and, while they enriched it, became undistinguishable from it.

Far different is it with Rousseau. He and Rabelais—the first apostles of Nature—may be said to represent the two great natural schools of thought; those who with Rabelais look at Nature from the outside; those who with Rousseau look at her through the medium of their own souls. Rousseau formed a larger number of writers by his direct influence: the Romantic School and its followers—Chateaubriand, George Sand, De Musset, Victor Hugo—but Rabelais will probably have more effect on thought in the long run.

So much for France. It is curious that it should be in England that his most recognisable descendants can be found.

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Charles Kingsley, his eager admirer, is one of them: Kingsley with his "consecration of things secular" and his reverence for every form of life. Robert Browning is another—he who loved the light and fought asceticism as the Devil; he who reverenced the "poor coarse hand" and said that "All good things are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul." Browning's orthodoxy heightens the resemblance; like Rabelais, he was content to let things alone and accept the old forms, provided he might fill them with a new meaning. Amongst earlier authors there are none so closely related as these two to the Prince Pantagruel. Swift's Rabelaisian humour is a proverb, but it only possesses the superficial resemblance of a conscious imitation of form, and Swift's savage cruelty was as foreign as anything could be to Rabelais' jovial charity. The laugh of the Dean was not the laugh which his predecessor called "le propre de l'homme." Sir Thomas Browne, doctor and philosopher, is much nearer the Renaissance thinker; but the "Religio Medici" is made for the byways of wisdom—for the intimate firelight of the study—and has little to do with the great high-roads of thought.

One cannot but wonder how far Rabelais was aware of his philosophy. He began his great work only to amuse himself, writing it, so he tells us, as he ate his meals. But before he had done it, he had—however lightly—defined what he meant by Pantagruelism:

"A certain gaiety of spirit conceived in scorn of chance. And if you ask me 'why?' good people, here is the unanswerable answer: 'Such is the will of the All-good and Omnipotent God, in which I acquiesce. . . . Whose Gospel of good tidings I worship.'"

The results of this creed are practically embodied in his ideal Abbey of Thelema, the sumptuous palace to which men and women in splendid robes—that seem fresh from the brush of Titian—alike retired, to study and enjoy each other's company. Over the door stood written "Enter all ye who proclaim the Gospel by your deeds. . . . Enter and lay the foundations of a deep faith here." All went well in the Abbey, because

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"people who are free, well-born, and well-taught, discoursing together in goodly companies, have by nature an instinct and a spur which ever incites them to fair actions and guards them from vice." When affairs called a Thelemite out into the world, he chose a lady, led her forth from the cloisters, and wedded her. And when death came, "they loved each other as well as on the first day of their marriage."

Love—extended to our fellows—is to Rabelais, as to Browning and Kingsley, the only solution of human ills. If men would help one another, there would be "peace amongst mortals, love and delight, good faith, repose and feasting. No lawsuit, no war, no disputing." And without this large charity, intellect, which he so much valued, seemed to him worthless. "Wisdom," he says, "cannot enter an unkind spirit, and knowledge without conscience is the ruin of the soul." And again: "We establish sovereign good not by taking and receiving, but by giving with both hands"; and in this, he adds, lies happiness.

EDITH SICHEL.

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GIOTTO

I. THE CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO AT ASSISI

WE have seen abundant evidences in studying early Christian art that Christianity at its origin exercised no new stimulating influence upon its development, but if it were claimed for the Franciscan movement that it brought about the great outburst of Italian art the position would be harder to refute: and indeed what St. Francis accomplished, the literal acceptance by official Christendom of Christ's teaching, was tantamount to the foundation of a new religion, and the heresy of some of his followers, who regarded his as a final dispensation superseding that of the New Testament, can scarcely have seemed unreasonable to those who witnessed the change in the temper of society which his example brought about. St. Francis was the great orthodox heretic. What he effected within the bounds of the Church, for a time at all events, was only accomplished for later times by a rupture with the Papal power. He established the idea of the equality of all men before God and the immediate relationship of the individual soul to the Deity. He enabled every man to be his own priest. To the fervour with which these ideas were grasped by his countrymen we may ascribe to some extent the extreme individualism of the Italian Renaissance, the absence of the barriers of social caste to the aspirations of the individual and the passionate assertion on his part of the right to the free use

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of all his activities. No doubt the individualism of, say, a Sigismondo Malatesta in the fifteenth century was very different to anything which St. Francis would have approved; none the less such a view of life was rendered possible by the solvent action of his teaching on the fixed forms of society.

But of more immediate importance to our purpose is the æsthetic element in St. Francis' teaching. To say that in his actions St. Francis aimed at artistic effect would perhaps give a wrong impression of his character, but it is true that his conception of holiness was almost as much an æsthetic as a moral one. To those who know St. Bonaventura's life a number of stories will suggest themselves, which indicate a perfectly harmonious attitude to life rather than a purely moral one: stories such as that of the sheep which was given to him, and which he received joyfully because of its simplicity and innocence, "and holding it in his hands he admonished it to be intent to praise God and to keep itself from offending the brethren; and the sheep observed fully the commandment of the Blessed Francis, and when it heard the brethren singing in the choir ran thither quickly, and without any teaching bent before the altar of the Blessed Virgin and bleated, as though it had human reason."

St. Francis, the "Jongleur de Dieu," was actually a poet before his conversion, and his whole life had the pervading unity and rhythm of a perfect work of art. Not that he was a conscious artist. The whole keynote of the Franciscan teaching was its spontaneity, but his feelings for moral and æsthetic beauty were intimately united. Indeed, his life, like the Italian art which in a sense arose from it, like the Gothic French art which was a simultaneous expression of the same spirit, implies an attitude, as rare in life as in art, in which spiritual and sensuous beauty are so inextricably interwoven that instead of conflicting they mutually intensify their effects.

Not only was the legend of St. Francis' life full of suggestions of poetical and artistic material, but his followers rewrote the New Testament from the Franciscan point of view, empha-

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sising the poetical and dramatic elements of the story. In particular they shifted the focus of interest by making the relationship of the Virgin to her son the central motive of the whole. It will be seen that Italian artists down to Raphael turned rather to the Franciscan than the Vulgate version.[1] In fact, St. Bonaventura and the great poet of the movement, the cultivated and ecstatic Jacopone di Todi did for the Christian legend very much what Pindar did for classical mythology; without altering the doctrine they brought into full relief its human and poetical significance.

It is not surprising, then, to find that the great church at Assisi, built with all the magnificence that the whole of Italy could contribute to honour the spouse of Divine Poverty, should be the cradle of the new art of Italy—the neo-Christian or Franciscan art, as we might almost call it.

The lower church of S. Francesco was probably decorated almost immediately after the building was finished, between 1240 and 1250, but these early works are almost obliterated by a second decoration undertaken after 1300. We must therefore turn to the upper church, the paintings of which were probably completed before 1300, as the chief source of our knowledge of the emergence of the new Italian style. It was there that the Italian genius first attained to self-expression in the language of monumental painting—a language which no other nation of modern Europe has ever been able to command except in rare and isolated instances.

And here we plunge at once into a very difficult, perhaps an insoluble problem: who were the painters who carried out this immense scheme of decoration? The archives of the church have been searched in vain, and we are left with a sentence of Ghiberti's commentary, and Vasari, who here proves an uncertain guide, so that we are thrown chiefly on the resources of internal evidence.

The paintings of the upper church may be briefly enumerated thus: In the choir are faint remains of frescoes of the life of

[1] *Cf.* H. Thode: "Franz von Assisi."

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the Virgin: in the right transept a Crucifixion and other subjects almost obliterated; in the left transept another Crucifixion, better preserved, and archangels in the triforium. The nave is divided into an upper and lower series; the upper series contains scenes of the Old and New Testaments, the lower is devoted to the legend of St. Francis, and in alternate vaults of the roof are paintings of single figures.

It would be out of place to discuss all these frescoes in detail, but it may be worth while to select certain typical ones, around which the rest may be grouped, and see how far they bear out what little documentary and traditional authority we have.

We will begin with the Crucifixion of the left transept (Fig. 1), which is clearly by an artist of decided and marked personality.[1]

It is certainly less pleasing and less accomplished than the works of the later Byzantine school, and in spite of certain motives, such as the floating drapery of the Christ, which show Byzantine reminiscences, it is derived in the main from the barbaric native Italian tradition. This is shown in the stumpy proportions of the figures and the crude, not to say hideous, realism of the faces of the crowd. The classical origin of the tradition is still traceable in the sandalled feet and the reminiscence of the toga in some of the draperies. But the chief interest lies in the serious attempt made by the artist to give dramatic reality to the scene in a way never attempted by the less human Byzantines. The action of the Magdalen throwing up both arms in despair is really impressive, and this is a more vivacious rendering of a gesture traditional in Western early Christian art; an instance occurs in the fifth century MS. of Genesis at Vienna. But the artist shows his originality more in the expressive and sometimes beautiful poses of the

[1] The lights have gone so dark that this negative photograph gives a better idea of the original condition than a positive one would do, but it must be borne in mind that some of the grotesqueness of the faces is due to the accidental distortions of such a process.

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Fig. 1.—The Crucifixion. Chamber (upper floor), 1899

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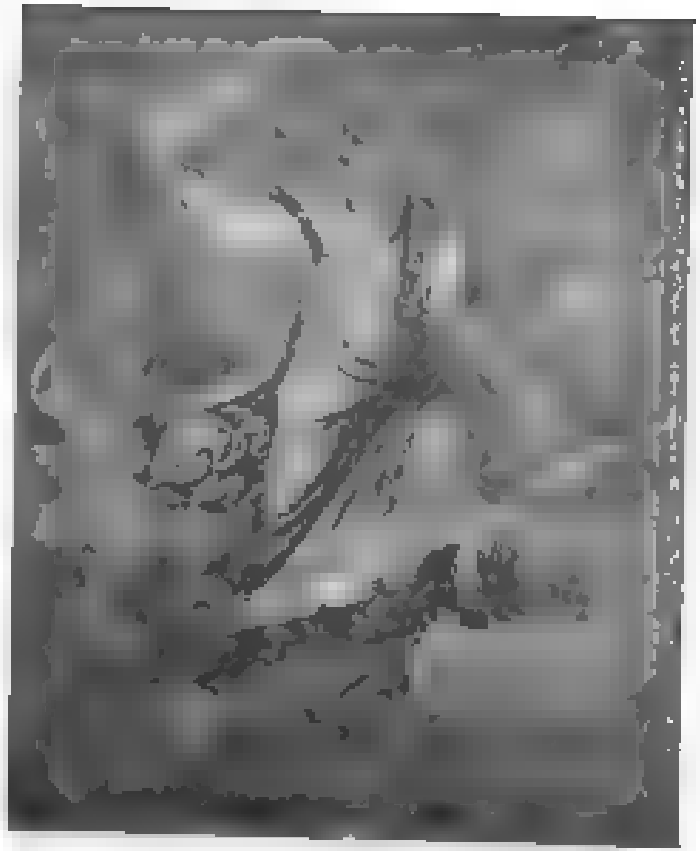

weeping angels and the natural movements of the Virgin and St. John.

Very nearly allied to this are the archangels of the triforium, and some of the frescoes of the upper scenes in the nave, such as the Nativity and the Betrayal. These belong to the same group, though they are not necessarily by the master of the Crucifixion himself.

The frescoes which begin the Old Testament history of the upper series of the nave also have a strongly marked character, which is seen in the Sacrifice of Isaac (Fig. 2). It is clear that we have here a work that is in many ways more accomplished than the last. The unhesitating bravura with which the lines of the drapery are drawn, and the decision with which the face is divided up into a number of conventional segments, indicate an artist who is troubled by no desire to go beyond a perfectly recognised and often repeated scheme. The work has none of that tentative striving after natural pose and dramatic appropriateness which marked the Crucifixion. It is a work of consummate technical dexterity working within a traditional formula. Now all these characteristics point clearly to the later Byzantine tradition, and indeed the treatment of the drapery alone, with its purely calligraphic system of repeated lines, would almost warrant the assumption that this is the work of a Greek artist.[1]

As we proceed along the nave, still keeping to the upper series, we come upon another distinct personality, whose work is typified in the Deception of Isaac (Fig. 8). In certain qualities this master is not altogether unlike the master of the Crucifixion. Like him, he replaces the purely schematic linear rendering of drapery by long streaks of light and dark paint, so arranged as to give the idea of actual modelling in relief. But he does this not only with greater naturalism, but with a greatly

[1] It may be noticed in this connection that, whereas in the Crucifixion the lights and darks were broadened, so as to suggest their real meaning of lighted and shaded masses, here an arbitrary high light follows everywhere the dark lines, exactly in the manner of Byzantine miniaturists.

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increased sense of pure beauty. The painting is not hieratic and formal, as the Byzantine would have made it, nor has it that overstrained attempt at dramatic vehemence which we saw in the Crucifixion. The faces have remarkable beauty, and throughout there is a sense of placid and dignified repose which is rare in mediæval work. It is, in fact, decidedly classical, and classical, too, in a sense different from the vague reminiscences of classic origin which permeate early Christian art, and were faintly echoed in the Crucifixion. Rachel especially, with her full, well-rounded eyes, wide apart and set deep in their sockets, her straight nose and small mouth, might almost have come straight from a Pompeian picture.

The hair, too, instead of being in tangled masses, as in the Crucifixion, or rendered by parallel lines, as in the Sacrifice of Isaac, is drawn into elegantly disposed curls, which yet have something of the quality of hair, and which remind us of the treatment in classic bronzes.

The last vault of the nave, with the Doctors of the Church (Fig. 4), is by an artist who is extremely similar to the last, and clearly belongs to the same group. The level brows nearly meeting over the bridge of the nose, the straight profile and the curled hair show the similarity, as does also the drapery. The classic tendencies of this artist may be seen in the amorini caryatides in the extreme corners of the spandril, while the decoration of one of the arches of the church by the same hand has, arising from an urn of pure classic design, a foliated scroll-work, in which centaurs disport themselves.

In Fig. 5 we come to the lower series representing the Life of St. Francis; and we are at once struck by the resemblances to the last two paintings. The Pope, who is approving the rule of St. Francis, is almost a repetition of one of the Doctors of the Church. We have the same peculiar drapery with shiny, slippery, high lights, broadly washed on in well-disposed folds. The faces, too, though they are more individual and far more expressive, are, nevertheless, built on the same lines. They have similar straight profiles, the same deeply-cut level brows,

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Fig. 3. [illegible] returning from hunting. Upper Church, Assisi

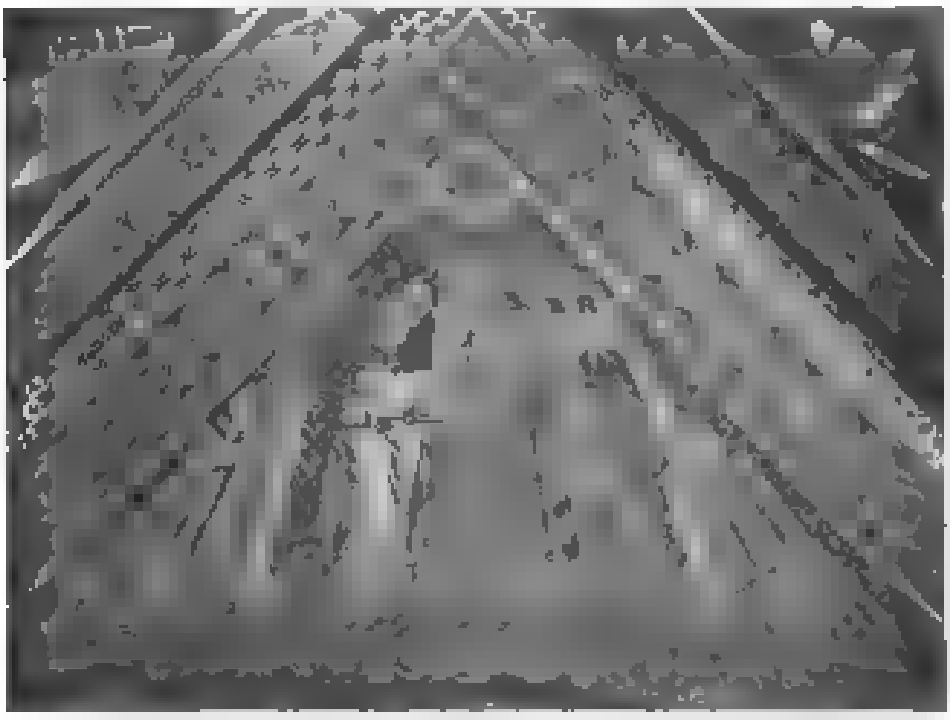

Fig. 4. St. Jerome. Upper Church, Assisi

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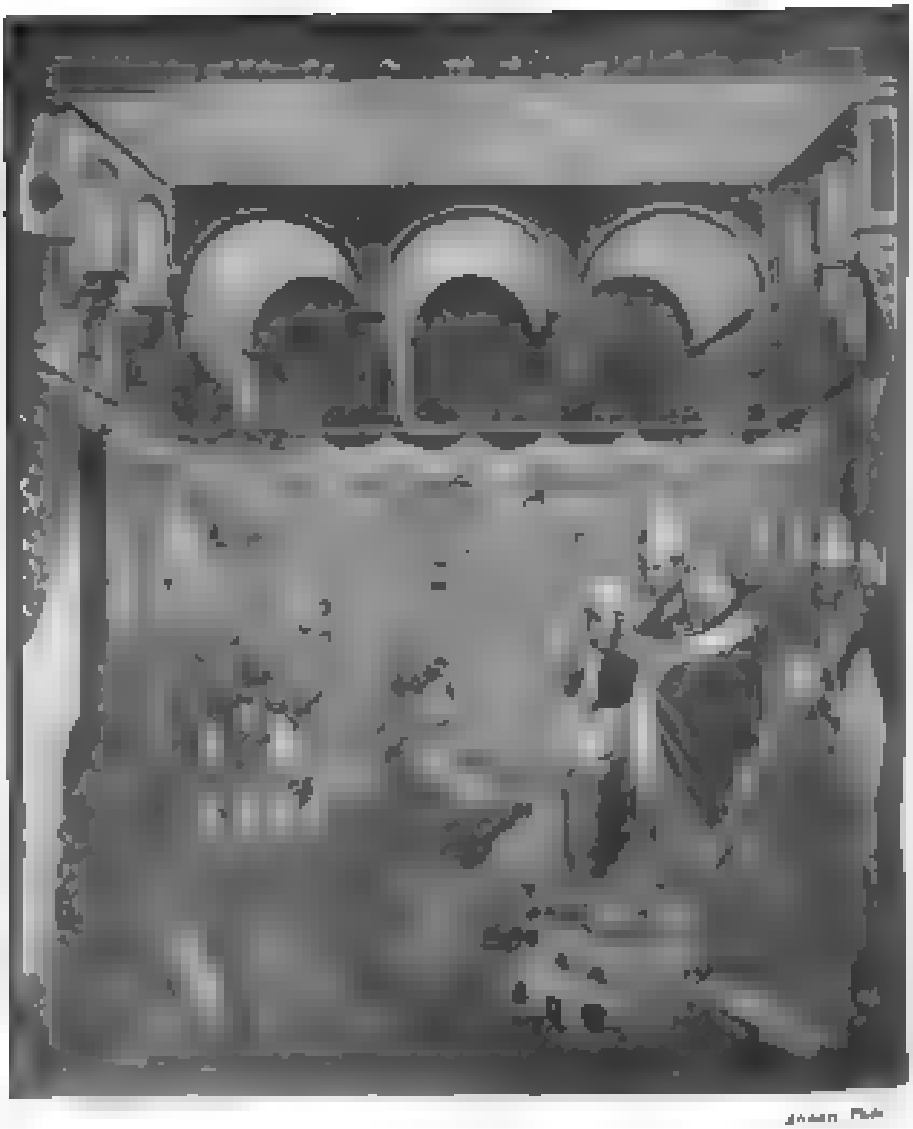

Fig. 8. — St. Francis before Pope Innocent III.
Giotto. *Upper Church, Assisi*

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which tend to meet in a line across the nose. The general impression it makes is that it is by a younger artist than the master of the Esau fresco, but one who has a keener feeling for reality and a far deeper sense of the dramatic situation.

We will now turn to the historical evidence. The earliest and best is that of Ghiberti (early fifteenth century), who tells us simply that Giotto painted the St. Francis legend. Vasari says that Cimabue worked first in the lower church with Greek artists, and then did the whole of the upper church, except the St. Francis legend, which he ascribes to Giotto. In addition to these we have a sixteenth-century MS. and an account of the church by Petrus Rudolphus of the same period, which agree that both Giotto and Cimabue painted in the upper church.

We may take it, then, that we have fairly good evidence for ascribing the St. Francis series in the main to Giotto, and a consensus of traditional opinion that somewhere in the other frescoes we ought to discover Cimabue.

The name of Cimabue is fraught with tender associations. To the last generation, happy in its innocence, it was familiar as a household word. Browning could sing without a qualm: "My painter—who, but Cimabue?" The cult of Cimabue became fashionable; it offended Philistine nostrils and received its due castigation from Mr. Punch. And now, alas, he would be a bold man who dared to say that he admired Cimabue, who dared to do more than profess a pious belief in his existence. Only recently a distinguished critic[1] has endeavoured to hand over to Duccio di Buoninsegna the very stronghold of the Cimabue faith, the altar-piece of the Rucellai Chapel in Sta. Maria Novella. But the myth dies hard, and Florentine guides will still point out the portraits of all Cimabue's relations in the little figures round the frame. Ever since the time of Rumohr, however, who considered him to be little more than an emanation of Vasari's brain heated by patriotic fervour, it has been established that we have no

[1] Dr. J. P. Richter: "Lectures on the National Gallery."

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documentary evidence for any single picture by him. We do know, however, that at the very end of his life he executed the mosaic of the apse in the cathedral at Pisa. But this is a much restored work, and originally can have been little but an adaptation of a Byzantine design, and it throws no light on his work as a painter. In any case, all criticisms of his reputation in his own day, whether deserved or not, must fall to the ground before Dante's celebrated lines, "Credette Cimabue nella pittura Tener lo campo, Ed ora ha Giotto il grido," for on this point Dante is first-rate evidence. And that being the case, there is a probability, almost amounting to certainty, that the man who "held the field" in painting would be requisitioned for the greatest national undertaking of his day, the decoration of S. Francesco at Assisi, even though, as we have seen, it would be impossible to accept Vasari's statement that he did the whole.

In looking for Cimabue among the groups of the upper church which we have selected, it will be worth while to take as an experimental guide other works ascribed traditionally to our artist. If these should agree in their artistic qualities with one another and with any one group at Assisi, we shall have some probability in favour of our view. And the result of such a process is to find in the master of the Crucifixion our elusive and celebrated painter.

It would be wearisome to go in detail through all these works, none of them of really fine artistic quality; it will suffice to say that in certain marked peculiarities they all agree with one another and with the Crucifixion. The most striking likeness will be found between the heads which appear under the Virgin's throne in the picture in the Academy at Florence (Fig. 6), which Vasari attributes to Cimabue, and the grotesque heads to the right of the Crucifixion (Fig. 1). There is the same crude attempt at realism, the same peculiar matted hair, the same curious drawing of the eye-socket which gives the appearance of spectacles. The characteristics of this picture will again be found in the Cimabue of the Louvre which comes

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Fig. 8. Madonna and Child. Cimabue. Academy, Florence.

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from Pisa, where he is known to have worked. Very similar, too, in innumerable details of architectural setting, of movement of hands and heads, and of drapery is the fresco of the Madonna Enthroned and St. Francis, in the lower church at Assisi. Finally, the Rucellai Madonna, in spite of its very superior qualities, which must be due to its being a later work, answers in every detailed test that can be applied to the characteristics of this group of paintings.[1]

And now, having found our Cimabue in the master of the Crucifixion, what must our verdict be on his character as an artist? Frankly we must admit that he is not to be thought of in the same category with the master of the Esau fresco, much less with Duccio or Giotto. There is, however, in his work that spark of vitality which the Italians rightly prized

[1] One picture, however, ascribed by Vasari to Cimabue, namely, the Madonna of the National Gallery, does not bear the characteristics of this group. Dr. Richter's argument for giving the Rucellai painting to Duccio depends largely on the likeness of this to the Maestà, but there is no reason to cling so closely to Vasari's attributions. If we except the National Gallery Madonna, these pictures, including the Rucellai Madonna, will be found to cohere by many common peculiarities not shared by Duccio. Among these we may notice the following: The eye has the upper eyelid strongly marked; it has a peculiar languishing expression, due in part to the large elliptical iris (Duccio's eyes have a small, bright, round iris with a keen expression); the nose is distinctly articulated into three segments; the mouth is generally slewed round from the perpendicular; the hands are curiously curved, and in all the Madonnas clutch the supports of the throne; the hair bows seen upon the halos have a constant and quite peculiar shape; the drapery is designed in rectilinear triangular folds, very different from Duccio's more sinuous and flowing line. The folds of the drapery where they come to the contour of the figure have no effect upon the form of the outline, an error which Duccio never makes. Finally, the thrones in all these pictures have a constant form; they are made of turned wood with a high footstool, and are seen from the side; Duccio's is of stone and seen from the front. That the Rucellai Madonna has a morbidezza which is wanting in the earlier works can hardly be considered a sufficient distinction to set against the formal characteristics. It is clearly a later work, painted probably about the year 1300, and Cimabue, like all the other artists of the time, was striving constantly in the direction of greater fusion of tones.

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above Byzantine accomplishment. He gave to his historical compositions a rude dramatic vigour, and to his Madonnas and Angels a suggestion of sentimental charm which borders on affectation; he was, in fact, a sentimental realist whose relation to the Byzantine masters must have been something like that of Caravaggio to the academic school of the Caracci.

Continuing now our survey of the masters of the upper church we come to the Sacrifice of Isaac. In this and the allied frescoes of the Creation and the Flood there is little difficulty in recognising the hand of some of the Greek painters whom Vasari describes as having taken part in the decoration, and they need not concern us farther.

We come next to the master of the Deception of Isaac, and the closely allied, if not identical, painter who did the Four Doctors of the vault. We have already noticed the likeness of these works to the legend of St. Francis, which we may take provisionally to be Giotto's; but, in spite of the similarity of technique, they are inspired by a very diverse sentiment. They are not dramatic and intense as Giotto's; they show a more conscious aspiration after style; the artist will not allow the requirements of formal beauty to be disturbed by the desire for expressive and life-like gestures. Where, then, could an artist of this period acquire such a sense of pure classic beauty in painting? In sculpture it might be possible to find classic models throughout Italy as Niccolò did at Pisa, but Rome was the only place which could fulfil the requirements for a painter. There must at this time have been many more remains of classical painting among the ruins of the Palatine than are now to be seen, and it is a natural conclusion that the artist who painted the figure of Rachel was directly inspired by them. Nor is there anything difficult in the assumption that this unknown precursor of Giotto was a Roman artist, for the Roman school of painting was by far the most precocious of any in Italy. At Subiaco there are frescoes, some of which must date from the lifetime of St. Francis, which already, as in the portrait of St. Francis himself, show a certain freedom from Byzantine formalism. But it is in the works of the Cosmati,

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Jacopo Torriti, Rusutti and Cavallini in the latter half of the thirteenth century that we see how vigorous and progressive an art was springing up in Rome. Had not the removal of the Popes to Avignon in the fourteenth century left the city a prey to internal discord, we can hardly doubt that the Roman would have been one of the greatest and earliest developed schools of Italian painting. As it is, we find in the mosaics under the apse of Sta. Maria in Trastevere, executed about the year 1290, compositions in every way comparable to Giotto's frescoes. These mosaics, too, have architectural accessories which are very similar to the architecture of the "Doctors of the Church" at Assisi. The architecture based on a study of classic forms is of the kind always associated with the Cosmati family. It will be seen that it is quite distinct from the architecture of Cimabue's and Duccio's Madonnas, but that it becomes the normal treatment in Giotto's frescoes.

There is, then, a curiously close analogy between the origins of neo-Christian painting and neo-Christian sculpture in Italy; just as Giovanni Pisano's work was preceded by the purely classic revival which culminated in Niccolò's Baptistery pulpit, so in painting Giotto's work emerges from a similar classic revival based on the study of Roman wall-paintings. The perfect similarity between Niccolò Pisano's sentiment and that of the master of the Esau fresco may be realised by comparing the action of Rachel's hand in the fresco with that of the Virgin in the Annunciation of the Baptistery pulpit. (Fig. 12 of the last article.) In both we have the same autarchic conception of character conveyed by the same measured ease of gesture, which contrasts vividly with the more expansive ideals of neo-Christian art, of which Giotto appears from the first as the most perfect representative.

In examining the series of frescoes describing the life of St. Francis we find varieties in the proportions of the figures and in the types of features which suggest the co-operation of more than one artist, but the spirit that inspires the composition throughout is one. And this afflatus which suddenly quickens so much that was either tentative or narrowly

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accomplished into a new fulness of life, a new richness of expression, is, we may feel certain, due to the genius of Giotto.

If we look at one of these frescoes, such, for example, as the Presepio at Greccio (Fig. 7), and at the same time endeavour to transport ourselves into the position of a contemporary spectator, what will strike us most immediately and make the most startling general impression is its actuality. Here at last, after so many centuries of copying the traditional forms handed down from a moribund Pagan art—centuries during which these abstractions had become entirely divorced from the life of the time—here at last was an artist who gave a scene as it must have happened, with every circumstance evidently and literally rendered. The scene of the institution of the Presepio takes place in a little chapel divided from the body of the church by a marble wall. The pulpit and crucifix are therefore seen from behind, the latter leaning forward into the church and showing from the chapel only the wooden battens and fastenings of the back. The singing-desk in the centre is drawn with every detail of screws and adjustments, while the costume of the bystanders is merely the ordinary fashionable dress of the day. The research for actuality could not be carried farther than this. When some years ago M. Bésnard painted the scene of Christ at the house of the Pharisee with the figures in evening dress it aroused the most vehement protests, and produced for a time a shock of bewilderment and surprise. This is not to suggest any real analogy between the works of the two artists, bnt merely that the innovation made by Giotto must have been in every way as surprising to his contemporaries. Nor was Giotto's, like M. Bésnard's, a *succès de scandale;* on the contrary, it was immediately recognised as satisfying a want which had been felt ever since the legend of St. Francis, the setting of which belonged to their own time and country, had been incorporated by the Italians in their mythology. The earliest artists had tried to treat the subject according to the formulæ of Byzantine biblical scenes, but with such unsatisfactory results as may be seen in the altar-piece of the Bardi Chapel of Sta. Croce at Florence. In Giotto's frescoes at Assisi it acquired for

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Fig. 7.—St. Francis adoring the Representation of the Nativity at Greccio. Cimabue. Upper Church, Assisi.

the first time a treatment in which the desire for actuality was fully recognised. But actuality alone would not have satisfied Giotto's patrons; it was necessary that the events should be presented as scenes of everyday life, but it was also necessary that they should possess that quality of universal and eternal significance which distinguishes a myth from a mere historical event. It was even more necessary that they should be heroic than that they should be actual. And it was in his power to satisfy such apparently self-contradictory conditions that Giotto's unique genius manifested itself. It was this that made him the greatest story-teller in line, the supreme epic-painter of the world. The reconciliation of these two aims, actuality and universality, is indeed the severest strain of the power of expression. To what a temperature must the imagination be raised before it can fuse in its crucible those refractory squalid trivialities unconsecrated by time and untinged by romance with which the artist must deal if he is to be at once "topical" and heroic, to be at one and the same time in "Ercles' vein" and Mrs. Gamp's. Even in literature it is a rare feat. Homer could accomplish it, and Dante, but most poets must find a way round. In Dante the power is constantly felt. He could not only introduce the politics and personalities of his own time, but he could use such similes as that of old tailors peering for their needles' eyes, a half-burnt piece of paper, dogs nozzling for fleas, and still more unsavoury trivialities, without for a moment lowering the high key in which his comedy was pitched. The poet deals, however, with the vague and blurred mental images which words call up, but the painter must actually present the semblance of the thing in all its drab familiarity. And yet Giotto succeeded. He could make the local and particular stand for a universal idea.

But, without detracting in any way from what was due to Giotto's superlative genius, it may be admitted that something was given by the propitious moment of his advent. For the optics of the imagination are variable: in an age like the present, men and events grow larger as they recede into the mist of the past; it is rarely that we think of a man as truly great till he

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has for long received the consecration of death. But there must be periods when men have a surer confidence in their own judgments—periods of such creative activity that men can dare to measure the reputations of their contemporaries, which are of their own creation, against the reputations of antiquity—and in such periods the magnifying, mythopoetical effect, which for us comes only with time, takes place at once, and swells their contemporaries to heroic proportions. It was thus that Dante saw those of his own time—could even see himself—in the proportions they must always bear. The fact that St. Francis was canonised two years after death, and within twenty years was commemorated by the grandest monument in Italy, is a striking proof of that superb self-confidence.

We will return to the frescoes: the evidence for their being in the main by Giotto himself rests not only on the general consensus of tradition, but upon the technical characteristics and, most of all, upon the imaginative conception of the subjects. None the less, in so big a work it is probable that assistants were employed to carry out Giotto's designs, and this will account for many slight discrepancies of style. Certain frescoes, however—notably the last three of the series—show such marked differences that we must suppose that one of these assistants rose to the level of an original creative artist.

In the fresco of St. Francis kneeling before the Pope (Fig. 5), we have already noticed Giotto's close connection with the artists of the Roman school. Their influence is not confined to the figures and drapery; the architecture—in which it may be noted, by the way, that Giotto has already arrived instinctively at the main ideas of linear perspective—with its minute geometrical inlays, its brackets and mouldings, derived from classic forms, is entirely in the manner of the Cosmati. But the composition illustrates, none the less, the differences which separate him from the master of the Esau fresco. Giotto is at this stage of his career not only less accomplished, but he has nothing of that painter's elegant classical grace. He has, instead, the greatest and rarest gift of dramatic expressiveness. For though the poses, especially of the bishop seated on the

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Pope's left, lack grace, and the faces show but little research for positive beauty or regularity of feature, the actual scene, the dramatic situation, is given in an entirely new and surprising way. Of what overwhelming importance for the history of the world this situation was, perhaps Giotto himself could scarcely realise. For this probably represents, not the approbation of the order of minor brethren by Honorius III., which was a foregone conclusion, but the permission to preach given by Innocent III., a far more critical moment in the history of the movement. For Innocent III., in whom the Papacy reached the zenith of its power, had already begun the iniquitous Albigensian crusade, and was likely to be suspicious of any unofficial religious teaching. It cannot have been with unmixed pleasure that he saw before him this poverty-stricken group of Francis and his eleven followers, whose appearance declared in the plainest terms their belief in that primitive communistic Christianity which, in the case of Petrus Waldus, had been branded by excommunication. In fact, the man who now asked for the Papal blessing on his mission was in most respects a Waldensian. Francis (the name Francesco is itself significant) was probably by birth, certainly by predilection[1] and temperament, half a Frenchman; his mother came from Provence, and his father had business connections at Lyons; so that it is not impossible that Francis was influenced by what he knew, through them, of the Waldensian movement. In any case, his teaching was nearly identical with that of Petrus Waldus; both taught religious individualism and, by precept at all events, communism. It was, therefore, not unnatural that Innocent should not respond at once to St. Francis' application. According to one legend, the Pope's first advice to him

[1] "Drunken with the love of compassion of Christ, the blessed Francis would at times do such-like things as this; for the passing sweet melody of the spirit within him, seething over outwardly, did often find utterance in the French tongue, and the strain of the divine whisper that his ear had caught would break forth into a French song of joyous exulting." Then pretending with two sticks to play a viol, "and making befitting gestures, (he) would sing in French of our Lord Jesus Christ."—"The Mirror of Perfection," edited by P. Sabatier, transl. by S. Evans.

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was to consort with swine, as befitted one of his miserable appearance. But, whatever his spontaneous impulses may have been, he had the good sense to accept the one man through whom the Church could again become popular and democratic.

Of all that this acceptance involved, no one who lived before the Reformation could understand the full significance, but Giotto has here expressed something of the dramatic contrasts involved in this meeting of the greatest of saints and the most dominating of popes—something of the importance of the moment when the great heretic was recognised by the Church.

In the fresco of St. Francis before the Sultan (Fig. 8) we have a means of comparing Giotto at this period with the later Giotto of the Bardi Chapel, where the same scene is treated with more intimate psychological imagination; but here already the story is told with a vividness and simplicity which none but Giotto could command. The weak and sinuous curves of the discomfited sages, the ponderous and massive contour of the indignant sultan, show that Giotto's command of the direct symbolism of line is at least as great as Duccio's in the Three Maries, while his sense of the roundness and solid relief of the form is, as Mr. Berenson[1] has ably pointed out, far greater. We find in the Sultan, indeed, the type for which Giotto showed a constant predilection—a well-formed, massive body, with high rounded shoulders and short neck, but with small and shapely hands. As is natural in the work of an artist who set himself so definitely to externalise the tension of a critical moment, his hands are always eloquent; it is impossible to find in his work a case where the gestures of the hands are not explicit indications of a particular emotion. The architecture in this fresco is a remarkable evidence of the classical tendencies which he inherited from the Cosmati school. The Sultan's throne has, it is true, a quasi-Gothic gable, but the coffered soffit, and the whole of the canopy opposite to it, with its winged genii, pilasters, and garlands are derived from classic sources.

[1] "Florentine Painters of the Renaissance and Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance," by B. Berenson.

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Fig. 8.—St. Francis before the Sultan. Giotto. Upper Church, Assisi.

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We have already considered the Presepio (Fig. 7) as an example of Giotto's power of giving the actual setting of a scene without losing its heroic quality. It is also an example of his power of visualising the psychological situation; here, the sudden thrill which permeates an assembly at a moment of unwonted exaltation. It depicts the first representation of the Nativity instituted at Greccio by St. Francis; it is the moment at which he takes the image of the Infant Christ in his arms, when, to the ecstatic imaginations of the bystanders, it appeared for an instant transformed into a living child of transcendent beauty. The monks at the back are still singing the Lauds (one can almost tell what note each is singing, so perfect is Giotto's command of facial expression), but the immediate bystanders and the priest are lost in wrapt contemplation of St. Francis and the Child.[1]

One of the most beautiful of the whole series is the fresco which represents the nuns of St. Clare meeting the Saint's body as it is borne to burial (Fig. 9). Throughout the series Giotto took Bonaventura's life as his text, and it is interesting to see how near akin the two renderings are, both alike inspired by that new humanity of feeling which St. Francis' life had aroused. Having described the beauty of the saint's dead body, "of which the limbs were so soft and delicate to the touch that they seemed to have returned to the tenderness of a child's, and appeared by many manifest signs to be innocent as never having done wrong, so like a child were they," he adds,

> Therefore it is not to be marvelled at if seeing a body so white and seeing therein those black nails and that wound in the side which seemed to be a fresh red rose of spring, if those that saw it felt therefor great wonder and joy. And in the morning when it was day the companies and people of the city and all the country round came together, and being instructed to translate that most holy body from that place to the city of Assisi, moved with great

[1] This was the first "representation" of the kind in Italy, and is of interest as being the beginning of the Italian Drama, and also of that infinite series of allegorical pageants, sometimes sacred, sometimes secular, which for three centuries played such a prominent part in city life and affected Italian art very intimately.

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solemnity of hymns and songs and divine offices, and with a multitude of torches and of candles lighted and with branches of trees in their hands; and with such solemnity going towards the city of Assisi and passing by the church of S. Damiano, in which stayed Clara the noble virgin who is to-day a saint on earth and in heaven, they rested there a little. She and her holy virgins were comforted to see and kiss that most holy body of their father the blessed Francis adorned with those holy stigmata and white and shining as has been said.

Bonaventura, we see, had already conceived the scene with such consummate artistic skill that it was, as it were, ready made for Giotto. He had only to translate that description into line and colour; and in doing so he has lost nothing of its beauty. Giotto, like Bonaventura, is apparently perfectly simple, perfectly direct and literal, and yet the result is in both cases a work of the rarest imaginative power. Nor is it easy to analyse its mysterious charm. Giotto was a great painter in the strictest and most technical sense of the word, but his technical perfection is not easily appreciated in these damaged works, and one cannot explain the effect this produces by any actual beauty of the surface quality of the painting; it depends rather on our perception, through the general disposition and action of the figures, of Giotto's attitude to life, of the instinctive rightness of feeling through which he was enabled to visualise the scene in its simplest and most inevitable form.

We come now to the three last frescoes of the series which show such marked differences from the rest, though some of the peculiarities, the minute hands and elegant features, appear in parts of some of the preceding frescoes, notably in our last: we may imagine that an assistant working under Giotto was, as the work progressed, given a larger and larger share in the execution, and finally carried out the three last frescoes alone. But this is pure hypothesis; all we can do at present is to note the difference not only of types, but even to some extent in the manner of conception, that they evince. One of them (Fig. 10) recounts the story of a woman of Benevento devoted to St. Francis, who died after forgetting one of her sins in her last confession. At the intercession of the dead Saint she was

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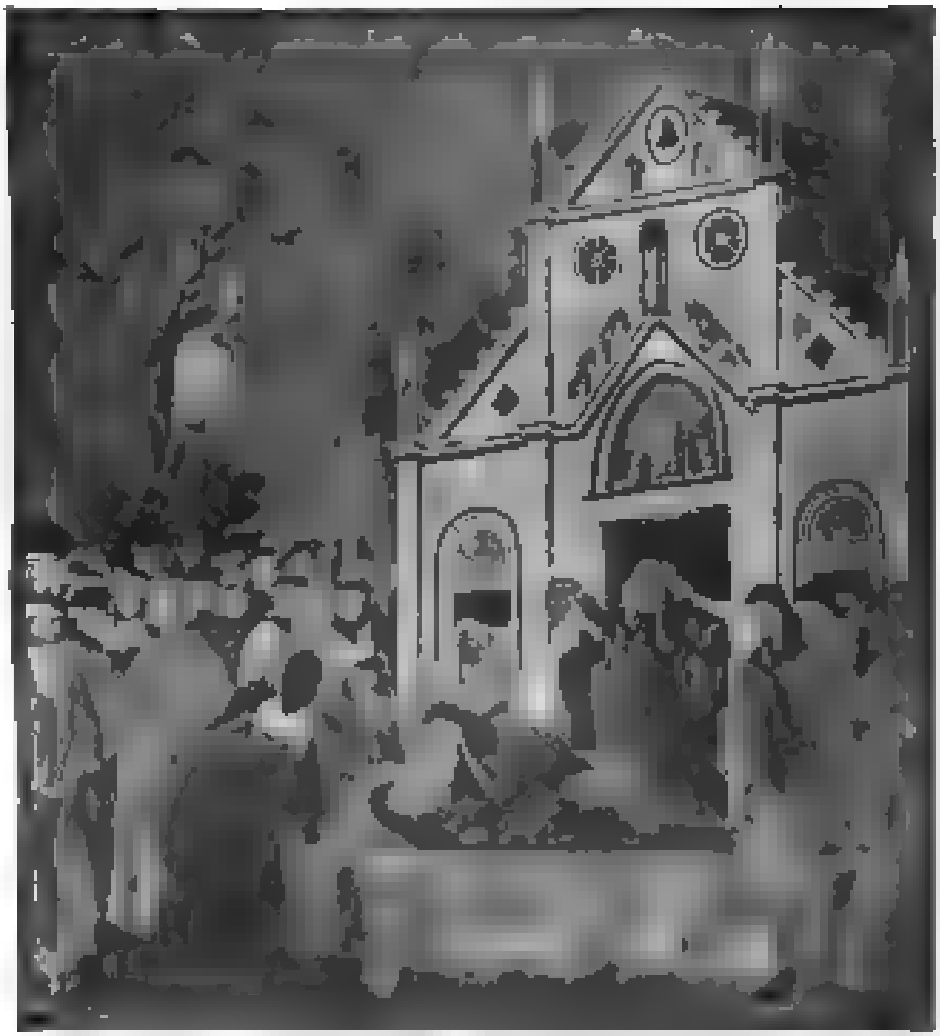

Fig. 9. St. Francis Lady at S. Damiano. Upper Church, Assisi

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Fig. 10. Dead Woman resuscitated by Intercession of St. Francis.
Upper Church, Assisi.

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allowed to come to life again, finish her confession, and so defeat of his prey the black devil who had already come for her soul. Here the whole spacing out of the composition indicates a peculiar feeling, very different from Giotto's. The artist crowds his figures into narrow, closely-packed groups, and leaves vast spaces of bare wall between. In this particular instance the result is very impressive; it intensifies the supreme importance of the confession and emphasises the loneliness and isolation of the soul that has already once passed away. When we look at the individual figures the differences are even more striking; the long thin figures, the repetition of perpendicular lines, the want of variety in the poses of the heads, a certain timidity in the movements, the long masks, too big in proportion for the heads, the tiny elegant features, elongated necks, and minute hands—all these characteristics contrast with Giotto's tendency to massive proportions and easy expansive movements. Not that these figures have not great beauty; only it is of a recondite and exquisite kind. The artist that created these types must have loved what was sought out and precious; though living so long before Raphael, he must have been something of a pre-Raphaelite.

We have no clue to the identity of this pseudo-Giotto; he is quite distinct from Giotto's known pupils, and indeed may rather have been a contemporary artist who came under Giotto's influence than one trained by him. Besides the frescoes at Assisi, we are fortunate enough to possess one other picture by this interesting artist. It is a small altar-piece dedicated to St. Cecilia (Fig. 11), which hangs in the corridor of the Uffizi, and has been attributed both to Cimabue and to Giotto. The long Rossetti-like necks and heads, the poses, in which elegance is preferred to expressiveness, and the concentration of the figures so as to leave large empty spaces even in these small compositions, are sufficient grounds for attributing it to Giotto's fellow-worker at Assisi.

ROGER E. FRY.

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THE MODERN MOTHER

OH what a kiss
With filial passion overcharged is this!
To the misgiving breast
The child runs, as a child ne'er ran to rest
Upon the light heart and the unoppressed.

Unhoped, unsought!
A little tenderness, this mother thought
The utmost of her meed;
She looked for gratitude, content indeed
With thus much that her nine-years' love had bought.

Nay, even with less.
This mother, giver of life, death, peace, distress,
Desired ah! not so much
Thanks as forgiveness; and the passing touch
Expected, and the slight, the brief caress.

Oh, filial light,
Strong in these childish eyes, these new, these bright
Intelligible stars! Their rays
Are near the constant earth, guides in the maze,
Natural, wild, keen in the dusk of days.

ALICE MEYNELL.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER VII

THE MOMENT DRAWS NEAR.

NOT knowing your own mind, though generally referred to as an intellectual weakness and sometimes as a moral fault, is none the less now and then a pleasant state to live in for a while. There is a richness of possibility about it, a variety of prospects open, a choice of roads each in its own fashion attractive. Besides, you can always tell yourself that it is prudent to look all round the question and consider all alternatives. The pleasure, like most pleasures, is greater when it comes once in a way to a person unaccustomed to it. Janie Iver had been brought up to know her own mind; it was the eleventh commandment in the Iver household. Iver entertained the intellectual, his wife the moral objection to shilly-shallying; their daughter's training, while conducted with all kindness, had been eminently sensible, and early days had offered few temptations to stray from the path of the obviously desirable. The case was different now; riches brought a change, the world revealed its resources, life was spreading out its diverse wares. Janie was much puzzled as

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to what she ought to do, more as to what she wanted to do, most of all as to what she would in the end do—unless indeed the fact that she was puzzled continued to rank as the greatest puzzle of all.

Naturally the puzzles were personified—or the persons made into puzzles. Men became lives to her, as well as individuals—the Tristram, the Duplay, the Broadley life; her opinion of the life complicated her feeling towards the person. The Tristram life attracted her strongly, the life of the great lady; Harry had his fascination too; but she did not think that she and Harry would be very happy together, woman and man. She was loath to let him go, with all that he meant; perhaps she would have been secretly relieved if fate had taken him away from her. The Duplay life promised another sort of joy; the Major's experience was world-wide, his knowledge various, his conversation full of hints of the unexplored; she would be broadening her life if she identified it with his. Yet the Major was an approximate forty (on one side or the other), in a few years would seem rather old, and was not even now capable of raising a very strong sentiment; there, too, she would be taking rather the life than the man. Lastly, there was that quiet Broadley life, to be transformed in some degree, doubtless, by her wealth, but likely to remain in essentials the peaceful homely existence which she knew very well. It had little to set against the rival prospects; yet there was a feeling that in either of the other two existences she would miss something; and that something seemed to be Bob Broadley himself.

She found herself thinking, in terms superficially repugnant to convention, that she would like to pay long visits to the other men, but have Bob to come home to when she was inclined for rest and tranquillity. Her perplexity was not strange in itself, but it was strange and new to her; imbued with the parental views about shilly-shallying, she was angry with herself and inclined to be ashamed. The excuse she had made to Mina Zabriska did not acquit her in her own eyes.

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Yet she was also interested, excited, and pleasantly awake to the importance which her indecision gave her.

Judged from the outside, she was not open to blame in her attitude towards Harry; he was not in love with her, and hardly pretended to be. She met him fairly on a friendly footing of business; he was the sinner in that, while what she offered was undoubtedly hers, what he proposed to give in return was only precariously his.

Nor had Duplay any cause of complaint in being kept waiting; he would be held exceedingly lucky not to be sent to the right-about instantly. But with Bob Broadley the matter was different. On the subtle question of what exactly constitutes "encouragement" (it is the technical term) in these cases it is not perhaps necessary to enter; but false hopes might, no doubt, arise from her visits to Mingham, from her habit of riding up the road by the river about the time when Bob would be likely to be riding down it, or of sauntering by the Pool on the days when he drove his gig into Blentmouth on business—all this being beyond and outside legitimate meetings at Fairholme itself. Unless she meant to marry him she might indeed raise hopes that were false.

Yes, but it did not seem as though she did. Bob was humble. She had tyrannised over him even before the Ivers grew so very rich. (They had begun in a small villa at Blentmouth—Miss Swinkerton lived there now.) It was natural that she should tyrannise still. He saw that she liked to meet him; grateful for friendship, he was incredulous of more. His disposition may plead in excuse for her; whatever she did, she would not disappoint a confident hope.

But she was always so glad to see him, and when she was with him, he was no perplexity, he was only her dear old friend. Well, and one thing besides—a man whom it was rather amusing to try to get a compliment out of, to try to torment into a manifestation of devotion; it was all there: Janie liked to lure it to the surface sometimes. But Bob was not even visibly miserable; he was always equable, even jolly,

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with so much to say about his horses and his farm that sentiment did not always secure its fair share of the interview. Janie, not being sentimental either, liked all this even while it affronted her vanity.

"Send the gig home and stay and talk," she commanded, as he stopped by her on the road; he was returning from Blentmouth to Mingham and found her strolling by the Pool. "I want to speak to you."

He had his bailiff with him—they had been selling a cow—and left him to take the gig home. He shook hands with frank cordiality.

"That's awfully nice of you," he said. "What about?"

"Nothing in particular," said she. "Mayn't I want it just generally?"

"Oh, well, I thought you meant there was something special. I've sold the cow well, Miss Janie."

"Bother the cow! Why haven't you been to Fairholme?"

"Well, in fact, I'm not sure that Mr. Iver is death on seeing me there too often. But I shall turn up all right soon."

"Have you been going about anywhere?"

"No. Been up at Mingham most of the time."

"Isn't that rather lonely?"

"Lonely? Good Heavens, no! I've got too much to do."

Janie glanced at him; what was to be done with a man who treated provocative suggestions as though they were sincere questions? If he had not cared for her now! But she knew he did.

"Well, I've been very dull, anyhow. One never sees anybody fresh at Fairholme now. It's always either Mr. Tristram or Major Duplay."

"Well, I shouldn't be very fresh either, should I?" The names she mentioned drew no sign from him.

"I don't count you as a visitor at all—and they are visitors, I suppose." She seemed a little in doubt; yet both the gentle-

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men, at any rate, were not presumably received as members of the family.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking about," said Bob, speaking slowly, and apparently approaching a momentous announcement.

"Yes," she said, turning to him with interest, and watching his handsome open face; it was not a very clever face, but it was a very pleasant one; she enjoyed looking at it.

"I've been thinking that I'll sell the black horse, but I can't make up my mind whether to do it now or keep him through the summer and sell him when hunting begins. I don't know which would pay me best."

"That certainly is a very important question," remarked Janie with a wealth of sarcasm.

"Well, it gives me a lot of trouble, Miss Janie."

"Does it? And it doesn't interest me in the very—Yes, it does, Bob, very much. I'm sorry. Of course it does. Only——"

"Anything the matter with you?" Bob inquired with friendly solicitude.

"No—not just now. There never is, somehow, when I'm with you. And let's talk about the black horse—it'll be soothing. Is the price of oats a factor?"

Bob laughed a little, but did not proceed with the discussion. They sauntered on in silence for a few minutes, Bob taking out his tobacco.

"Worried, aren't you?" he asked, lighting his pipe.

"Yes," she answered shortly.

"Was that what you wanted to say to me?"

"No, of course not; as if I should talk to you about it!"

"Don't suppose you would, no. Still, we're friends, aren't we?"

"Do you feel friendly to me?"

"Friendly! Well—!" He laughed. "What do you think about it yourself?" he asked. "Look here, I don't bother you, but I'm here when you want me."

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"When I want you?"

"I mean if I can do anything for you, or—or advise you. I don't think I'm a fool, you know."

"I'm really glad to hear you've got as far as that," she remarked rather tartly. "Your fault, Bob, is not thinking nearly enough of yourself."

"You'll soon change that, if you say much more." His pleasure in her implied praise was obvious, but he did not read a single word more into her speech than the words she uttered.

"And you are friendly to me—still?"

"It doesn't make any difference to me whether I see you or not——"

"What?" she cried. The next moment she was laughing. "Thanks, Bob, but—but you've a funny way of putting things sometimes." She laid her hand on his arm for a moment, sighing, "Dear old Bob!"

"Oh, you know what I mean," he said, puffing away. His healthy skin had flushed a trifle, but that was his only reply to her little caress.

"If—if I came to you some day and said I'd been a fool, or been made a fool of, and was very unhappy, and—and wanted comforting, would you still be nice to me?"

His answer came after a puff and a pause.

"Well, if you ever get like that, I should recommend you just to try me for what I'm worth," he said. Her eyes were fixed on his face, but he did not look at her. Some men would have seen in her appeal an opportunity of trying to win from her more than she was giving. The case did not present itself in that light to Bob Broadley. He did not press his own advantage, he hardly believed in it; and he had, besides, a vague idea that he would spoil for her the feeling she had if he greeted it with too much enthusiasm. What she wanted was a friend—a solid, possibly rather stolid, friend; with that commodity he was prepared to provide her. Any sign of agitation in her he answered and hoped to quiet by an increased calm in his own manner. The humblest of men have moments of

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pride; it must be confessed that Bob thought he was behaving not only with proper feeling but also with considerable tact—a tact that was based on knowledge of women.

Interviews such as these—and they were not infrequent—formed a rather incongruous background, but also an undeniable relief, to the life Janie was leading at Fairholme. That seemed to have little concern with Bob Broadley and to be engrossed in the struggle between Harry and Duplay. Both men pressed on. Harry had not been scared away. Duplay would win without using his secret weapon, if he could. Each had his manner; Harry's constrained yet direct; the Major's more florid, more expressed in glances, compliments, and attentions. Neither had yet risked the decisive word. Janie was playing for delay. The Major seemed inclined to grant it her; he would make every step firm under him before he took another forward. But Harry grew impatient, was imperious in his calls on her time, and might face her with the demand for an answer any day. She could not explain how it was, but somehow his conduct seemed to be influenced by the progress of Lady Tristram's illness. She gathered this idea from words he let fall; perhaps his mother wanted to see the affair settled before she died. Duplay often spoke of the illness too; it could have no importance for him at least, she thought.

About Harry Tristram anyhow she was right. He was using to its full value his rival's chivalrous desire to make no movement during Lady Tristram's lifetime; he reckoned on it and meant to profit by it. The Major had indeed conveyed to him that the chivalry had its limits; even if that were so, Harry would be no worse off; and there was the chance that Duplay would not speak. A look of brutality would be given to any action of his while Lady Tristram lay dying; Harry hoped this aspect of his conduct would frighten him. At least it was worth risking. The doctors talked of two months more; Harry Tristram meant to be engaged before one of them was out. Could he be married before the second ran its course? Mrs. Iver would have scoffed at the idea, and Janie

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shrunk from it. But a dying mother's appeal would count with almost irresistible strength in such a case; and Harry was sure of being furnished with this aid.

He came to Fairholme a day or two after Janie had talked with Bob Broadley. She was on the lawn; with her Mina Zabriska and a small, neat, elderly man, who was introduced to him as Mr. Jenkinson Neeld. Harry paid little attention to this insignificant person, and gave Mina no more than a careless shake of the hand and a good-humoured amused nod; he was not afraid of her any longer; she had done what harm she could. If she did anything more now it would be on his side. Else why had he shown her Lady Tristram? He claimed Janie and contrived to lead her to some chairs on the other side of the lawn.

"And that's Mr. Harry Tristram?" said Neeld, looking at him intently through his spectacles.

"Yes," said the Imp briefly; she was at the moment rather bored by Mr. Neeld.

"An interesting-looking young man."

"Yes, he's interesting." And she added a moment later. "You're having a good look at him, Mr. Neeld."

"Dear me, was I staring? I hope not. But—well, we've all heard of his mother, you know."

"I'm afraid the next thing we hear about her will be the last." What she had seen at Blent Hall was in her mind and she spoke sadly. "Mr. Tristram will succeed to his throne soon now."

Neeld looked at her as if he were about to speak, but he said nothing, and his eyes wandered back to Harry again.

"They're friends—Miss Iver and he?" he asked at last.

"Oh, it's no secret that he wants to marry her."

"And does she——?"

Mina laughed, not very naturally. "It's something to be Lady Tristram of Blent." She smiled to think how much more her words meant to herself than they could mean to her companion. She would have been amazed to find that Neeld

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was thinking that she would not speak so lightly if she knew what he did.

Harry wanted to marry Janie Iver! With a sudden revulsion of feeling, Neeld wished himself far from Blentmouth. However, it was his duty to talk to this sharp little foreign woman, and he meant to try. A few polite questions brought him to the point of inquiring her nationality.

"Oh, we're Swiss—French Swiss. But I was born at Heidelberg. My mother lived there after my father died. My uncle—who lives with me—Major Duplay, is her brother; he was in the Swiss Service."

"A pleasant society at Heidelberg, I daresay?"

"Rather dull," said Mina. It seemed much the same at Blentmouth at the moment.

Iver strolled out from his study on to the lawn. He cast a glance towards his daughter and Harry, frowned slightly, and sat down on Mina's other side. He had a newspaper in his hand, and he held it up as he spoke to Neeld across Mina.

"Your book's promised for the 15th, I see, Neeld."

"Yes, it's to be out then."

Mina was delighted at being presented with a topic. Sometimes it is the most precious of gifts.

"Oh, Mr. Neeld, have you written a book? How interesting! What is it? A novel?"

"My dear Madame Zabriska!" murmured Neeld, feeling as if he were being made fun of. "And it's not really my book. I've only edited it."

"But that's just as good," Mina insisted amiably. "Do tell me what it is."

"Here you are, Mina. There's the full title and description for you. There's nothing else in the paper." Iver handed it to her with a stifled yawn. She read and turned to Neeld with a quick jerk of her head.

"'Journal and Correspondence of Josiah Cholderton'!" she repeated. "Oh, but—oh, but—well, that is curious! Why, we used to know Mr. Cholderton!"

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"You knew Mr. Cholderton?" said Mr. Neeld in mild surprise. Then, with a recollection, he added, "Oh, at Heidelberg, I daresay? But you must have been a child?"

"Yes, I was. Does he talk about Heidelberg?"

"He mentions it once or twice." In spite of himself, Neeld began to feel that he was within measurable distance of getting on to difficult ground.

"What fun if he mentioned me! Oh, but of course he wouldn't say anything about a child of five!"

The slightest start ran through Neeld's figure; it passed unnoticed. He looked sharply at Mina Zabriska. She went on, in all innocence this time; she had no reason to think that Cholderton had been in possession of any secrets, and, if he had, it would not have occurred to her that he would record them.

"He knew my mother quite well; he used to come and see us. Does he mention her—Madame de Kries?"

There was a perceptible pause; then Neeld answered primly:

"I'm afraid you won't find your mother's name mentioned in Mr. Cholderton's Journal, Madame Zabriska."

"How horrid!" remarked Mina, greatly disappointed; she regarded Mr. Neeld with a new interest all the same.

They were both struck with this strange coincidence—as it seemed to them—though, in fact, that they should meet at Blentmouth was not properly a coincidence at all. There was nothing surprising about it; the same cause and similar impulses had brought them both there. The woman who lay dying at Blent and the young man who sat making love under the tree yonder—these, and no more far-fetched causes, had brought them both where they were. Mina knew the truth about herself, Neeld about himself; neither knew or guessed it about the other. Hence their wonder and their unreasonable feeling that there was something of a fate bringing them together in that place.

"You're sure he says nothing about us?" she urged.

"You'll not find a word," he replied, sticking to the form of

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assertion that salved his conscience. He looked across the lawn again, but Janie and Harry had disappeared amongst the bushes.

"You're sort of old acquaintances at second-hand, then," said Iver, smiling. "Cholderton's the connecting link."

"He didn't like me," remarked Mina. "He used to call me the Imp."

"Yes, yes," said Neeld, in absent-minded acquiescence. "Yes, the Imp."

"You don't seem much surprised!" cried Mina in mock indignation.

"Surprised?" He started more violently. "Oh yes—I—I—Of course! I'm——" A laugh from his host spared him the effort of further apologies. But he was a good deal shaken; he had nearly betrayed his knowledge of the Imp. Indeed, he could not rid himself of the idea that there was a very inquisitive look in Madame Zabriska's large eyes.

Mina risked one more question, put very carelessly.

"I think he must have met Lady Tristram there once or twice. Does he say anything about her?"

"Not a word," said Neeld, grasping the nettle firmly this time.

Mina took another look at him, but he blinked resolutely behind his glasses.

"Well, it's just like Mr. Cholderton to leave out all the interesting things," she observed resignedly. "Only I wonder why you edit his book if it's like that, you know."

"Hullo, what's that?" exclaimed Iver, suddenly sitting up in his chair.

They heard the sound of a horse's galloping on the road outside. The noise of the hoofs stopped suddenly. They sat listening. In a minute or two the butler led a groom in the Tristram livery on to the lawn. He came quickly across to Iver, touching his hat.

"Beg pardon, sir, but could I see Mr. Tristram? I've an important message for him."

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At the same moment Janie and Harry Tristram came out on to the grass. Harry saw the groom and was with them in a moment, Janie following.

"Well, Sam, what is it? You were riding hard."

"Her ladyship has had a relapse, sir, and Dr. Fryer ordered me to ride over and tell you at once. No time to lose, he said, sir."

"Did you bring a horse for me?"

"No, sir. But I'm riding Quilldriver."

"I'll go back on him. You can walk." He turned to the rest. "I must go at once," he said. "I don't know what this may mean."

"Not so bad as it sounds, I hope," said Iver. "But you'd best be off at once."

Harry included Mina and Mr. Neeld in one light nod, and walked briskly towards the gate, Iver and Janie accompanying him. Mina and Neeld were left together, and sat in silence some moments.

"It sounds as if she was dying," said Mina at last in a low voice.

"Yes, poor woman!"

"I saw her once lately. She was very beautiful, Mr. Neeld."

"Yes, yes, to her own great trouble, poor thing!"

"You knew about——?"

"Oh, everybody knew, Madame Zabriska."

"Yes, and now she's dying!" She turned to him, looking him fairly in the face. "And Harry'll be Tristram of Blent," she said.

"Yes," said Neeld. "He'll be Tristram of Blent."

Both fell into silence again, looking absently at the sunshine playing among the trees. They were not to share their secret just yet. A link was missing between them still.

Harry came to where the horse was, and stood there for a moment, while the groom altered the stirrups to suit him.

"It's the beginning of the end, if not the end itself," he said.

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"Our earnest good wishes to her."

"My love," said Janie. Her father glanced quickly at her.

Harry jumped into the saddle, waved his hand to them, and started at a gallop for Blent. The groom, with another touch of his hat, trudged off in his master's track. Janie Iver stood looking as long as Harry was in sight.

"He won't spare the horse," said Iver.

"Well, he can't this time; and anyhow he wouldn't, if he wanted to get there." She took her father's arm and pressed it. "Father, Harry Tristram has just asked me to marry him. He said Lady Tristram wanted it settled before—before she died, or he wouldn't have spoken so soon."

"Well, Janie dear?"

"When the groom came, I had just told him that I would give him an answer in a week. But now!" She made a gesture with her free hand; it seemed to mean bewilderment. She could not tell what would happen now.

CHAPTER VIII

DUTY AND MR. NEELD.

When Mina Zabriska brought back the news from Fairholme, and announced it with an intensity of significance which the sudden aggravation of an illness long known to be mortal hardly accounted for, Major Duplay grew very solemn. The moment for action approached, and the nearer it came, the less was the Major satisfied with his position and resources. The scene by the Pool had taught him that he would have a stiff fight. He had been hard hit by Harry's shrewd suggestion that he must ask Iver himself for the means of proving what he meant to tell Iver. The only alternative, however, was to procure money for the necessary investigations from his niece; and his niece, though comfortably off, was not rich. Nor was she any longer zealous in the cause. The Imp was sulky and

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sullen with him, sorry she had ever touched the affair at all, ready, he suspected, to grasp at any excuse for letting it drop. This temper of her foreboded a refusal to open her purse. It was serious in another way. Of himself Duplay knew nothing; Mina was his only witness; her evidence, though really second-hand, was undoubtedly weighty; it would at least make inquiries necessary. But would she give it? Duplay was conscious that she was capable of turning round on him and declaring that she had made a blunder. If she did that, what would happen? Duplay was sure that Harry had formal proofs, good and valid *prima facie;* he would need Mina, money, and time to upset them. There were moments when the Major himself wished that he had relied on his own attractions, and not challenged Harry to battle on any issue save their respective power to win Janie Iver's affections. But it seemed too late to go back. Besides, he was in a rage with Harry; his defeat by the Pool rankled. Harry, as usual, had spared his enemy none of the bitterness of defeat; Duplay would now take pleasure in humbling him for the sake of the triumph itself, apart from its effects on the Ivers, father and daughter. But could he do it? He abode by the conclusion that he was bound to try, but he was not happy in it.

Harry's attitude would be simple. He would at the proper time produce his certificates, testifying to the death of Sir Randolph, the marriage of his parents, his own birth. The copies were in perfect order and duly authenticated; they were evidence in themselves; the originals could be had and would bear out the copies. All this had been well looked after, and Duplay did not doubt it. What had he to set against it? Only that the third certificate was false, and that somewhere—neither he nor even Mina knew where—bearing some dates—neither he nor Mina knew what—there must be two other certificates—one fatal to Harry's case as fixing his birth at an earlier date, the other throwing at least grave suspicion on it by recording a second ceremony of marriage. But where were these certificates? Conceivably they had been destroyed; that was not likely, but it was possible. At any rate, to find them

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would need much time and some money. On reflection, the Major could not blame Harry for defying him by the Pool.

It will be seen that the information which Mina had gleaned from her mother, and filled in from her own childish recollection, was not so minute in the matter of dates as that which Madame de Kries had given at the time of the events to Mr. Cholderton, and which was now locked away in the drawer at Mr. Jenkinson Neeld's chambers. The Major would have been materially assisted by a sight of that document; it would have narrowed the necessary area of inquiry and given a definiteness to his assertions which must have carried added weight with Mr. Iver. As it was, he began to be convinced that Mina would decline to remember any dates even approximately, and this was all she had professed to do in her first disclosure. Duplay acknowledged that, as matters stood, the betting was in favour of his adversary.

Mina, being sulky, would not talk to her uncle; she could not talk to Janie Iver; she did not see Harry, and would not have dared to talk to him if she had. But it need hardly be said that she was dying to talk to somebody. With such matters on hand, she struggled against silence like soda-water against the cork. Merely to stare down at Blent and wonder what was happening there whetted a curiosity it could not satisfy. She felt out of the game, and the feeling was intolerable. As a last resort, in a last effort to keep in touch with it, although she had been warned that she would find nothing of interest to her in the volume, she telegraphed to a bookseller in London to send her Mr. Cholderton's Journal. It came the day after it was published, four days after she had made Mr. Neeld's acquaintance, and while Lady Tristram, contrary to expectation, still held death at arm's length and lay looking at her own picture. The next morning Neeld received a pressing invitation to go to tea at Merrion Lodge. Without a moment's hesitation he went; with him too all resolutions to know and to care nothing further about the matter vanished before the first chance of seeing more of it. And Mina had been Mina de Kries.

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She received him in the library; the Journal lay on the table. Something had restored animation to her manner and malice to her eyes: those who knew her well would have conjectured that she saw her way to making somebody uncomfortable. But there was also an underlying nervousness which seemed to hint at something beyond. She began by flattering her visitor outrageously and indulging in a number of false statements regarding her delight with the Journal and the amusement and instruction she had gained from it; she even professed to have mastered the Hygroxeric Method, observing that a note by the Editor put the whole thing in a nutshell. Much pleased, yet vaguely disappointed, Mr. Neeld concluded that she had no more to say about the visit to Heidelberg.

The Imp turned over the pages leisurely while Neeld sipped his tea.

"I see you put little asterisk things where you leave out anything," she observed. "That's convenient, isn't it?"

"I think it's usual," said he.

"And another thing you do—Oh, you really are a splendid editor!—you put the date at the top of every page—even where Mr. Cholderton's entry runs over ever so many pages. He is rather long sometimes, isn't he?"

"I've always found the date at the top of the page a convenience in reading myself," said Mr. Neeld.

"Yes, it tells you just where you are—and where Mr. Cholderton was." She laughed a little. "Yes, look here, page 365, May 1875, he's at Berlin! Then there are some asterisks"—Mr. Neeld looked up from his tea—"and you turn over the page" (the Imp turned over with the air of a discoverer), "and you find him at Interlaken in—why, in August, Mr. Neeld!" An amiable surprise appeared on her face. "Where was he in between?" she asked.

"I—I suppose he stayed at Berlin."

"Oh, perhaps. No—look here. He says, 'I had not previously met Sir Silas Minting, as I left Berlin before he arrived in the beginning of June.'"

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The Imp laid down the Journal, leant back in her chair, and regarded Neeld steadily.

"You told me right," she added; "I don't find any mention of my mother—nor of Heidelberg. It's rather funny that he doesn't mention Heidelberg."

She poured out a second cup of tea and—waited. The first part of her work was done. She had made Neeld very uncomfortable. "Because," she added, after she had given her previous remarks time to soak in, "between May and August 1875 is just about the time I remember him at Heidelberg—the time when he met Mrs. Fitzhubert, you know."

She nodded her head slightly towards the window, the window that looked down to the valley and gave a view of the house where Lady Tristram lay. Mina was keenly excited now. Had the Journal told Neeld anything? Was that the meaning of his asterisks?

"There was something about his visit to Heidelberg, but it contained nothing of public interest, Madame Zabriska, and in my discretion I omitted it."

"Why didn't you tell me that the other day? You gave me to understand that he only mentioned Heidelberg casually."

"I may have expressed myself——"

"And did he mention us?"

Neeld rose to his feet and took a turn up and down the room.

"In my discretion I left the passage out. I can answer no questions about it. Please don't press me, Madame Zabriska."

"I will know," she said excitedly, almost angrily.

Neeld came to a stand opposite her, deep perplexity expressing itself in his look and manner.

"Did he talk about us? Did he talk about Lady Tristram?"

"I am speaking to you, and to you only, Madame Zabriska?"

"Yes, yes—to me only."

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"He did mention you, and he did speak of Lady Tristram."

"That's why you weren't surprised when I told you he called me the Imp!" She smiled a moment, and Neeld smiled too. But in an instant she was eager again. "And about Lady Tristram?"

"It was no use reprinting poor Lady Tristram's story." He sat down again, trying to look as though the subject were done with; but he rubbed his hands together nervously and would not meet Mina's eyes. There was a long pause; Mina rose, took the Journal, put it in the cupboard and turned the key on it. She came back and stood over him.

"You know?" she said. "It was in the Journal? *I'm* sure you know."

"Know what?" Mr. Neeld was fighting in the last ditch.

"But I don't want to tell you unless you know! No, I'm sure you know!"

"And do you know?"

"Yes, I know. My mother told me."

They understood one another now. Neeld made no further pretence.

"You mean about Harry Tristram?" he asked simply, but in a low voice.

"Yes. At first I didn't know what it meant to him. But I know now."

Neeld made no reply, and there was another moment of silence. Neeld wore a restless, timid, uneasy air, in strong contrast to the resolute intensity of Mina's manner; she seemed to have taken and to keep the upper hand of him.

"And you know what it would mean to him?" she asked.

Neeld nodded; of course he knew that.

"What are you going to do?"

He raised his hands and let them drop again in a confession that he did not know.

"I knew, and I told," she said. He started a little. "Yes, I told, because I was spiteful. I was the Imp! I've never

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been happy since I told. Mr. Tristram knows I've told, though he denies there's anything in it. But he knows I've told. And still he's been kind to me." Her voice shook.

"You told? Whom did you tell?"

"Never mind—or guess, if you can. I shan't tell him any more. I shan't help him any more. I won't speak. I will not speak. I'm for Mr. Tristram. Thick and thin, I'm for Mr. Tristram now." She came a step nearer to him. "The man I told may try; but I don't think he can do much without us—without me and without you. If we keep quiet, no, he can't do much. Why should we tell? Is it our business? You suppressed it in the Journal. Can't you suppress it now?"

"The Ivers?" he stammered.

"The Ivers! What's it to the Ivers compared to what it is to him? It'll never come out. If it did—Oh, but it won't! It's life and death to him. And isn't it right? Isn't it justice? He's her son. This thing's just a horrible accident. Oh, if you'd heard him speak of Blent!" She paused a moment, rubbing her hand across her eyes. Then she threw herself back into her chair, asking again, "What are you going to do?"

He sat silent, thinking hard. It was not his business. Right and justice seemed, in some sense at least, on Harry's side. But the law is the law. And there were his friends the Ivers. In him there was no motive of self-interest such as had swayed Major Duplay and made his action seem rather ugly even to himself. Neeld owed loyalty and friendship; that was all. Was it loyal, was it friendly, to utter no word while friends were deceived? With what face would he greet Iver if the thing did come out afterwards? He debated with entire sincerity the point that Major Duplay had invoked in defence of himself against his conscience. On the other side was the strong sympathy which that story in the Journal had created in him since first he read it and realised its perverse little tragedy; and there was the thought of Lady Tristram dying down at Blent.

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The long silence was broken by neither of them. Neeld was weighing his question; Mina had made her appeal and waited for an answer. The quiet of the book-lined room (there were the yellow-brown volumes from which Mina had acquired her lore!) was broken by a new voice. They both started to hear it, and turned alert faces to the window whence it came. Harry Tristram, in flannels and a straw hat, stood looking in.

"I've got an hour off," he explained, "so I walked up to thank you for the flowers. My mother liked them, and liked to have them from you." He saw Neeld, and greeted him courteously. "I asked her if I should give you her love, and she said yes—with her eyes, you know. She speaks mostly that way now. Well, she always did a good deal, I expect." His smile came on the last words.

"She sent her love to me?"

"Yes. I told her what you did one evening, and she liked that too."

"I hope Lady Tristram is—er—going on well?" said Neeld.

"She doesn't suffer, thank you."

Mina invited him in; there was an appositeness in his coming which appealed to her, and she watched Neeld with covert eagerness.

Harry looked round the room, then vaulted over the sill.

"My uncle's playing golf with Mr. Iver," remarked Mina. "Tea?"

"No; too sick-roomy. I'm for nothing but strong drink now—and I've had some." He came to the middle of the room and stood between them, flinging his hat on the table where Mr. Cholderton's Journal had so lately lain. "My mother's an extraordinary woman," he went on, evidently so full of his thought that he must speak it out; "she's dying joyfully."

After an instant Mina asked, "Why?" Neeld was surprised at the baldness of the question, but Harry took it as natural.

"It's like going off guard—I mean, rather, off duty—to her, I think." He made the correction thoughtfully and with no

haste. "Life has always seemed rather like an obligation to do things you don't want to—not that she did them all—and now she's tired, she's glad to leave it to me. Only she wishes I was a bit better-looking, though she won't admit it. She couldn't stand a downright ugly man at Blent, you know. I've a sort of notion"—he seemed to forget Neeld, and looked at Mina for sympathy—"that she thinks she'll be able to come and have a look at Blent and me in it, all the same." His smile took a whimsical turn as he spoke of his mother's dying fancies.

Mina glanced at Mr. Neeld; was the picture visible to him that rose before her eyes—of the poor sprite coming eagerly, but turning sadly away when she saw a stranger enthroned at Blent, and knew not where to look for her homeless, landless son? Mina was not certain that she could safely credit Neeld with such a flight of imagination; still he was listening, and his eyes were very gentle behind his spectacles.

"The parson came to see her yesterday. He's not what you'd call an unusual man, Madame Zabriska; and she is an unusual woman, you know. It was—yes, it was amusing, and there's an end of it." He paused, and added, by way of excuse, "Oh, I know her so well, you see. She wouldn't be left alone with him; she wanted another sinner there."

Mina marked the change in him—the new expansiveness, the new appeal for sympathy. He had forgotten his suspicion and his watchfulness; she was inclined to say that he had forgotten himself. On her death-bed Addie Tristram had exerted her charm once more—and over her own son. Once more a man, whatever his own position, thought mainly of her—and that man was her son. Did Neeld see this? To Neeld it came as the strongest reinforcement to the feelings which bade him hold his peace. It seemed an appeal to him, straight from the death-bed in the valley below. Harry found the old gentleman's gaze fixed intently on him.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you with all this, Mr. Neeld," he said, relapsing rather into his defensive attitude. "Madame Zabriska knows my ways."

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"No, I don't think I know this new way of yours at all," she objected. "But I like it, Mr. Tristram. I feel all you do. I have seen her." She turned to Neeld. "Oh, how I wish you had!" she cried.

Her earnestness stirred a little curiosity in Harry. He glanced with his old wariness at Neeld. But what could he see, save a kindly precise old gentleman, who was unimportant to him, but seemed interested in what he said. He turned back to Mina, asking—

"A new way of mine?"

"Well, not quite. You were rather like it once. But generally you've got a veil before your face. Or perhaps you're really changed!"

He thought for a moment. "Things change a man." And he added, "I'm only twenty-two."

"Yes, I know," she smiled, "though I constantly forget it all the same."

"Well, twenty-three come the twentieth of July," said he. His eyes were on hers, his characteristic smile on his lips. It was a challenge to her.

"I shan't forget the date," she answered, answering his look too. He sighed lightly; he was assured that she was with him.

The twentieth of July! The Editor of Mr. Cholderton's Journal sat by listening; he raised no voice in protest.

"I must get back," said Harry. "Walk with me to the dip of the hill."

With a glance of apology to Neeld, she followed him, and stepped out of the window; there were two steps at the side leading up to it. "I'll be back directly," she cried over her shoulder as she joined Harry Tristram. They walked to the gate which marked the end of the terrace on which Merrion stood.

"I'm so glad you came! You do believe in me now?" she asked.

"Yes, and I'm not afraid. But do you know—it seems incredible to me—I'm not thinking of that now. I shall again

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directly, when it's over. But now—well, Blent won't seem much without my mother."

"She couldn't rest if you weren't there," cried Mina, throwing back the impression she had received, as her disposition made her.

"I haven't changed about that, but it will wait. Three days they say now—three days, or may be four, and then—she goes."

Together they stood, looking down. Mina's heart was very full. She was with the Tristrams indeed now, thick and thin; their cause seemed hers, their house must stand.

Harry turned to her suddenly.

"Say nothing of this to the Major. Let him alone; that's best. We'll see about all that afterwards. Good-bye."

"And—and the Ivers?" She could not restrain the question.

A slight frown came on his brow; he seemed to have no relish for the subject.

"Oh, that'll wait too," he said impatiently. He caught her by the arm as he had done once before. "If all they said was true, if what you think was true" (he smiled at her as he spoke), "I'd change with no man in England; remember that. If it comes to a fight and I'm beaten, remember that." And he ran down the hill.

Mina returned slowly to the library and found Neeld walking restlessly to and fro. For the moment they did not speak. Mina sat down and followed the old gentleman's figure in its restless pacing.

"You heard him about his mother?" she asked at last.

He nodded, but did not reply.

"You make all the difference," she blurted out after another pause.

Again he nodded, not ceasing his walk. For a minute or two longer Mina endured the suspense, though it seemed more than she could bear. Then she sprang up, ran to him, intercepted him, and caught hold of both his hands, arresting his progress with an eager imperious grip.

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"Well?" she cried. "Well? What are you going to do?"

For a moment still he waited. Then he spoke deliberately.

"I can't consider it my duty to do anything, Madame Zabriska."

"Ah!" cried the Imp in shrill triumph, and she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. She did not mind his putting it on the score of duty.

CHAPTER IX

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

In these days Janie Iver would have been lonely but for the Major's attentions. Her father had gone to London on business—showing, to Mr. Neeld's relief, no disposition to take the Journal with him to read on the way—Neeld was absurdly nervous about the Journal now. Her mother was engrossed in a notable scheme which Miss Swinkerton had started for the benefit of the poor of Blentmouth. Bible-readings, a savings-bank, and cottage-gardens were so inextricably mingled in it that the beneficiary, if she liked one, had to go in for them all. "Just my object," Miss Swinkerton would remark triumphantly as she set the flower-pots down on the Bibles, only to find that the bank-books had got stored away with the seed. Clearly Mrs. Iver, chief aide-de-camp, had no leisure. Harry was at Blent; no word and no sign came from him. Bob Broadley never made advances. The field was clear for the Major. Janie, grateful for his attentions, yet felt vaguely that he was more amusing as one of two attentive cavaliers than when he was her only resource. A sense of flatness came over her sometimes. In fact the centre of interest had shifted from her; she no longer held the stage; it was occupied now, for the few days she had still to live, by Lady Tristram. Moreover, Duplay was puzzling. Although not a girl who erected every attention or

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every indication of liking into an obligation to propose matrimony, Janie knew that after a certain point things of this kind were supposed to go either forwards or backwards, not to remain *in statu quo*. If her own bearing towards Bob contradicted this general rule—well, that was an exceptional case. In Duplay's instance she could see nothing exceptional. She herself was not eager for a final issue; indeed that would probably be brought about in another way; but, knowing nothing of his diplomatic reasons for delay, she thought he ought to be. It is not very flattering when a gentleman takes too long over considering such a matter; a touch of impetuosity is more becoming. She would have preferred that he should need to be put off, and failed to understand why (if it may be so expressed) he put himself off from day to day.

But Duplay's reasons were, in fact, overwhelming. Lady Tristram lived still, and he had the grace to count that as the strongest motive for holding his hand. Harry's campaign was for the moment at a standstill; Duplay had no doubt he would resume it as soon as his mother was buried; on its apparent progress the Major's action would depend. It was just possible that he could defeat his enemy without his secret weapon; in that event he pictured himself writing a letter to Harry, half sorrowful, half magnanimous, in which he would leave that young man to settle matters with his conscience, and, for his own part, wash his hands of the whole affair. But his conviction was that there would come a critical moment at which he could go to Iver, not (as he must now) without any compelling reason, but in the guise of a friend who acts reluctantly yet under an imperious call. What would happen if he did? Victory, he used to repeat to himself. But often his heart sank. Mina was with him no more; he never thought of Neeld as a possible ally; Harry's position was strong. Among the reasons for inactivity which Duplay did not acknowledge to himself was the simple and common one that he was in his heart afraid to act. He meant to act, but he shrank from it and postponed the hour as long as he

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could. Defeat would be very ignominious; and he could not deny that defeat was possible merely from want of means to carry on the war. When the Major recognised this fact he was filled with a sombre indignation at the inequalities of wealth, and at the ways of a world wherein not even Truth shall triumph unless she commands a big credit at the bank.

And Mina annoyed him intensely, assuming an aggrieved air, and hinting severe moral condemnation in every glance of her eye. She behaved for all the world as though the Major had begun the whole thing, and entirely ignored her own responsibility. She conveyed the view that he was the unscrupulous assailant, she the devoted defender, of the Tristrams. Such a *volte-face* as this was not only palpably unjust, it was altogether too nimble a bit of gymnastics for Duplay to appreciate. The general unreasonableness of woman was his only refuge; but the dogma could not bring understanding, much less consolation, with it.

"What did you tell me for, then?" he cried at last. "You were hot on it then. Now you say you won't help me, you'll have nothing more to do with it!"

"I only told it you as—as a remarkable circumstance," the Imp alleged, with a wanton disregard for truth.

"Nonsense, Mina. You were delighted to have a weapon against young Tristram then."

"I can't help it if you insist on misunderstanding me, uncle; and, anyhow, I suppose I can change my mind if I like, can't I?"

"No," he declared, "it's not fair to me. I can't make you out at all. You're not in love with Harry Tristram, are you?"

"With that boy?" asked Mina, attempting to be superb.

"That's women's old nonsense," observed Duplay, twirling his moustache knowingly. "They often fall in love with young men and always try to pass it off by calling them boys."

"Of course I haven't your experience, uncle," she rejoined, passing into the sarcastic vein.

"And if you are," he went on, reverting to the special case, "I don't see why you make his path smooth to Janie Iver."

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"Some people are capable of self-sacrifice in their love."

"Yes, but I shouldn't think you'd be one of them," said the Major rather rudely. He looked at her curiously. Her interest in Harry was unmistakable, her championship of him had become thoroughgoing, fierce, and (to the Major's mind) utterly unscrupulous. Was he faced with a situation so startlingly changed? Did his niece object to turning Harry off his throne because she harboured a hope of sharing it with him? If that were so, and if the hope had any chance of becoming a reality, Duplay would have to reconsider his game. But what chance of success could there be? She would (he put it bluntly in his thoughts) only be making a fool of herself.

The Imp screwed up her little lean face into a grimace which served effectually to cover any sign of her real feelings. She neither admitted nor denied the charge levied against her. She was bewildering her uncle, and she found, as usual, a genuine pleasure in the pursuit. If she were also bewildering herself a little with her constant thoughts of Harry Tristram and her ardent championship of his cause, well, in the country, there is such a thing as being too peaceful, and up to the present time the confusion of feeling had been rather pleasant than painful.

"I don't really know what I feel," she remarked the next moment. "But you can read women, uncle, you've often said so, and I daresay you really know more about what I feel than I do myself." A grossness of innocence was her new assumption. "Now judging from what I do and look—that's the way to judge, isn't it, not from what I say?—what do you think my real inmost feelings are about Mr. Tristram?"

If the Major had been asked what his real inmost feelings about his niece were at the moment, he would have been at some difficulty to express them decorously. She was back at fifteen—a particularly exasperating child of fifteen. Her great eyes, with their mock gravity, were fixed on his irritated face. He would have agreed absolutely with Mr. Cholderton's estimate of the evil in her and of its proper remedy.

Wherein Duplay was derided his niece made very plain to

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him; wherein his words had any effect was studiously concealed. Yet she repeated the words when he had, with a marked failure of temper, gone his way and slammed the door behind him. "In love with Harry Tristram!" Mina found the idea at once explanatory and picturesque. Why otherwise was she his champion? She paused (as they say) for a reply. How better could she draw to herself a part and a share in the undoubtedly romantic situation in which she grouped the facts of the case? By being in love with Harry she became part of the drama; and she complicated the drama most delightfully. Janie knew nothing—she knew everything. Janie hesitated—what if she did not hesitate? A big *rôle* opened before her eyes. What if it were very unlikely that Harry would reciprocate her proposed feelings? The Imp hesitated between a natural vexation and an artistic pleasure. Such a failure on his part would wound the woman, but it would add pathos to the play. She became almost sure that she could love Harry; she remained uncertain whether he should return the compliment. And, after all, to be Lady Tristram of Blent! That was attractive. Or (in case Harry suffered defeat) to be Lady Tristram of Blent in the sight of heaven (a polite and time-honoured way of describing an arrangement not recognised on earth, and quite adaptable to the present circumstances); that had a hardly less alluring, and at least a rarer, flavour. The Imp looked down on Blent with an access of interest. Monsieur Zabriska had left her with unexhausted reserves of feeling. Moreover, she could not be expected to help her uncle if she were seriously attached to Harry. The moral of all this for the Major was that it is unwise to suggest courses of action unless you are willing to see them carried out, or channels of emotion unless you are prepared to find them filled.

"Some people are capable of self-sacrifice in their love." That would mean being his champion still, and letting him marry Janie Iver. She did not object much to her own part, but she cavilled suddenly at Janie—or at Harry's relation to Janie. Would it be better to share adversity with him? Perhaps. But, after all, she did not fancy him in adversity.

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The third course recommended itself—victory for him, but not Janie. Who then?

At this point Mina became sensible of no more than the vaguest visions, not at all convincing even to herself. By a sad deficiency of imagination, she could give no definiteness to a picture of Harry Tristram making love. He had never, to her mind, looked like it with Janie Iver, even while he had purported to be doing it. He never looked like it at all, not even as though he could do it. Stay, though! That new way of his, which she had marked when he came up the hill to thank her for the flowers, was an exception. But the new way had been for his mother's sake. Now, a man cannot be in love with his mother. The question grew more puzzling, more annoying, more engrossing still.

While full of these problems—refusing, indeed, to be anything else—Mina was surprised by a visit from Miss Swinkerton, who sought a subscription for the scheme of which an inadequate account has already been given. Miss Swinkerton (for some reason she was generally known as Miss S., a vulgar style of description possessing sometimes an inexplicable appropriateness) was fifty-five, tall and bony, the daughter of a rear-admiral, the sister of an archdeacon. She lived for good works and by gossip. Mina's sovereign (foreigners will not grasp the cheap additoinal handsomeness of a guinea) duly disbursed, conversation became general—that is to say, they talked about their neighbours.

"A hard young man," said Miss S. (Why be more genteel than her friends?) "And if Janie Iver thinks he's in love with her——"

"What do you mean by being in love, Miss Swinkerton?"

Miss Swinkerton had always been rather surprised, not to say hurt, when the Catechism asked for an explanation of what she meant by the Lord's Prayer. This question of Mina's was still more uncalled for.

"You know enough English, my dear——"

"It's not a question of English," interrupted Mina, "but of human nature, Miss Swinkerton."

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"When I was a girl there were no such questions."

"What about Lady Tristram, then?"

There was flattery in this, ten or fifteen years of flattery. Miss S. was unmoved.

"I am happy to say that Lady Tristram never called at Seaview." Miss S.'s house was called Seaview—Sea-Backview would have been a more precise description.

"I call him in love with Janie Iver. He must want to marry her or——"

"They do say that money isn't very plentiful at Blent. And there'll be the Death Duties, you know."

"What are they?" asked Mina.

"Like stamps," explained Miss S. vaguely. "For my part I think it's lucky he is what he is. There's been enough of falling in love in the Tristram family. If you ask me who is in love with her, of course it's poor young Broadley. Well, you know that, as you're always driving up to Mingham with her."

"We've only been three or four times, Miss Swinkerton."

"Six, I was told," observed Miss S. with an air of preferring accuracy. "Oh, I should be very pleased to see him married to Janie—Mr. Tristram, I mean, of course—but she mustn't expect too much, my dear. Where's your uncle?"

"At Fairholme, I expect," answered the Imp demurely. As a matter of fact the Major had gone to Exeter on a business errand.

"Fairholme?" Miss S.'s air was significant, Mina's falsehood rewarded. Mina threw out a smile; her visitor's pursed lips responded to it.

"He goes there a lot," pursued Mina, "to play golf with Mr. Iver."

"So I've heard." Her tone put the report in its proper place. To play golf indeed!

"I think Janie's rather fond of Mr. Tristram, anyhow." This was simply a feeler on Mina's part.

"Well, my dear, the position! Blent's been under a cloud—though people don't seem to mind that much nowadays, to be sure. But the new Lady Tristram! They've always been

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the heads of the neighbourhood. She'll have him, no doubt, but as for being in love with him—well, could you, Madame Zabriska?"

"Yes," said the Imp without the least hesitation. "I think he's most attractive—mysterious, you know. I'm quite taken with him."

"He always looks at me as if I wanted to pick his pocket."

"Well, you generally do—for your charities." The laugh was confined to Mina herself. "But I know the manner you mean."

"Poor young man! I'm told he's very sensitive about his mother. That's it, perhaps." The guess was, at all events, as near as gossip generally gets to truth. "It would make him a very uncomfortable sort of husband though, even if one didn't mind having that kind of story in the family."

With a flash of surprise—really she had not been thinking about herself, in spite of her little attempts to mystify Miss S. —Mina caught that lady indulging in a very intent scrutiny of her, which gave an obvious point to her last words and paved the way (as it appeared in a moment) for a direct approach to the principal object of Miss S.'s visit. That this object did not come to the front till Miss S. was on her feet to go was quite characteristic.

"I'm really glad, my dear," she observed, hanging her silk bag on her arm, "to have had this talk with you. They do say such things, and now I shall be able to contradict them on the best authority."

"What do they say?"

"Well, I never repeat things; still I think perhaps you've a right to know. They do say that you're more interested in Harry Tristram than a mere neighbour would be, and—well, really I don't quite know how to put it."

"Oh, I do!" cried Mina, delightedly hitting the mark. "That uncle and I are working together, I suppose?"

"I don't listen to such gossip, but it comes to my ears," Miss S. admitted.

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"What diplomatists we are!" said the Imp. "I didn't know we were so clever. But why do I take Janie to Mingham?"

"They'd say that Bob Broadley's no real danger, and if it *should* disgust Harry Tristram——"

"I am clever! Dear Miss Swinkerton, I never thought of anything half so good myself. I'll tell uncle about it directly."

Miss S. looked at her suspiciously. The innocence seemed very much overdone.

"I knew you'd laugh at it," she observed.

"I should do that even if it was true," said Mina, thoroughly enjoying herself.

Miss S. took her leave, quite undecided whether to announce on the best authority that the idea was true, or that it was quite unfounded. One thing only was certain: whatever she decided to say, she would say on the best authority. If it turned out incorrect in the end, Miss S. would take credit for an impenetrable discretion and an unswerving loyalty to the friends who had given her their confidence.

Mina was left very unquiet. Miss S. chimed in with the Major; the neighbourhood too seemed in the same tune. She could laugh at the ingenuities attributed to her, yet the notions which had given them birth found, as she perceived more and more clearly, a warrant in her feelings, if not in her conduct. Look at it how she would, she was wrapped up in Harry Tristram; she spent her days watching his fortunes, any wakeful hour of the night found her occupied in thinking of him. Was she a traitor to her friend Janie Iver? Was that treachery bringing her back, by a roundabout way, to a new alliance with her uncle? Did it involve treason to Harry himself? For certainly it was hard to go on helping him towards a marriage with Janie Iver.

"But I will all the same if he wants it," she exclaimed, as she paced about on the terrace, glancing now and then down at Blent. And again she stood aghast at the thorough-going devotion which such an attitude as that implied. "If only I could keep out of things!" she murmured. "But I never can."

Major Duplay drove up the hill in a Blentmouth station

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fly; he had met the doctor on the road, and the news was that, in all probability Lady Tristram would not live out the night. The tidings gained added solemnity from Duplay's delivery of them, even though a larger share of his impressiveness was directed to the influence the event might have on his fortunes than to the event itself.

"Then we shall see. He'll assume the title, I suppose. That's no affair of mine. And then he'll go to Fairholme. That is." He turned suddenly, almost threateningly, upon her. "I hope you've come to your senses, Mina," said he. "You'll have to speak, you know. If I can't make you, Iver will." He paused and laughed. "But you'll speak fast enough when you find yourself in the lawyer's office."

Mina refused to be frightened by the threatened terrors of the law.

"Who's going to take me to a lawyer's office?" she demanded.

"Why, Iver will, of course." He showed contemptuous surprise. "Oh, you've gone too far to think you can get out of it now."

She studied him attentively for a moment or two. The result was reassuring; his blustering manner hid, she believed, a sinking heart.

"You can't frighten me, uncle. I've made up my mind what to do, and I shall do it."

She was not afraid of him now. She was wondering how she had come to be bullied into telling her secret at all, looking back with surprise to that scene in the library when, with sullen obedience and childish fear, she had obeyed his command to speak. Why was it all different now? Why was his attempt to take the same line with her not only a failure, but a ridiculous effort? She knew the angry answer he would give. Could she give any other answer herself? A new influence had come into her life. She had not ceased to be afraid, but she was afraid of somebody else. A domination was over her still, but it was no longer his. Like some turbulent little city of old Greece, she had made her revolution: the end had been to

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saddle her with a new tyrant. There seemed no more use in denying it; the Major said it, Miss S. said it, the neighbourhood was all agreed. What she herself was most conscious of, and most oppressed by, was a sense of audacity. How dared she devote herself to Harry Tristram? He had asked nothing of her. No, but he had imposed something on her. She had volunteered for his service. It was indeed "woman's nonsense" when she spoke of him as "That Boy."

Duplay turned away from her, disheartened and disgusted. Things looked well for the enemy. He was alone with his unsupported story of a conversation which Mina would not repeat, with his empty purse which could supply no means of proving what he said. He ran the risk of losing what chance he had of Janie Iver's favour, and he was in sore peril of coming off second-best again in his wrestling-bout with Harry Tristram. The Man in Possession was strong. The perils that had seemed so threatening were passing away. Mina was devoted; Neeld would be silent. Who would there be who could effectively contest his claim, or oust him from his place? Thus secure, he would hardly need the cheque always by him. Yet he was a cautious wary young man. There was little doubt that he would still like to have the cheque by him, and that he would take the only means of getting it.

Now that the moment had come for which all his life had been a preparation, Harry Tristram had little reason to be afraid.

(*To be continued.*)

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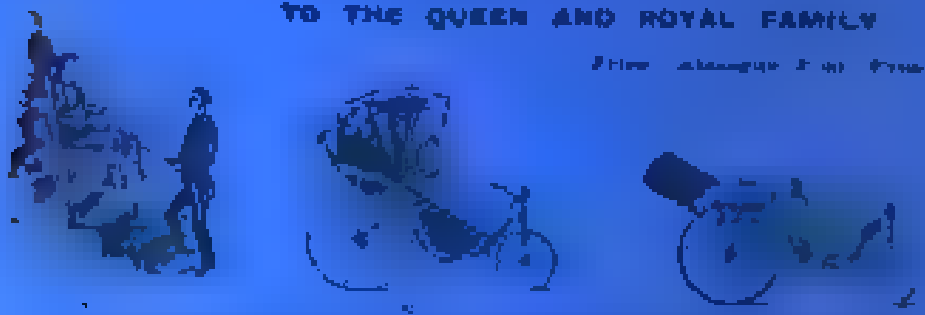

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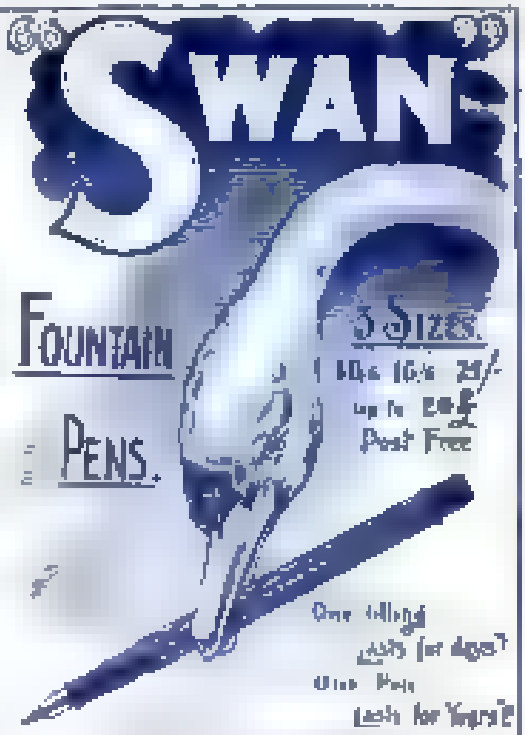

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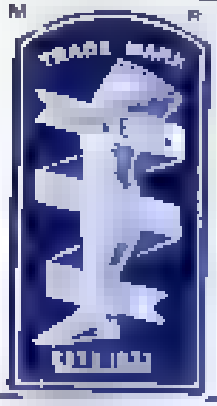

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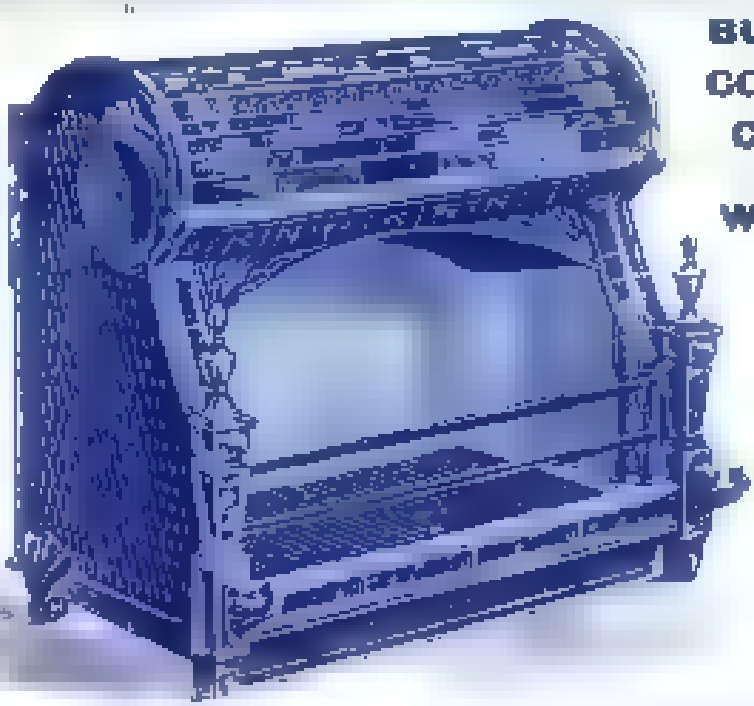

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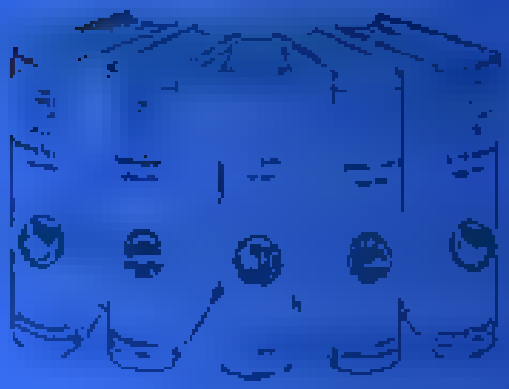

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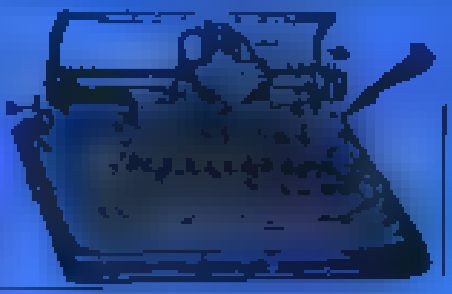

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